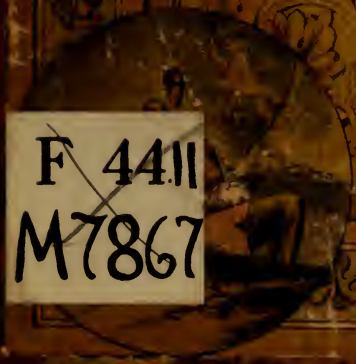
MOORE'S
Irish Melodies,
WITH
PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS
COMPLETE EDITION.



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PEOPLE'S EDITION.

MOORE'S

IRISH MELODIES.

WITH

Symphonies and Accompaniments

BY

SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus. Doc.

AND

SIR HENRY BISHOP.

New Edition.

DUBLIN:

M. H. GILL & SON, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE STREET.

1882.

PRINTED BY M. H. GILL AND SON, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE-STREET, DUBLIN.

NOTICE TO FIRST EDITION.

THE PUBLISHERS take the opportunity of the celebration of the Centenary of our great Irish Poet to produce an edition of his "IRISH MELODIES," with Pianoforte accompaniments, at so low a price as to permit them to hope that these exquisite productions of genius may have a very wide circulation amongst all classes, and that thus they may become even more popular than they have hitherto been.

This edition is *complete;* not a single one of the "IRISH MELODIES" has been omitted.

May 28, 1879.

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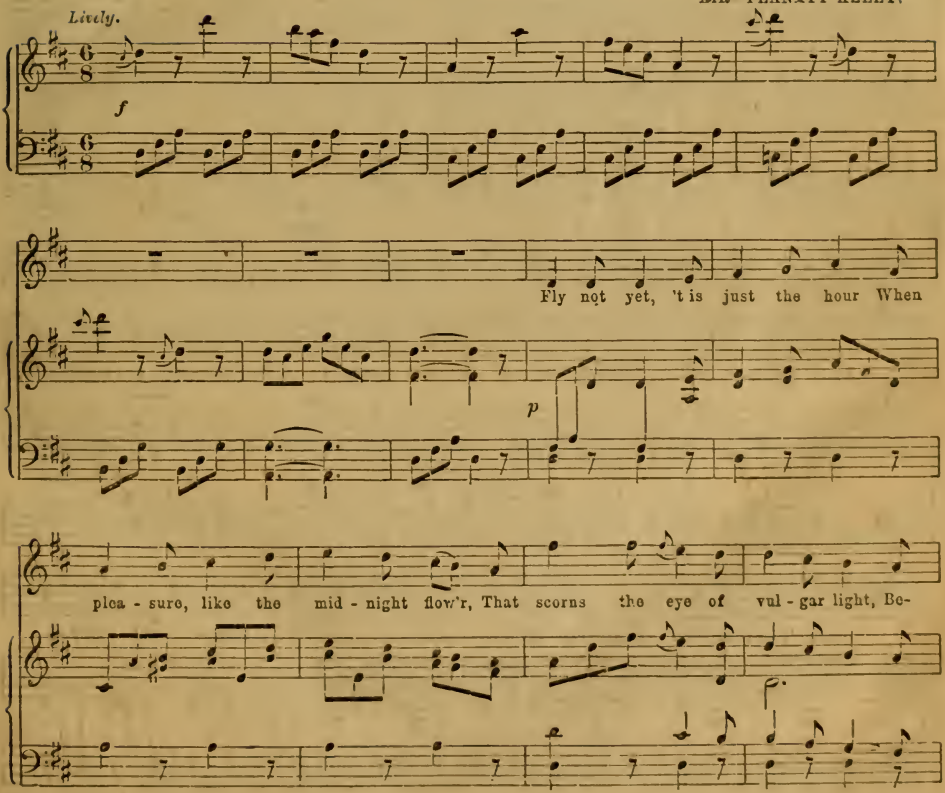
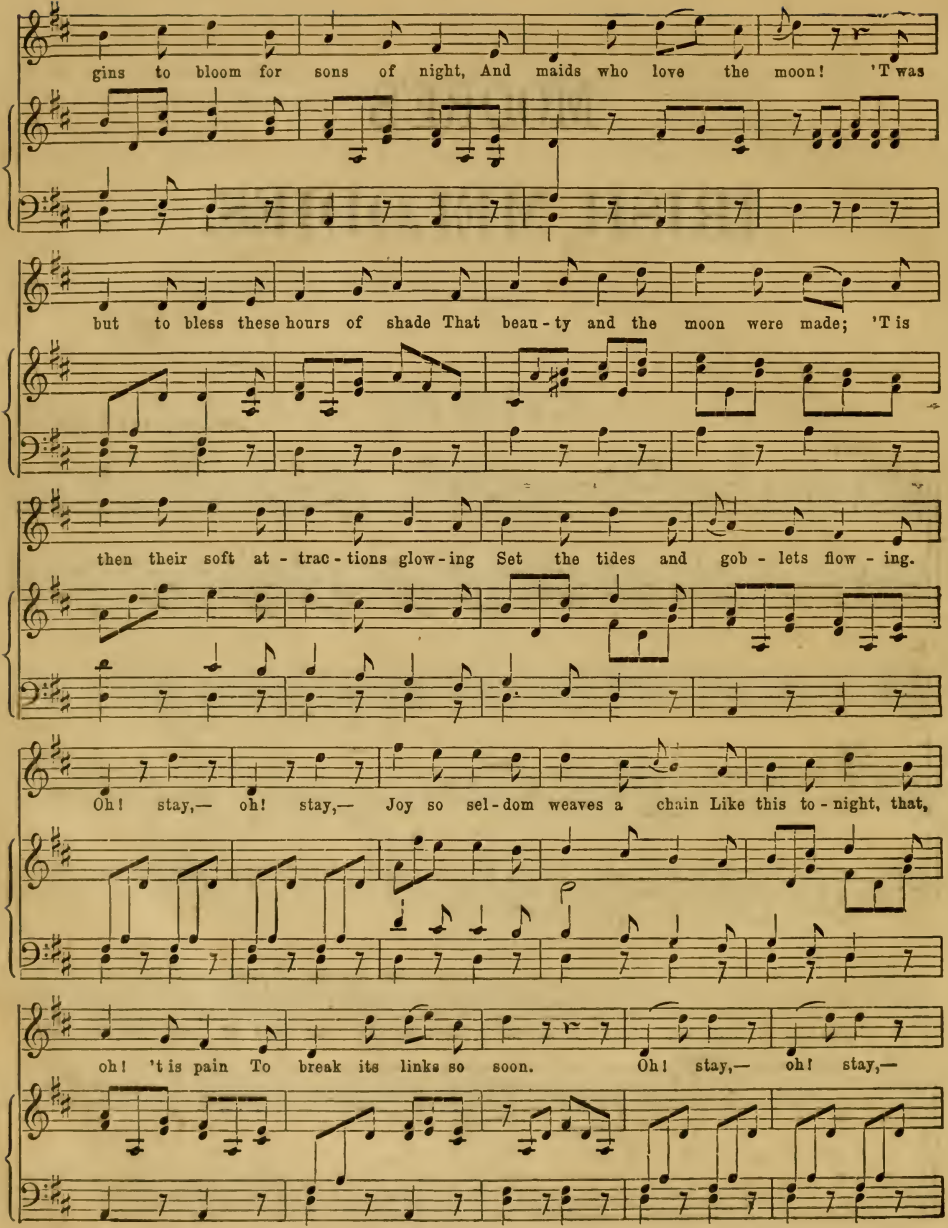
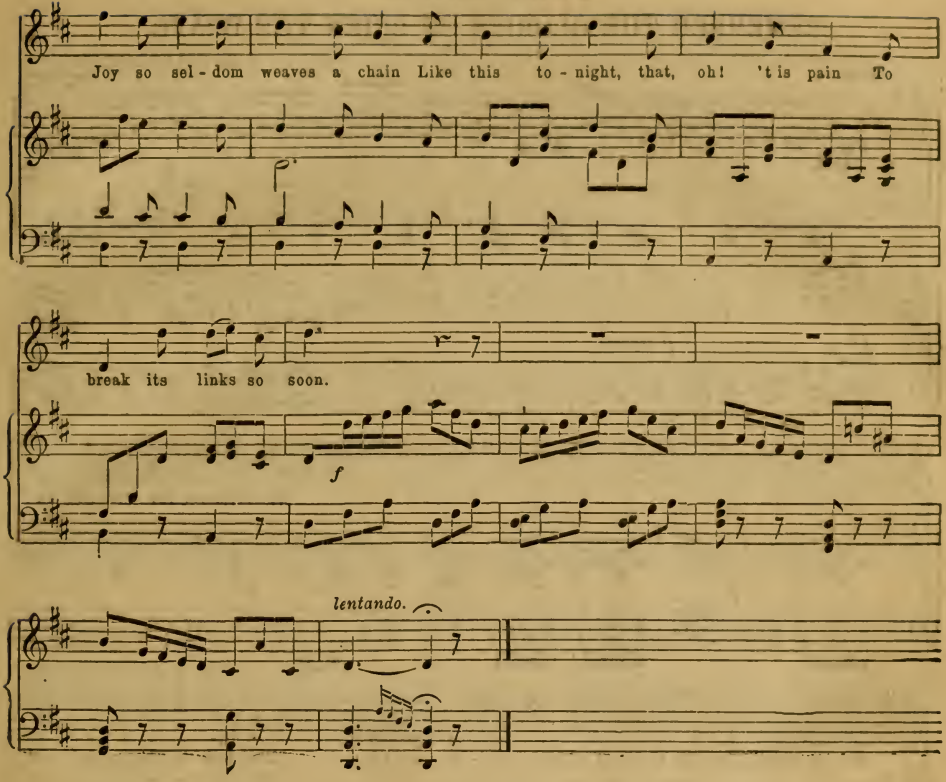
MOORE'S
IRISH MELODIES.

FLY NOT YET.

AIR—PLANXTY KELLY.




gins to bloom for sons of night, And maids who love the moon! 'T was
but to bless these hours of shade That beau-ty and the moon were made; 'T is
then their soft at-trac-tions glow-ing Set the tides and gob-lets flow-ing.
Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so sel-dom weaves a chain Like this to-night, that,
oh! 't is pain To break its links so soon. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,—



II.

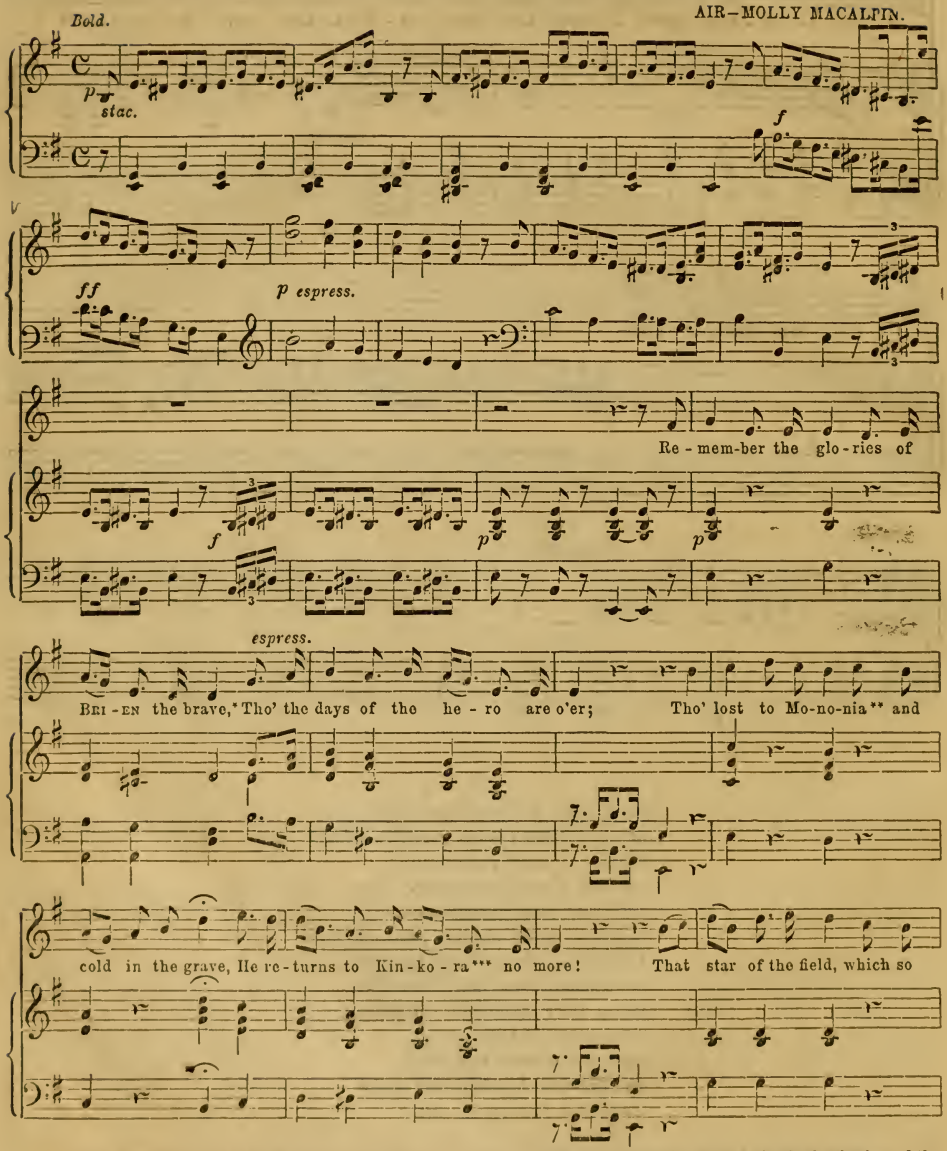
Fly not yet; the fount that play'd
In times of old through Ammon's shade,*
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near.
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.
Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here?

* Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.

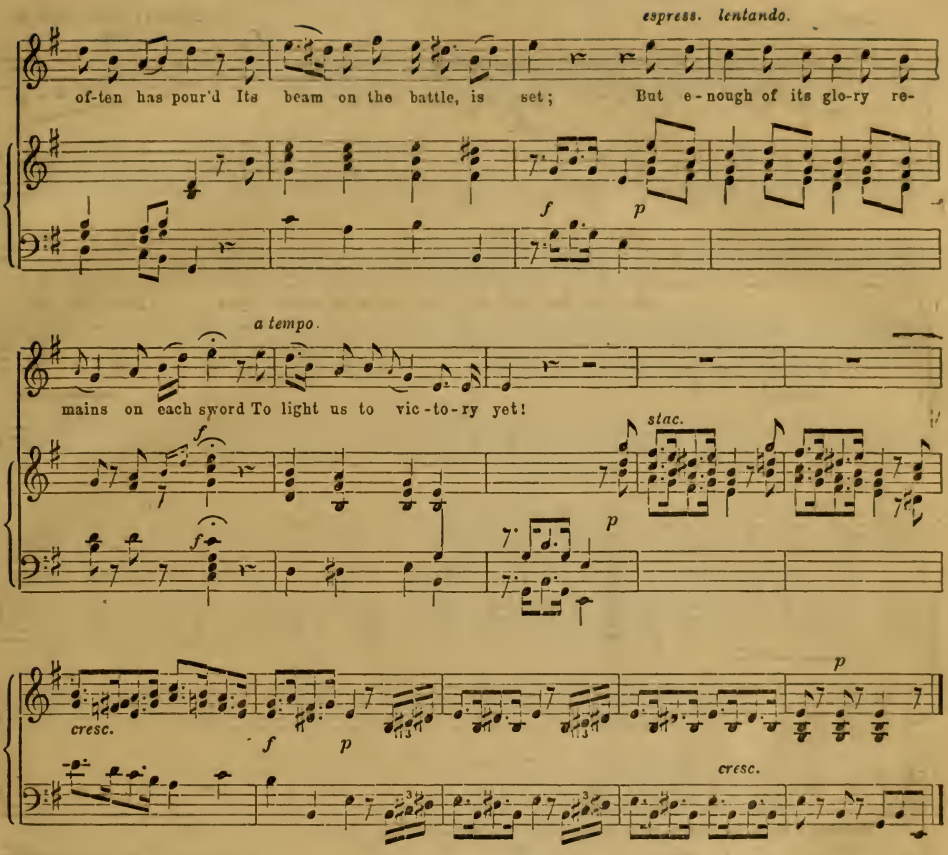
WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

AIR—MOLLY MACALPIN.



* Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements. ** Munster. *** The Palace of Brien.



II.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No, Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 't is sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

III.

Forget not our wounded companions,* who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died!
The sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain:—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain!

* This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dal gais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted, in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "*Let stakes*," they said, "*be stuck in the ground; and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*" — "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds O'Halloren, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops!— Never was such another sight exhibited." — History of Ireland, Book XII. Chap. I.

ERIN, THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

AIR—AILEEN AROON.

Slow.

p *cresc.* *f* *dim.*

p *cresc.* *p* *pp*

E - RIN, the tear and the smile in thine eyes Blend like the

p *p*

cresc. *f* *p*

rain - bow that hangs in the skies; Shin-ing through sor - row's stream, Sadd'ning through

cresc. *f* *pp*

pleasure's beam, Thy suns, with doubtful gleam, Weep while they rise!

p *cresc.*

f

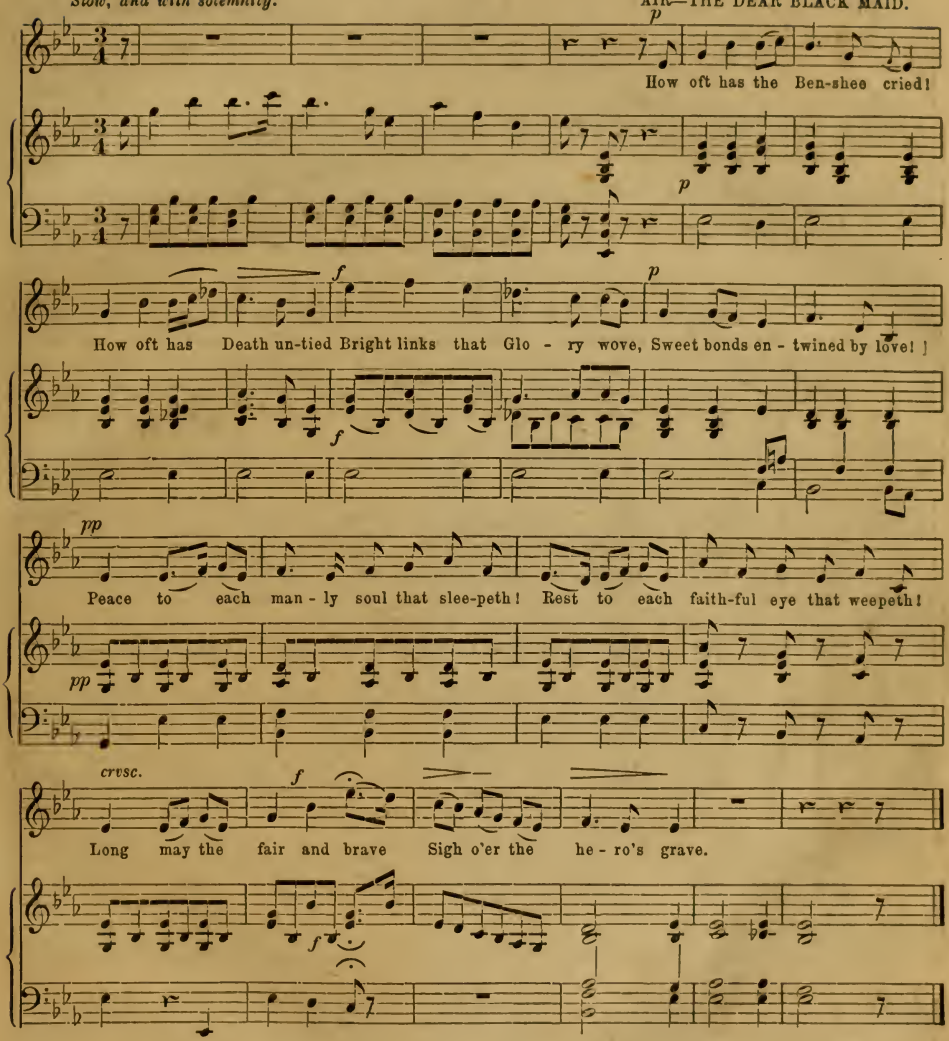
II.

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight
One arch of peace!

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

Slow, and with solemnity.

AIR—THE DEAR BLACK MAID.



II.

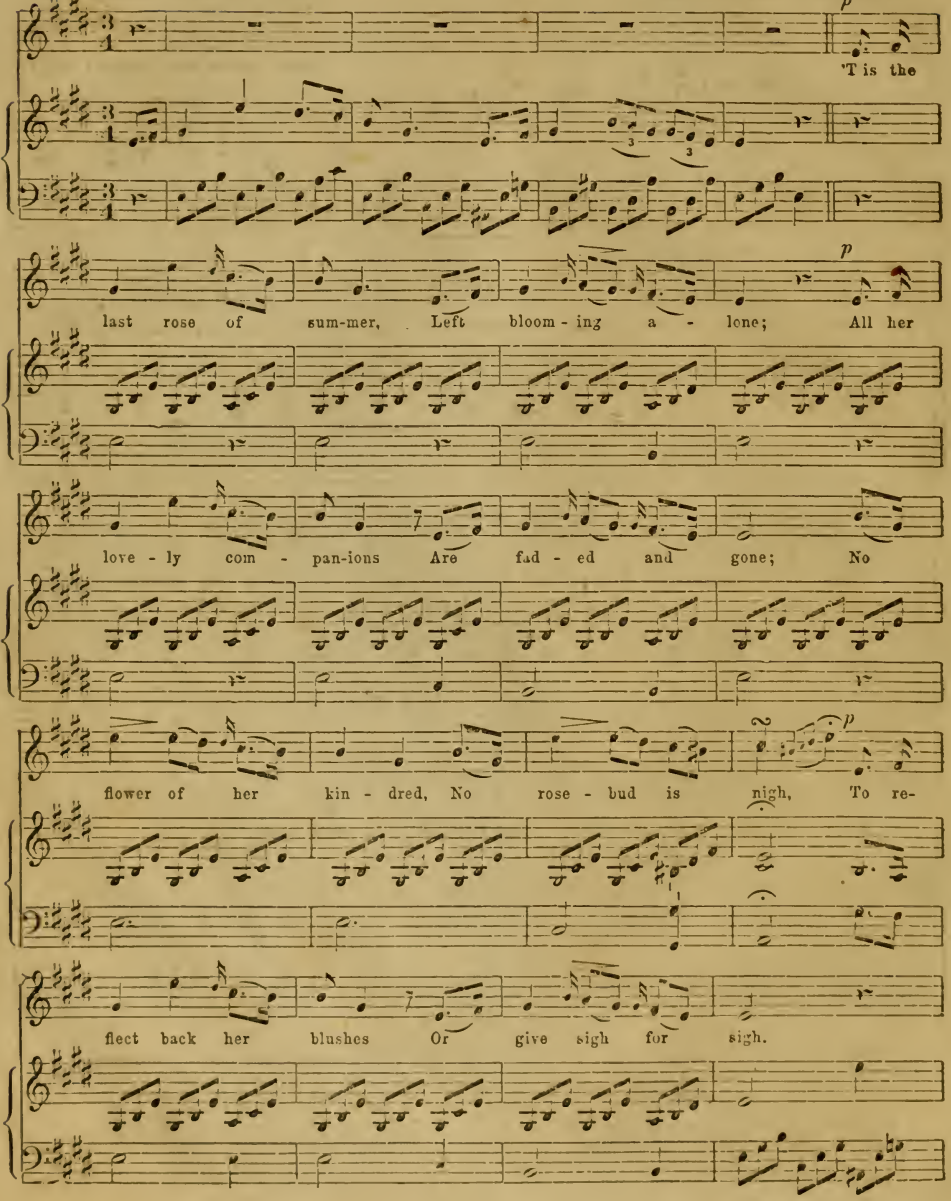
We're fall'n upon gloomy days;
Star after star decays:
Ev'ry bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy or hope, that ne'er returneth;
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er the hero's bier!

III.

Oh! quench'd are our beacon-lights,
Thou, of the hundred fights!
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom, hung!
Both mute—but, long as Valour shineth,
Or Mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they lived and died!

'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Feelingly. AIR—GROVES OF BLARNEY.



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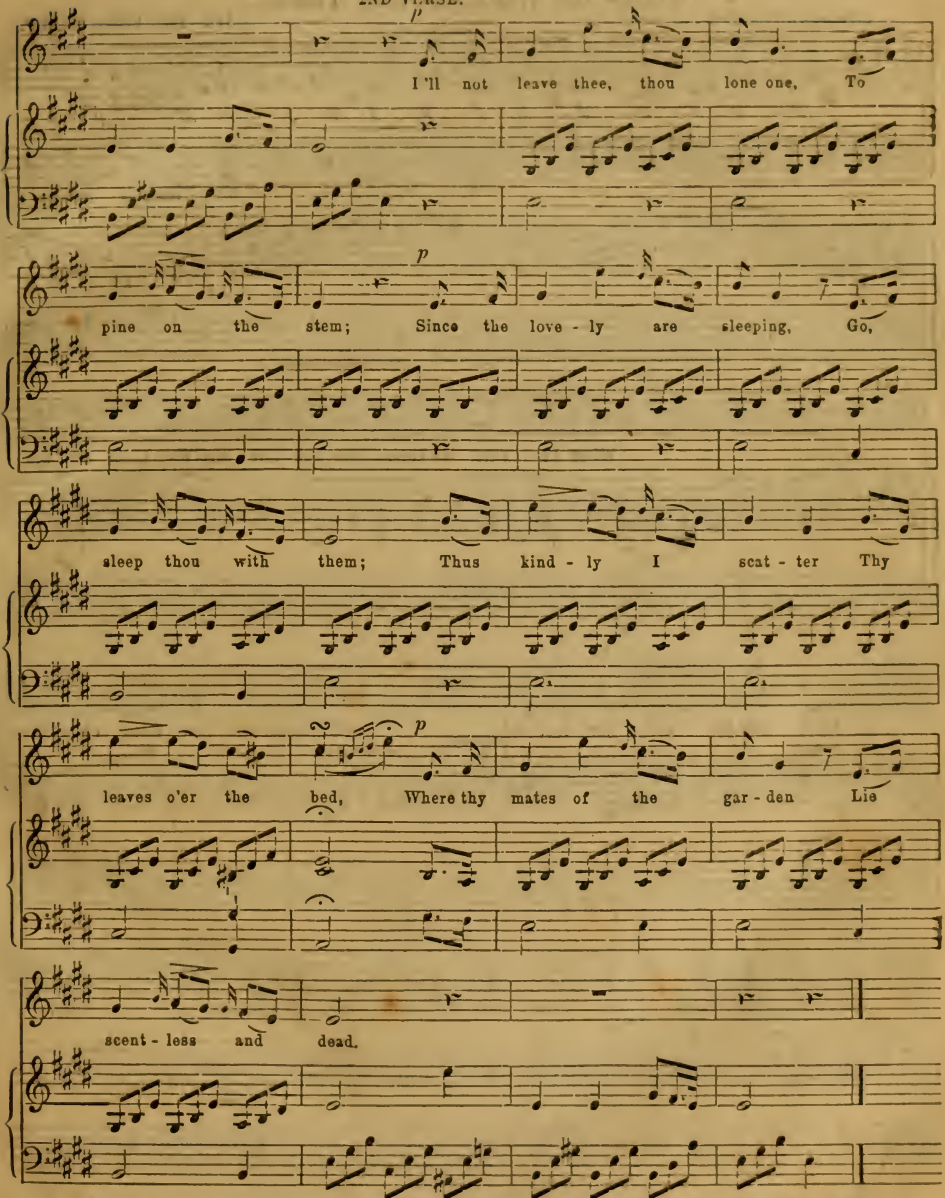
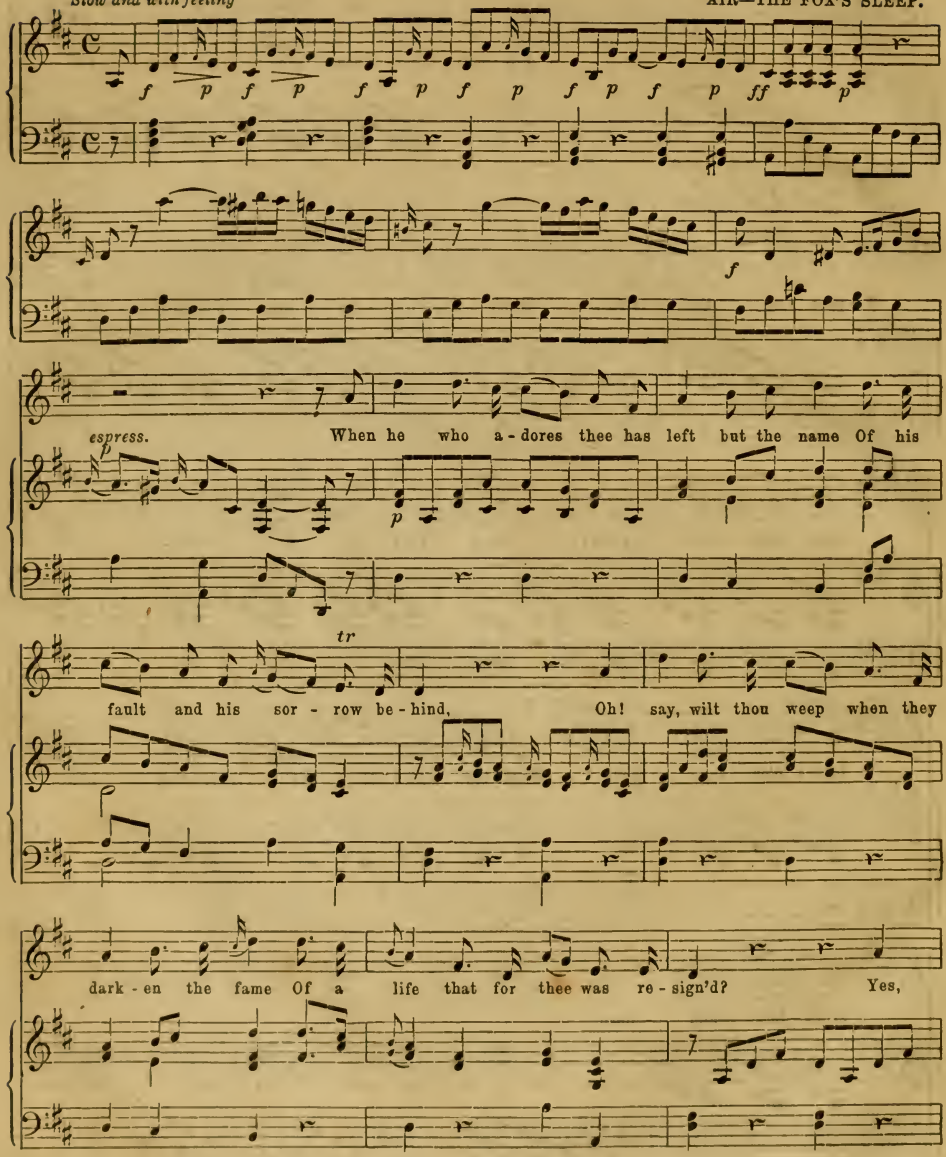


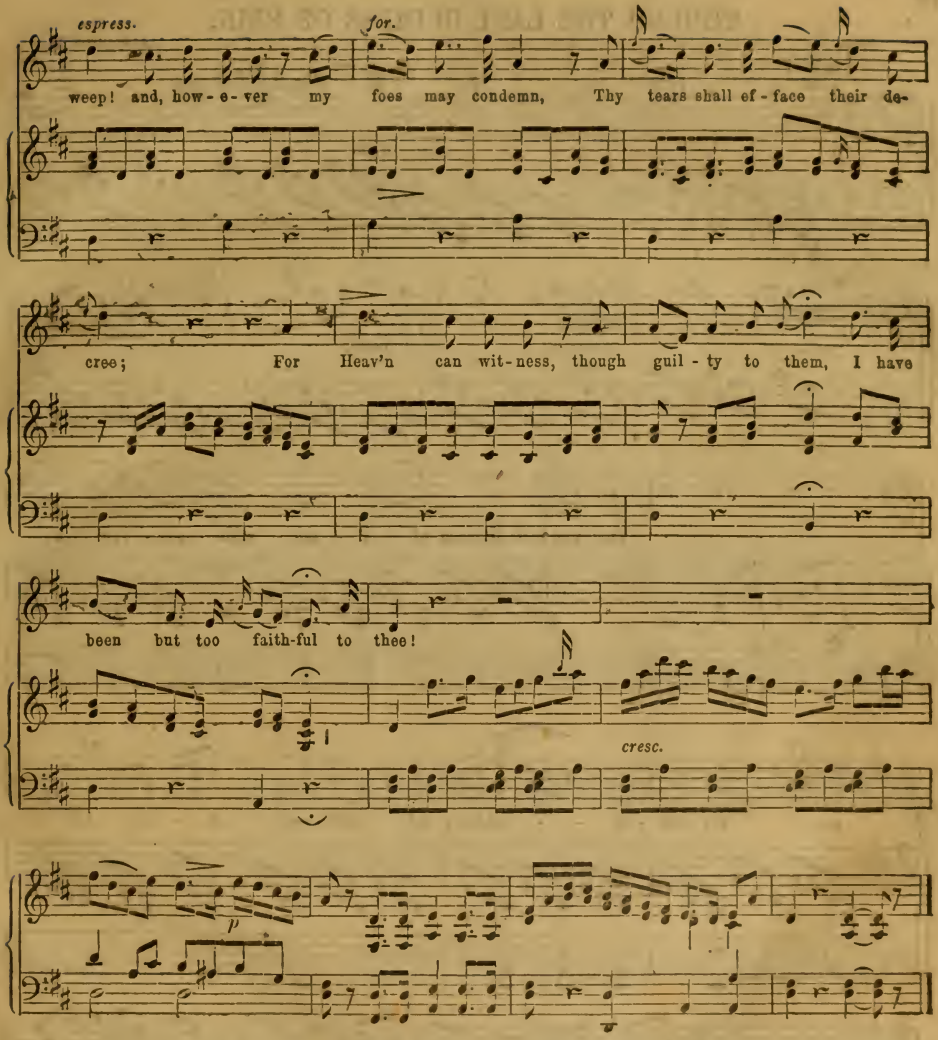
III. So soon may *I* follow, When friendships decay, And from love's shining circle The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd, And fond ones are flown, Oh! who would inhabit This bleak world alone?

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.*

Slow and with feeling AIR—THE FOX'S SLEEP.



* These words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here.



With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Every thonght of my reason was thine:—
In my last humble pray'r to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! bless'd are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

Slow. AIR-COULIN.

p cresc.

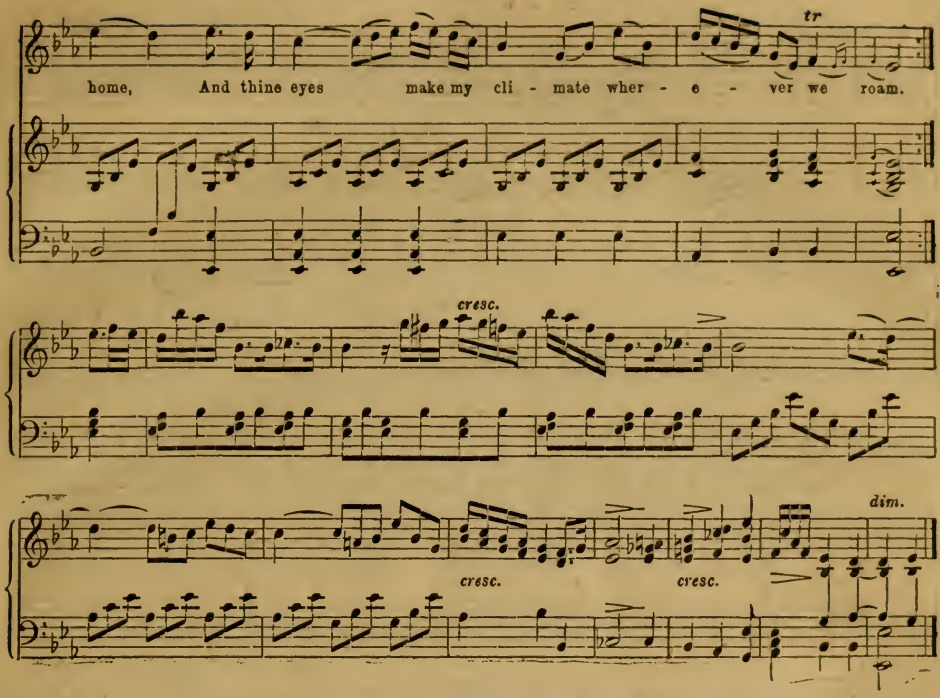
p tr cresc.

Tho' the last glimpse of E - RIN with sor - row I

f p

see, Yet wher - ev - - - er thou art shall seem E - RIN to

me; In ex - ile thy bo - som shall still be my



II.

To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind: —

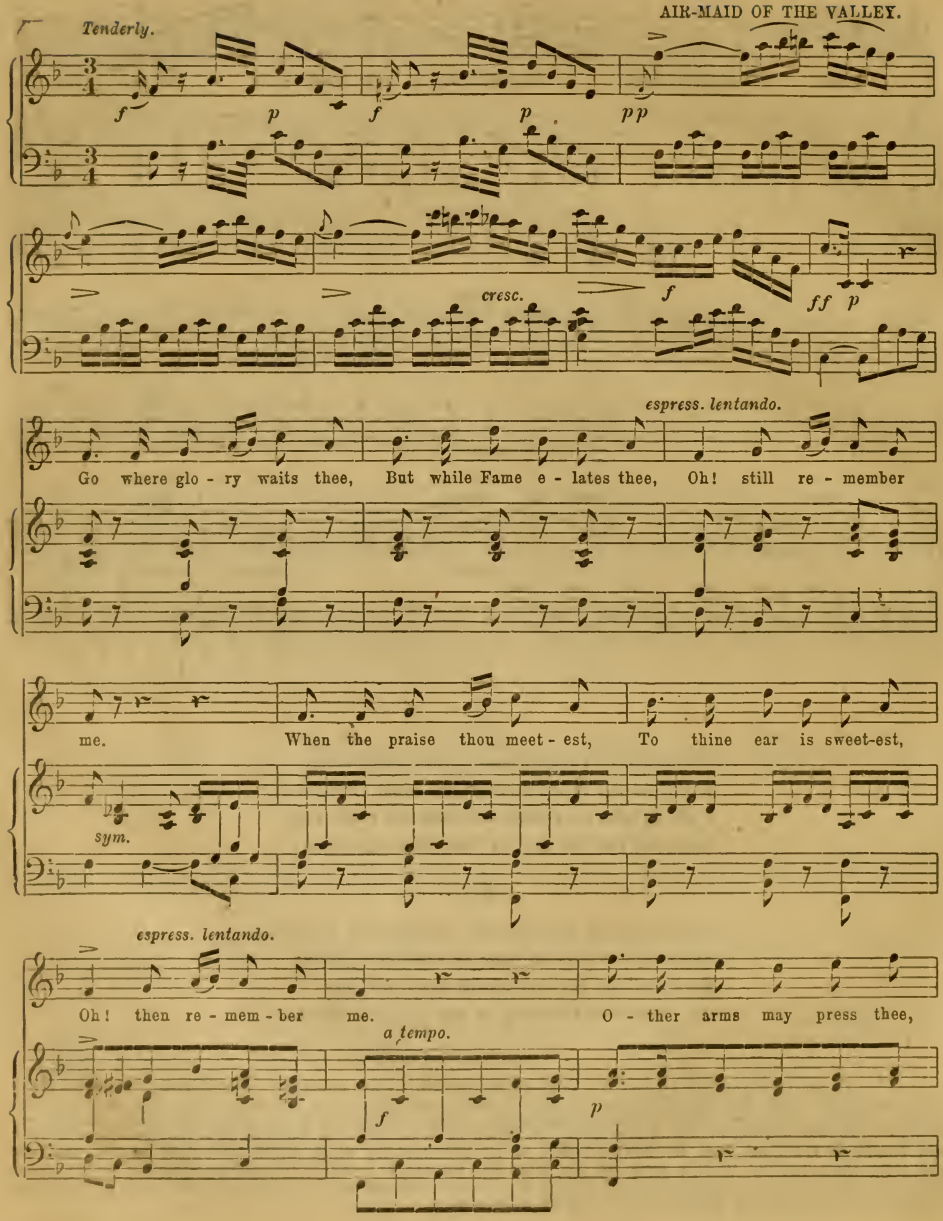
III.

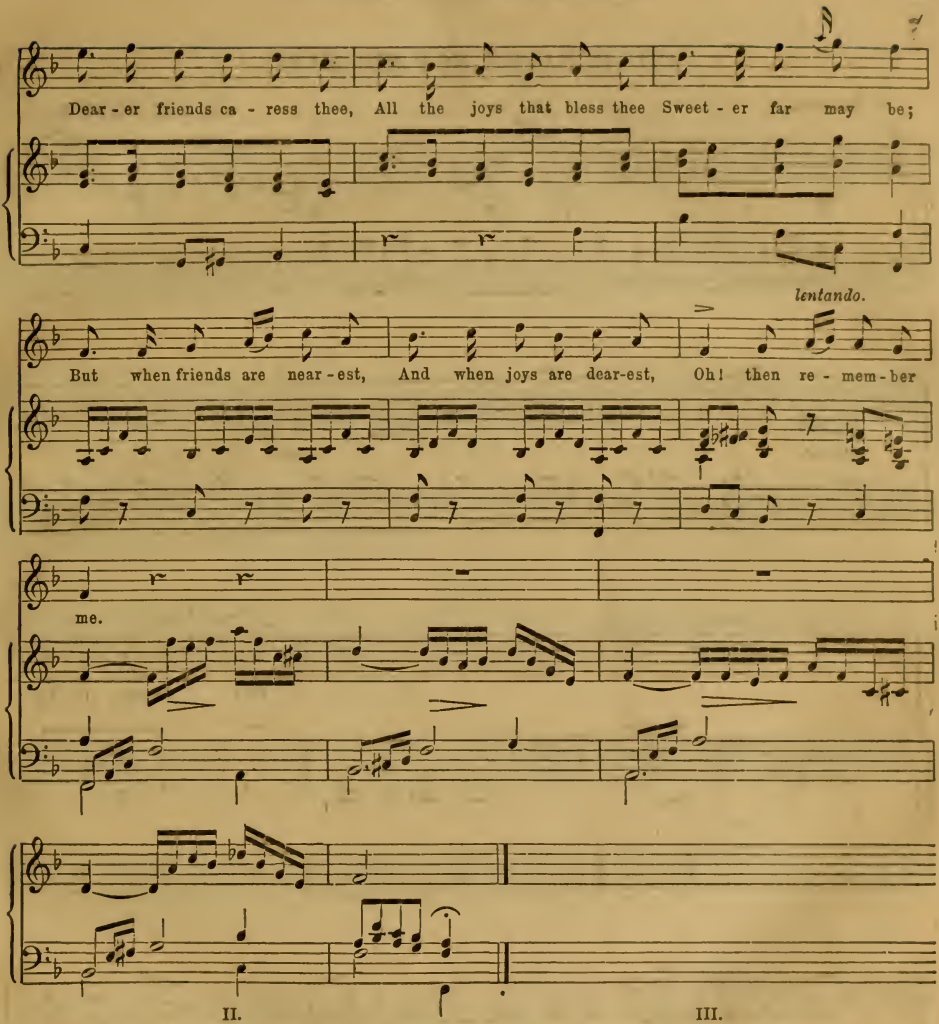
And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.*

* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made respecting the habits and dress in general of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called *Crommeal*. On this occasion a Song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks), to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the Air alone has reached us, and is universally admired." — Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards, page 134. — Mr. Walker informs us also, that about the same period there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

AIR-MAID OF THE VALLEY.





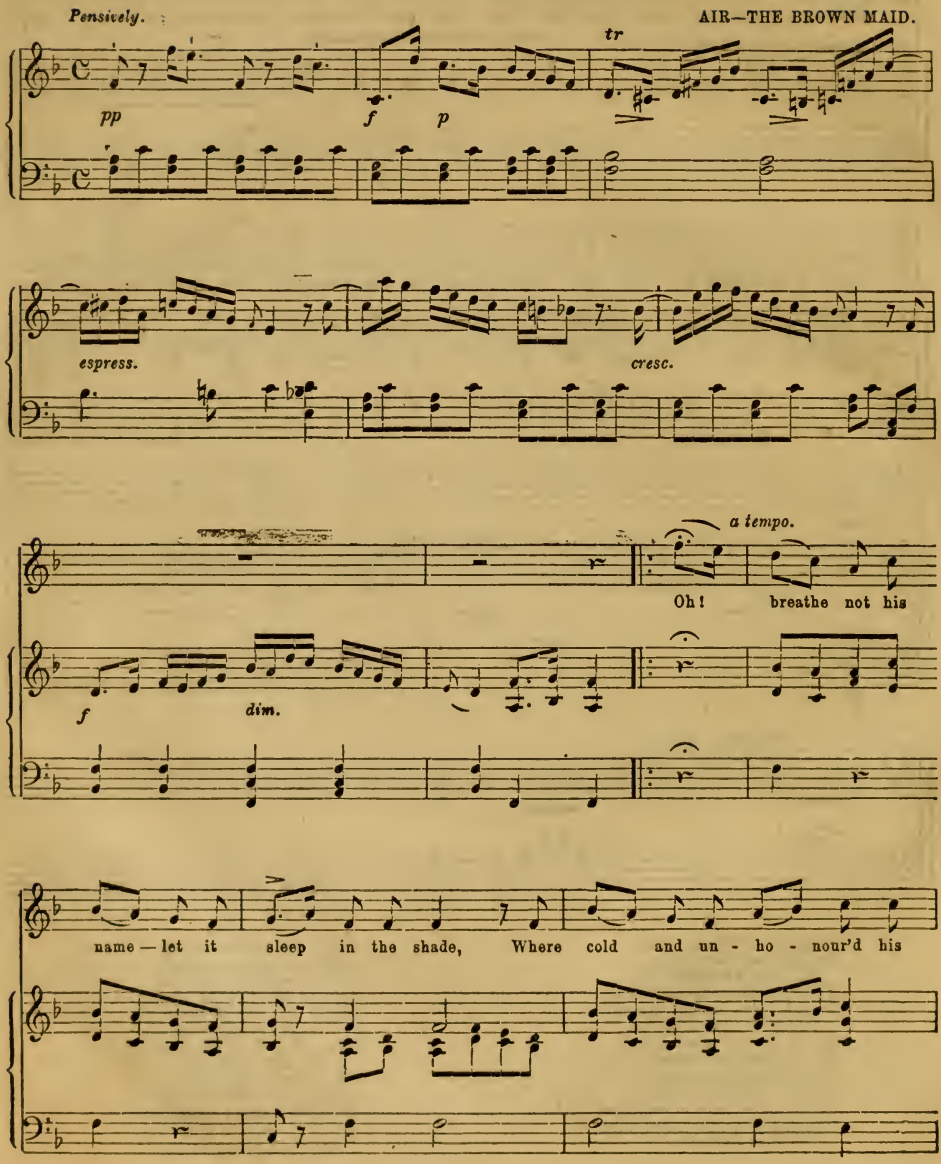
II.

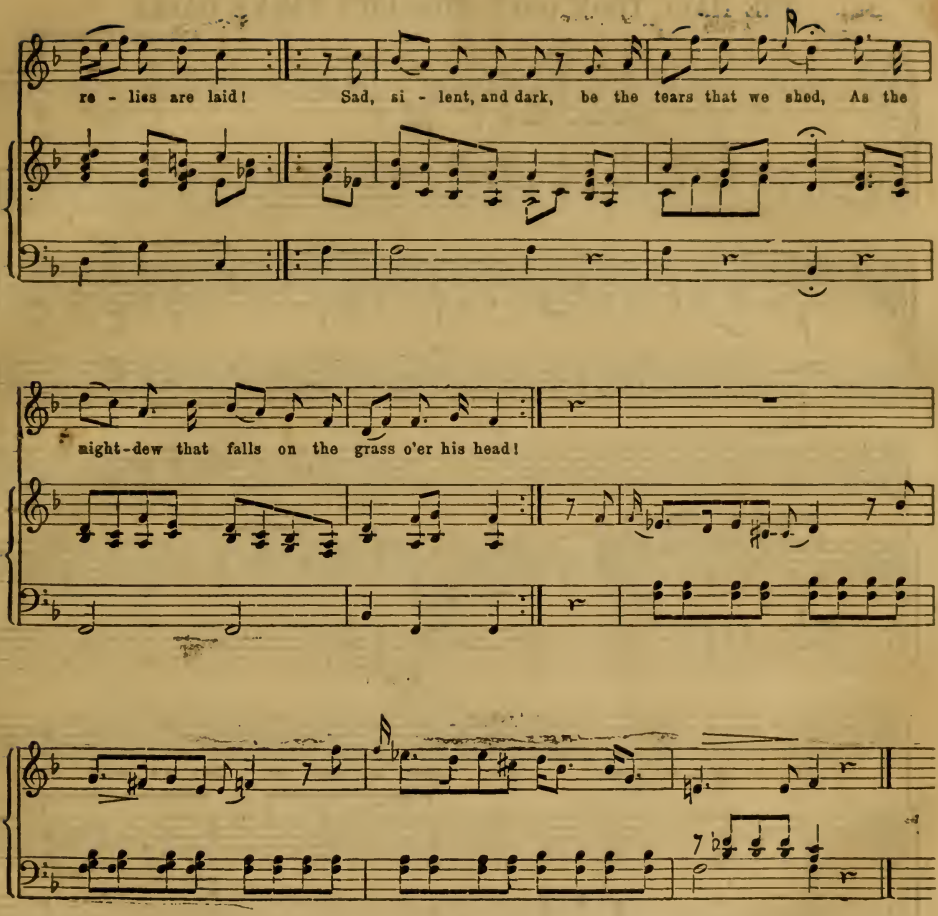
When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning.
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.

III.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing,
On the gay hearth blazing,
O! still remember me.
Then, should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee, —
Oh! then remember me.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.





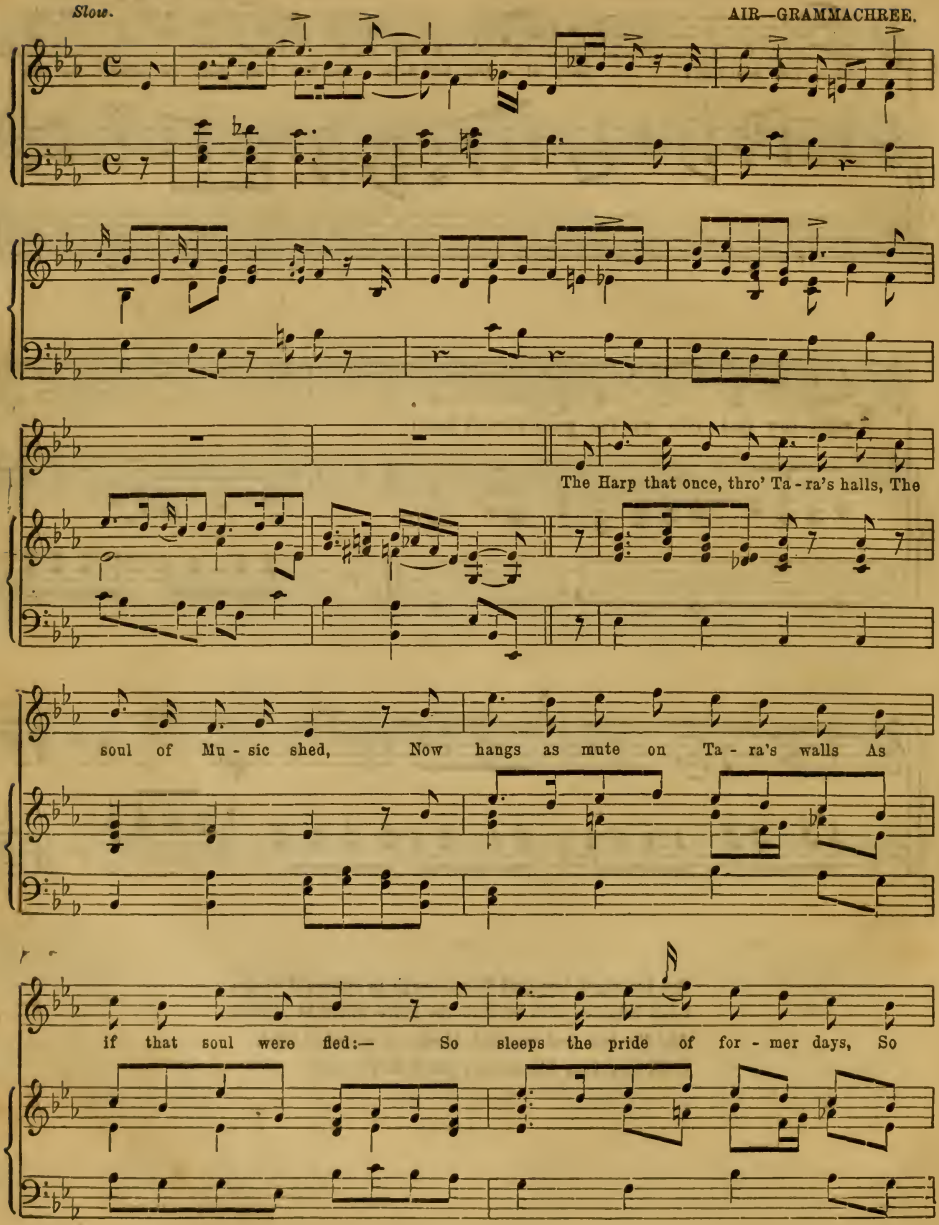
II.

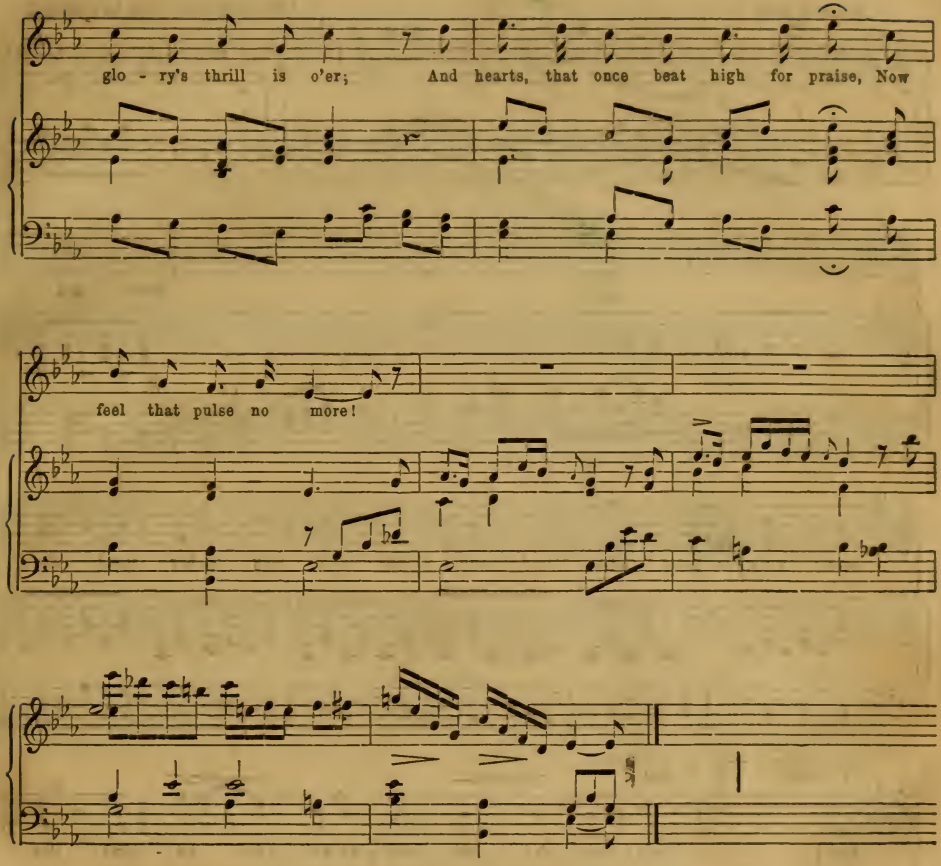
But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

Slow.

AIR—GRAMMACHREE.





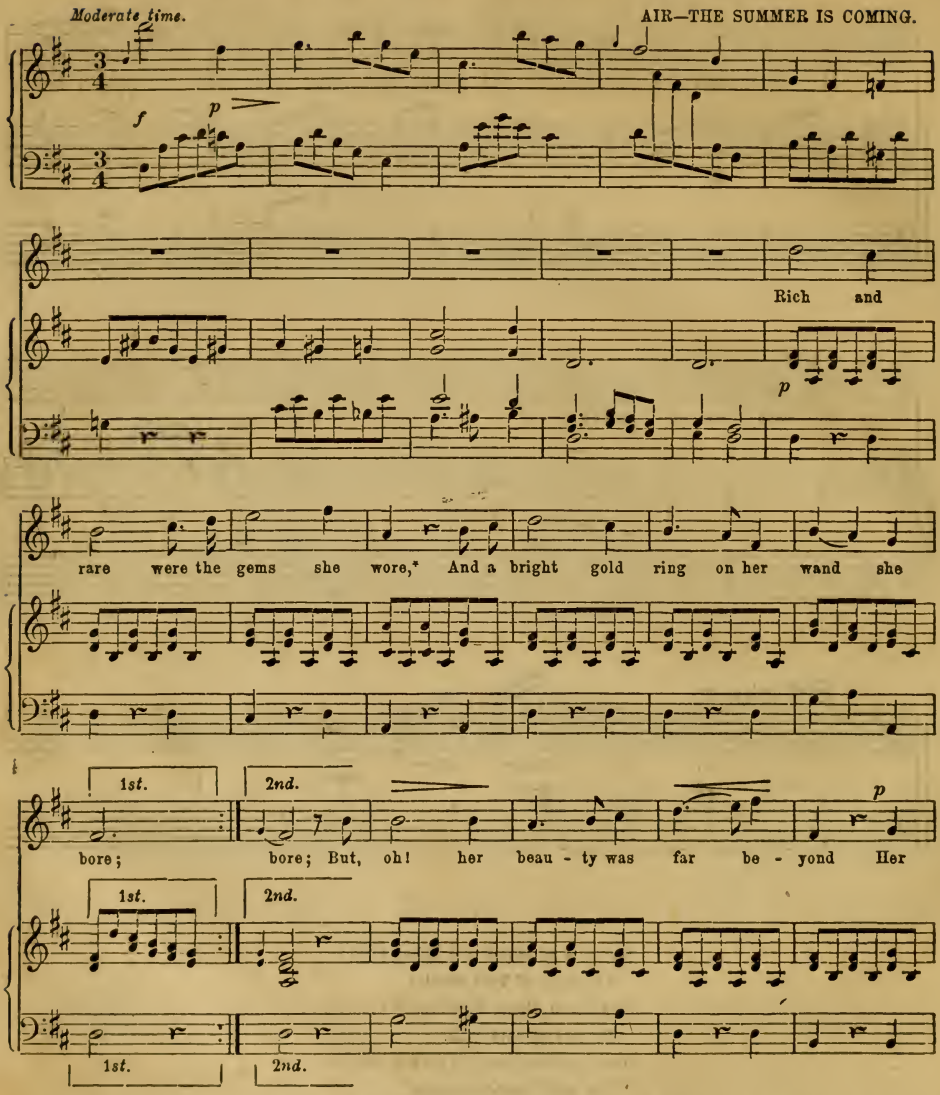
II.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells:
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

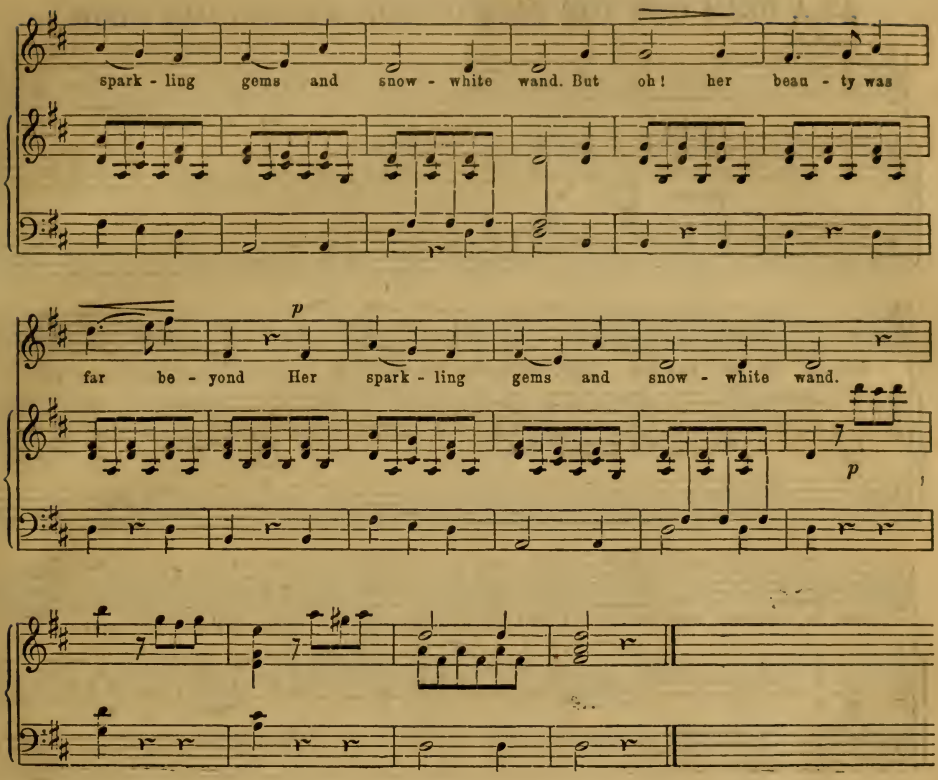
RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

Moderate time.

AIR—THE SUMMER IS COMING.



* This Ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed, a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."
—Warner's History of Ireland, Vol. I. Book 10.



II.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

III.

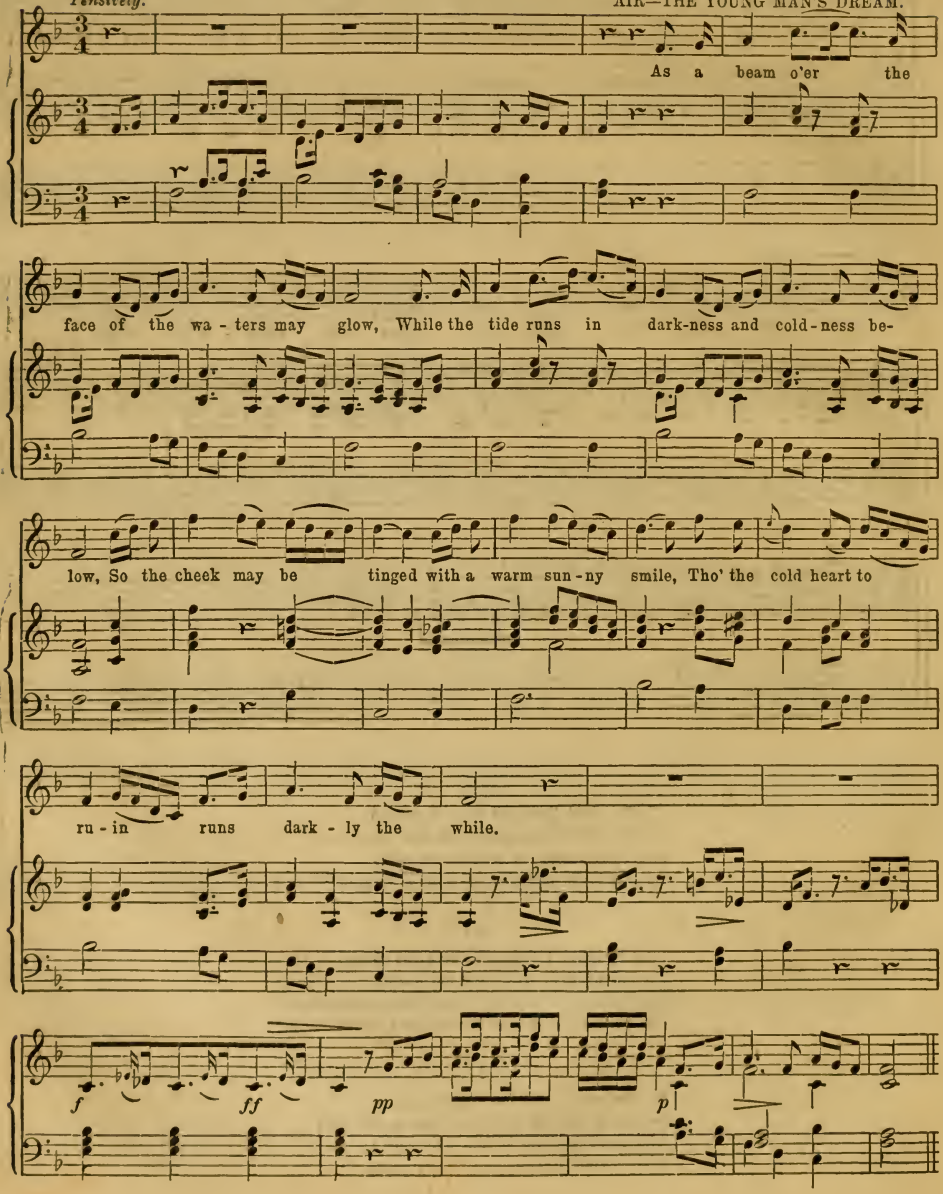
"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm:
For, though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more."

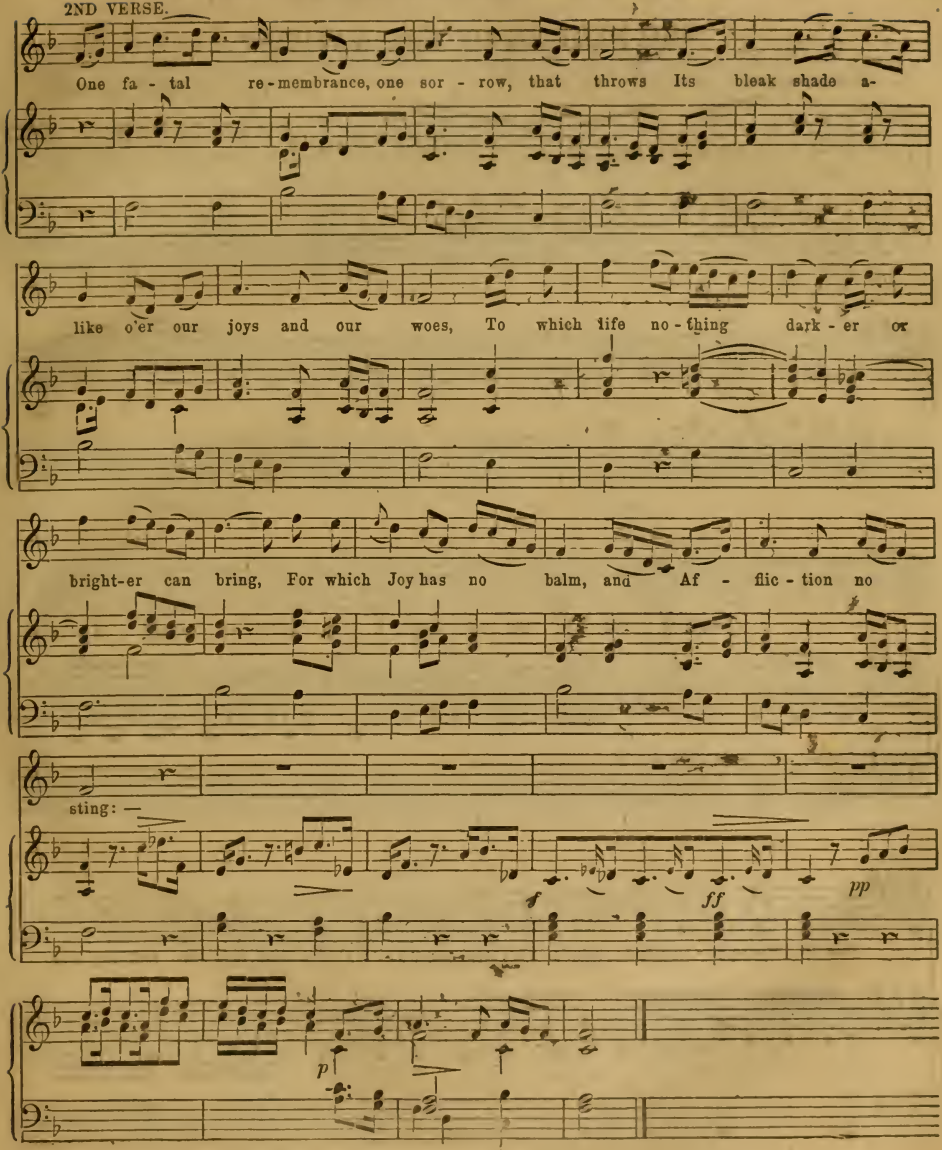
IV.

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

Pensively. AIR—THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

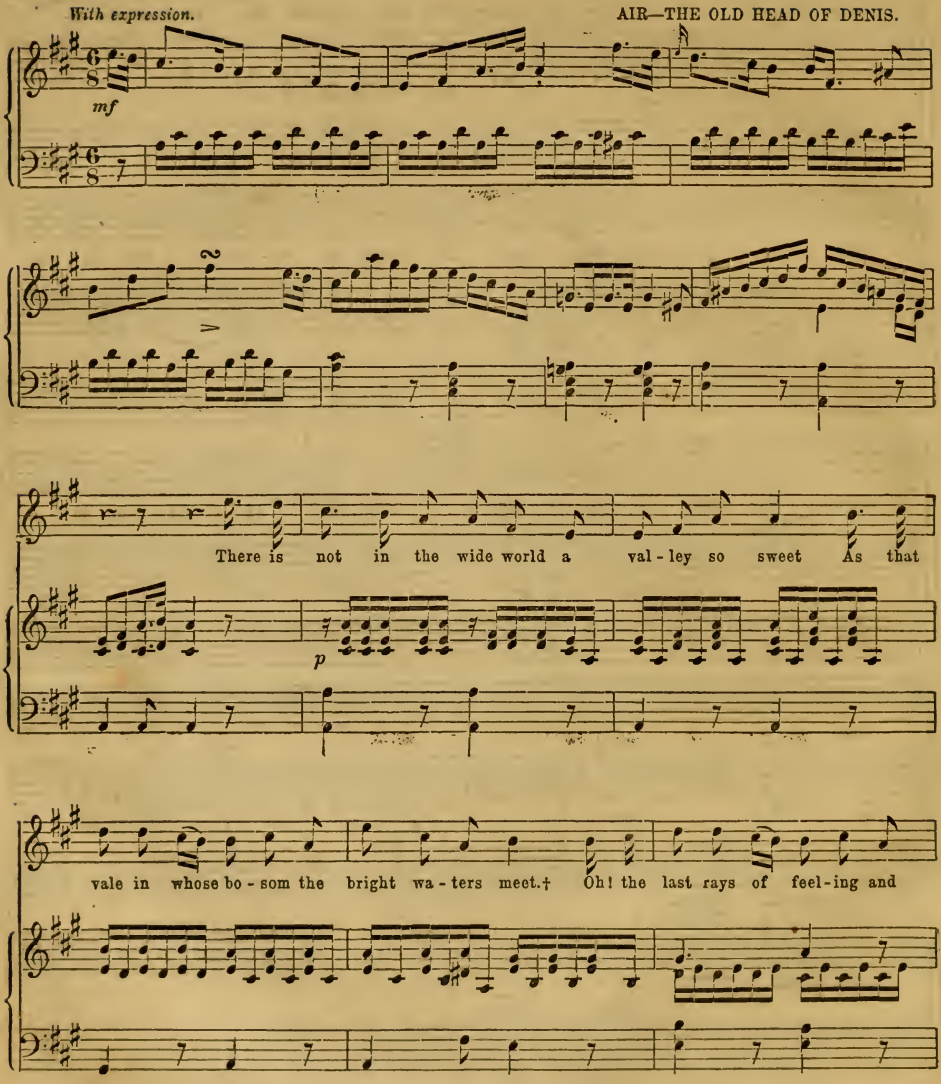




III.

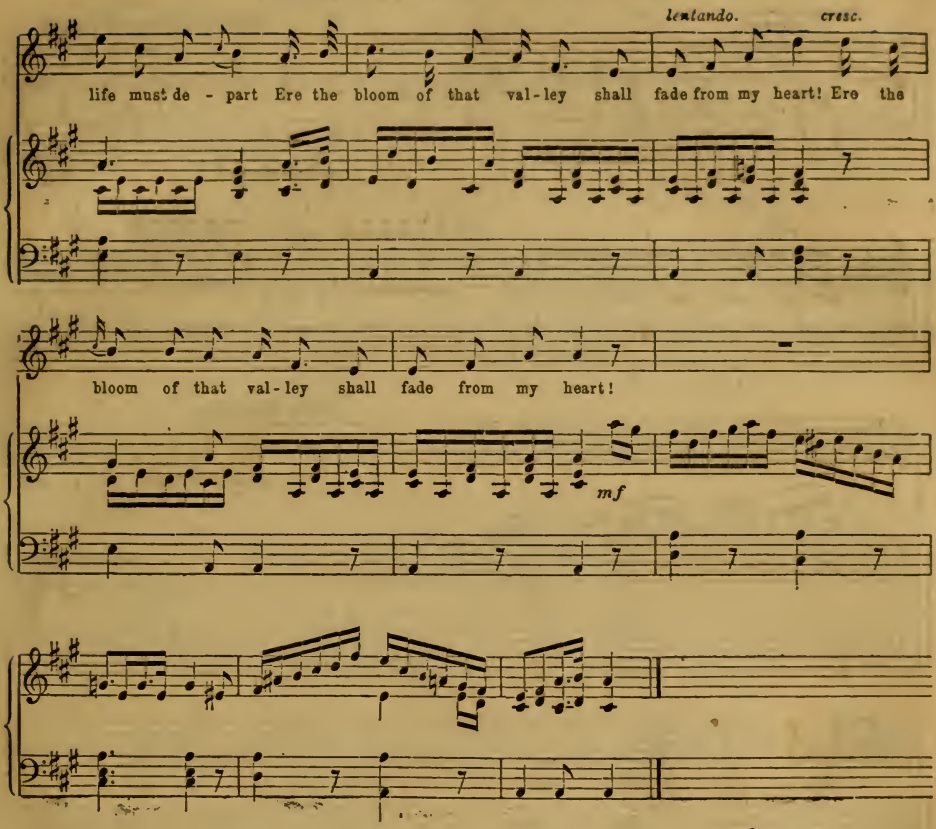
Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm Sun play round it in vain —
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again!

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*



* "The meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.



II.

Yet is *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

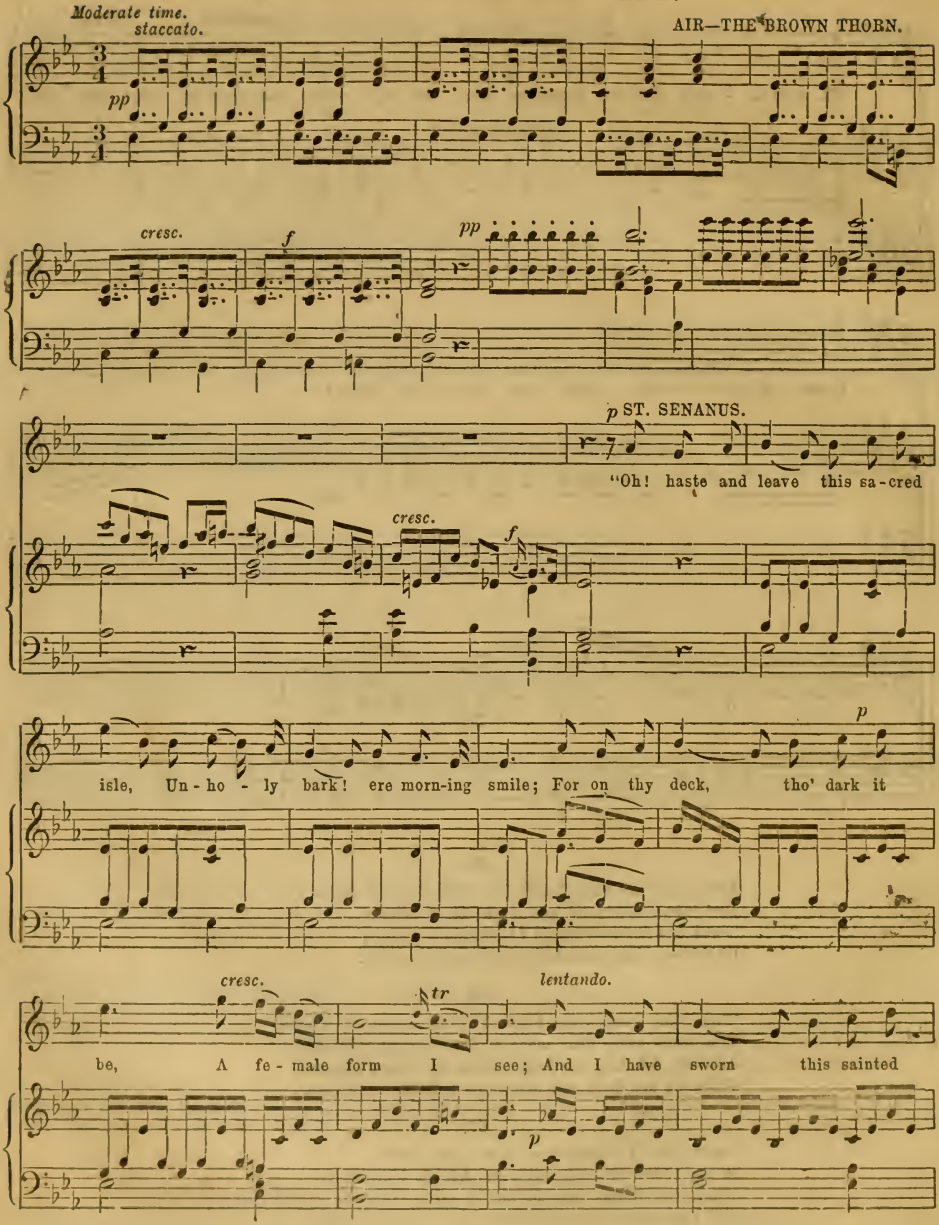
III.

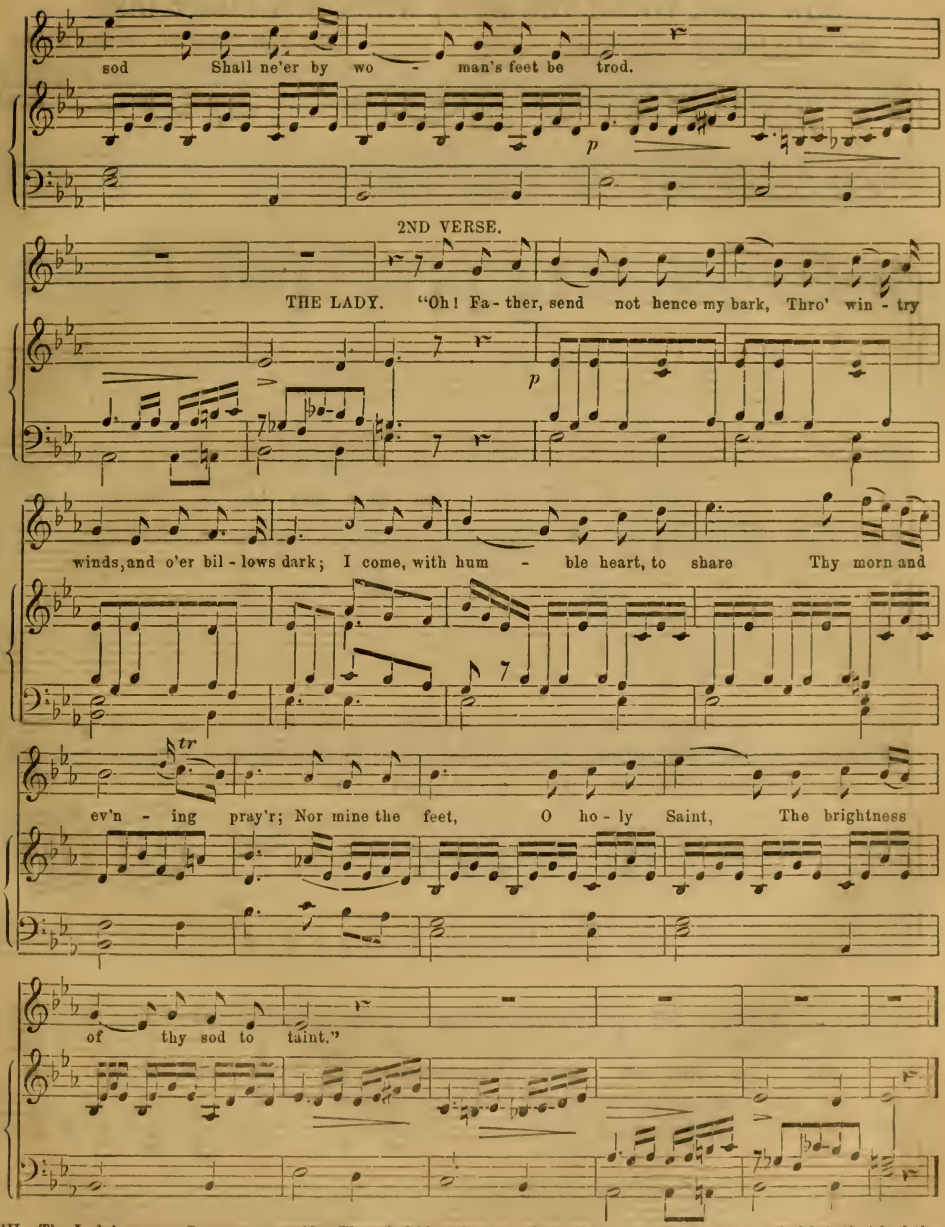
'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

IV.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

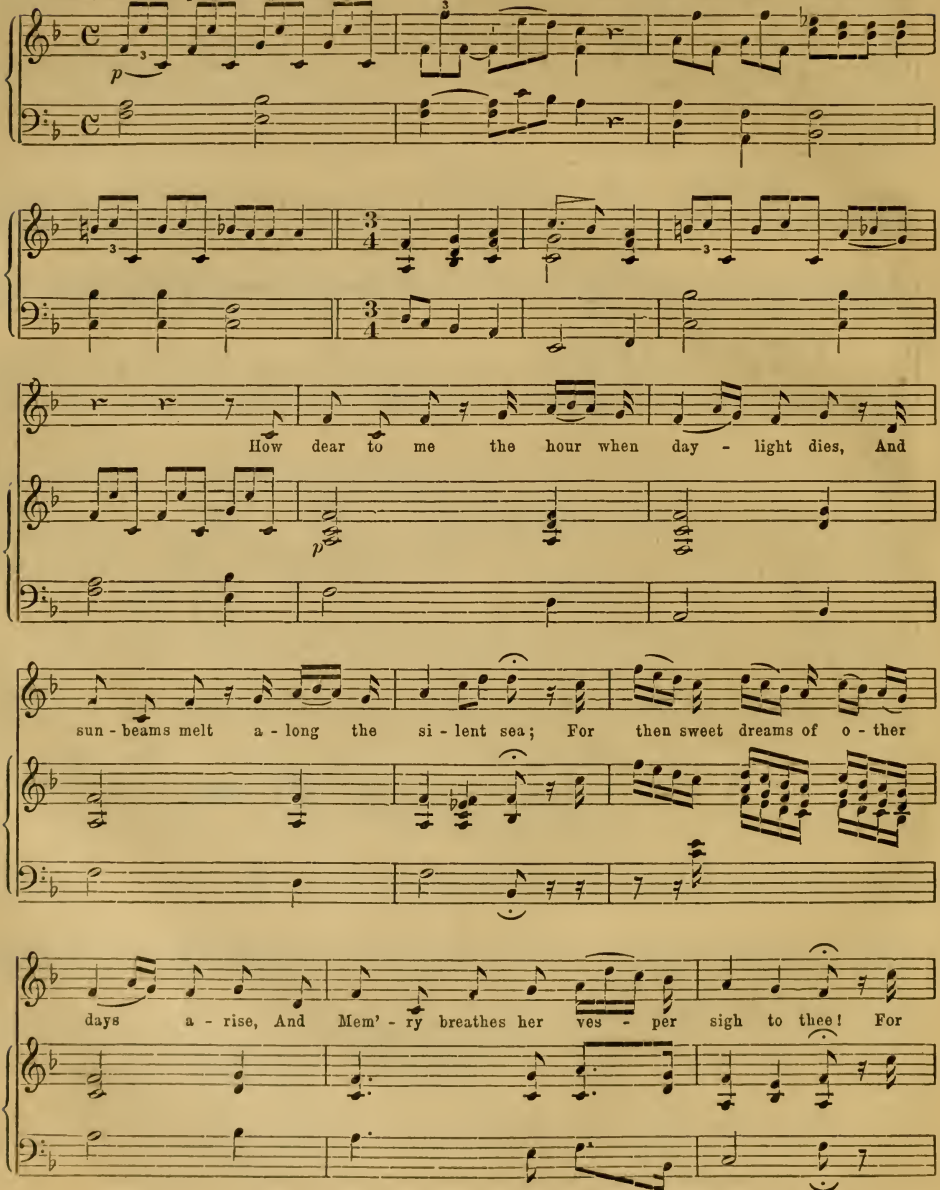
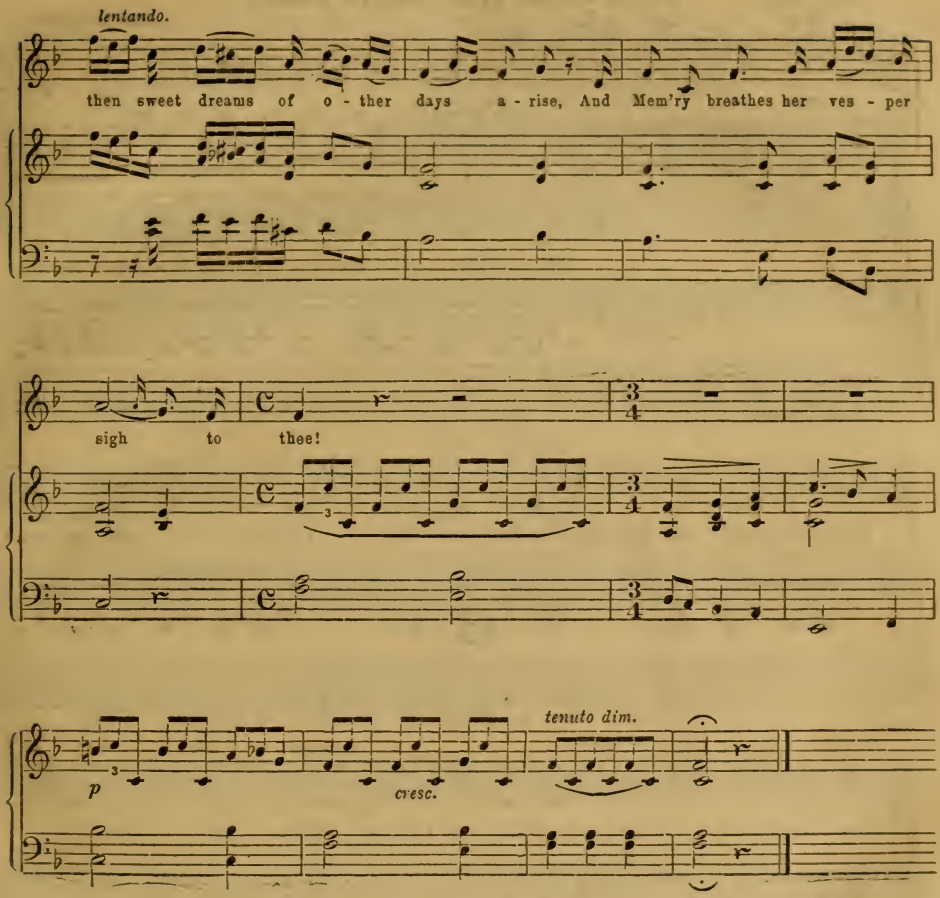
ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.





III. The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd; The wind blew fresh, and the bark return'd; But legends hint, that had the maid Till morning's light delay'd, And given the Saint one rosy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAY-LIGHT DIES.

Slow, and to be played very smoothly. AIR—THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.*



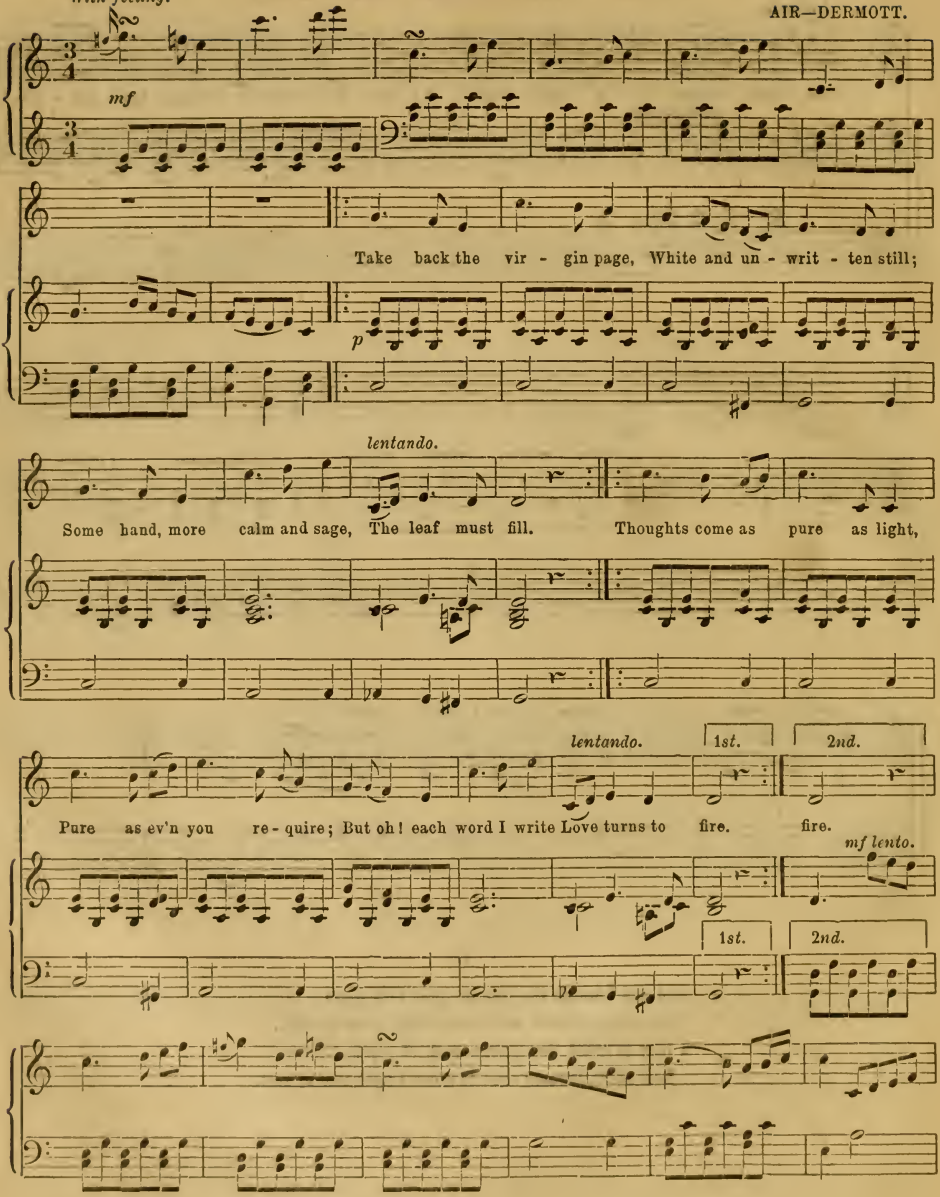
II.

And, as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave t'ward the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.*

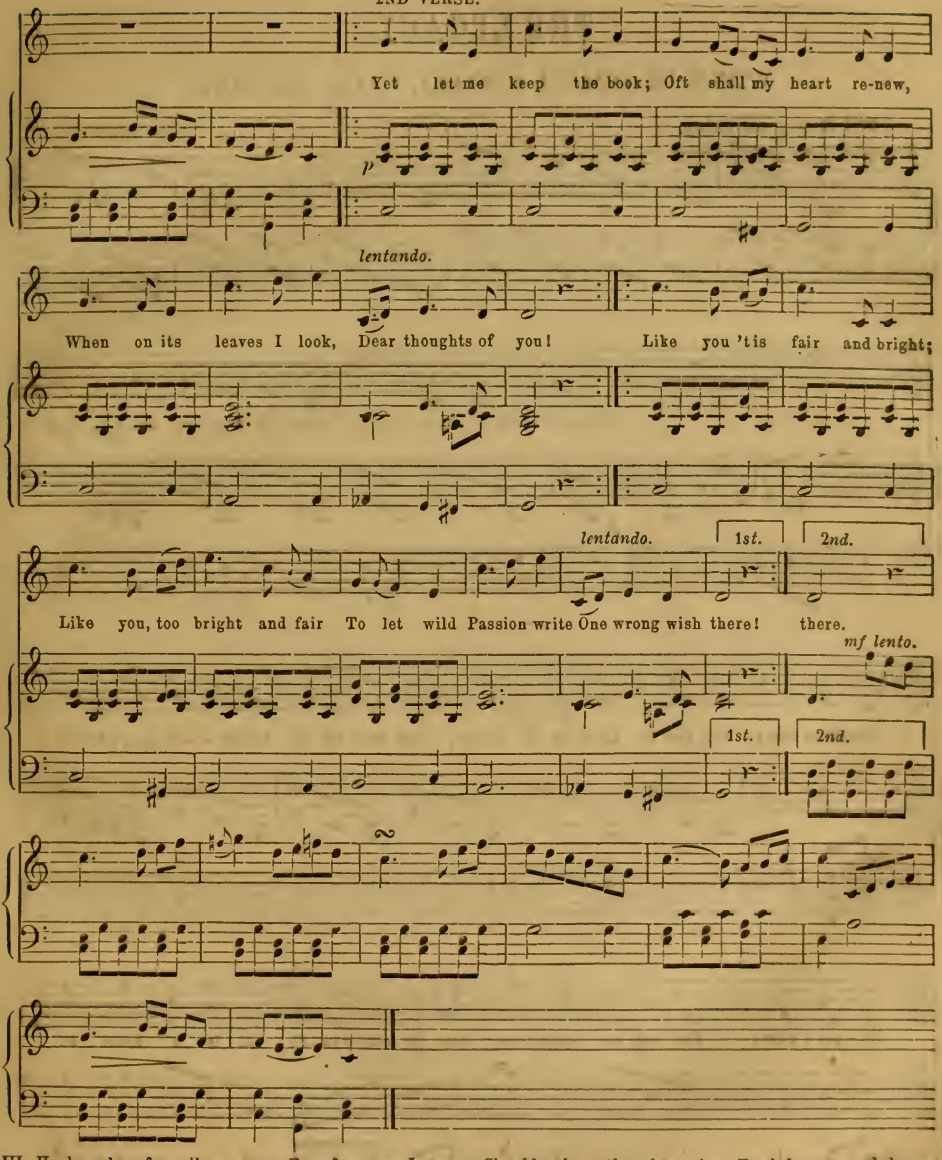
With feeling.

AIR—DERMOTT.



* Written on returning a blank book.

2ND VERSE.



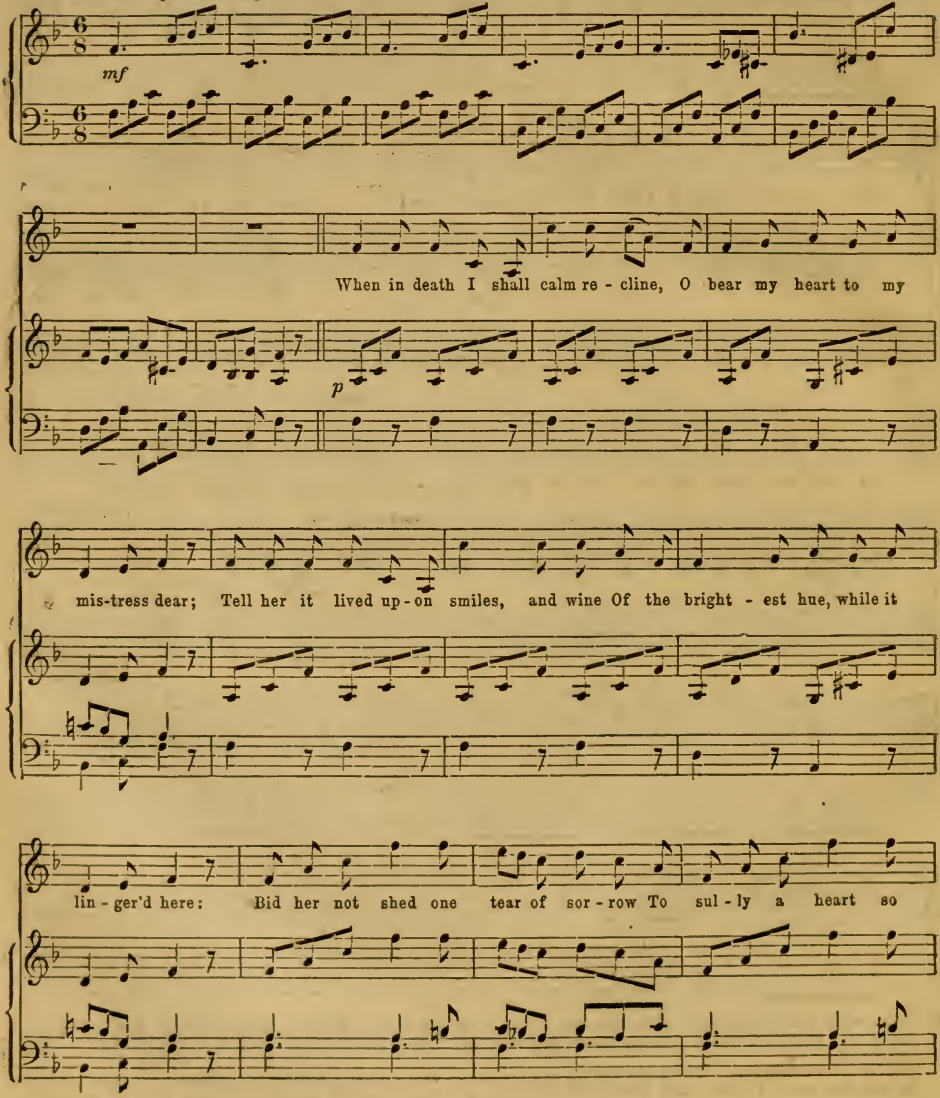
III. Haply, when from those eyes Far, far away I roam, Should calmer thoughts arise Tow'rds you and home, Fancy may trace some line Worthy those eyes to meet; Thoughts that not burn, but shine, Pure, calm, and sweet!

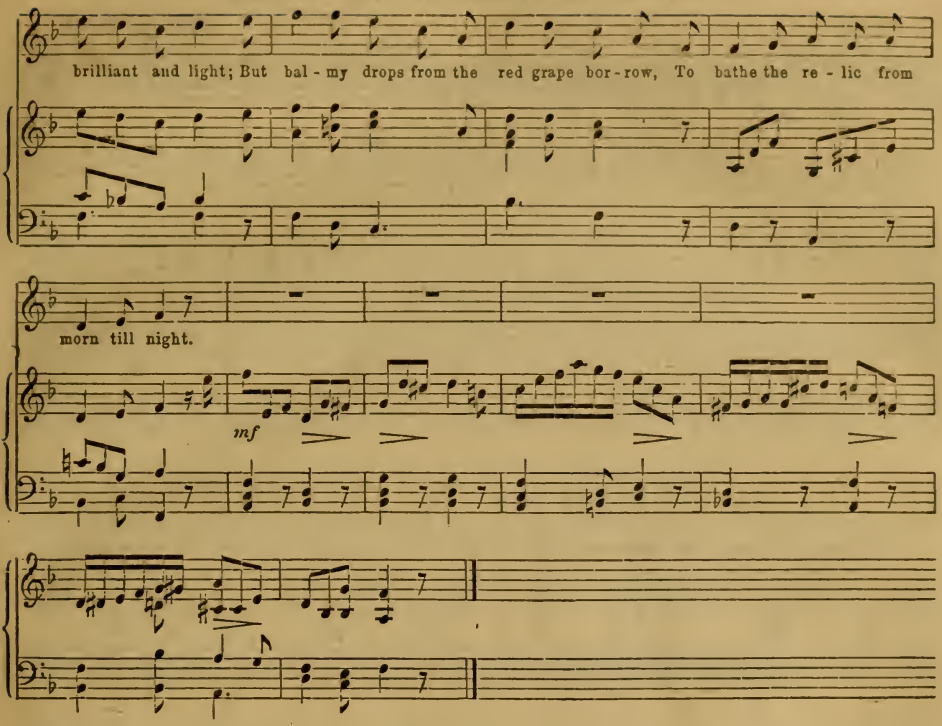
IV. And, as the records are, Which wand'ring seamen keep, Led by their hidden star Through winter's deep; So may the words I write Tell through what storms I stray, *You* still the unseen light, Guiding my way!

THE LEGACY.

WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALM RECLINE.

With Feeling and Gaiety. AIR—UNKNOWN.





II.

When the light of my song is o'er,
  Then take my harp to your ancient hall,
Hang it up at that friendly door,
  Where weary travellers love to call.*
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
  Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
  Your warmest smile for the child of song.

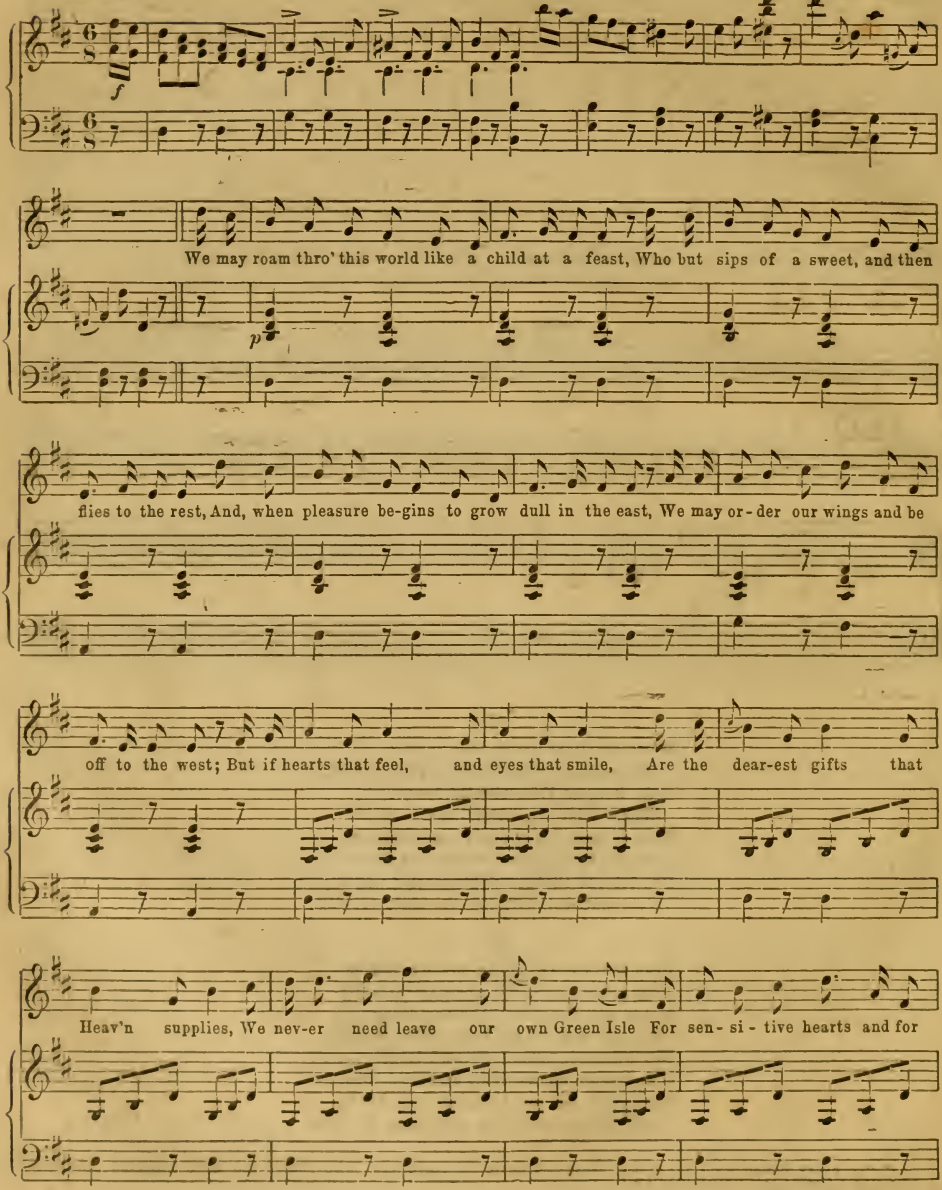
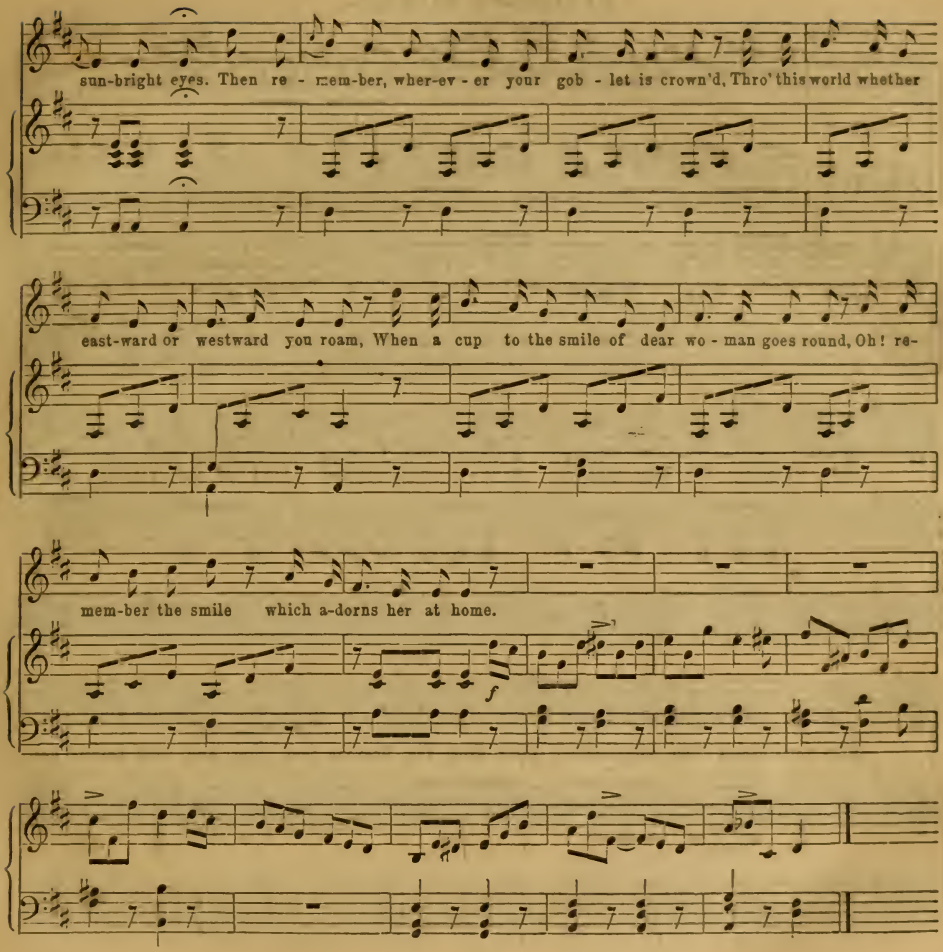
III.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing
  To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
  On lips that beauty hath seldom bless'd.
But when some warm devoted lover
  To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
  And hallow each drop that foams for him.

* "In every house was one or two Harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in Music." — O'Halloran.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

Merrily. AIR—GARYYONE.



II.

In England the garden of Beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery, placed within call;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watch'd, after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flow'rs of Erin dwells,
Which warns the touch while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

III.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye!
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Thro' billows of woe and beams of joy,
The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro' this world whether eastward or westward you roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Plaintively. AIR—UNKNOWN.

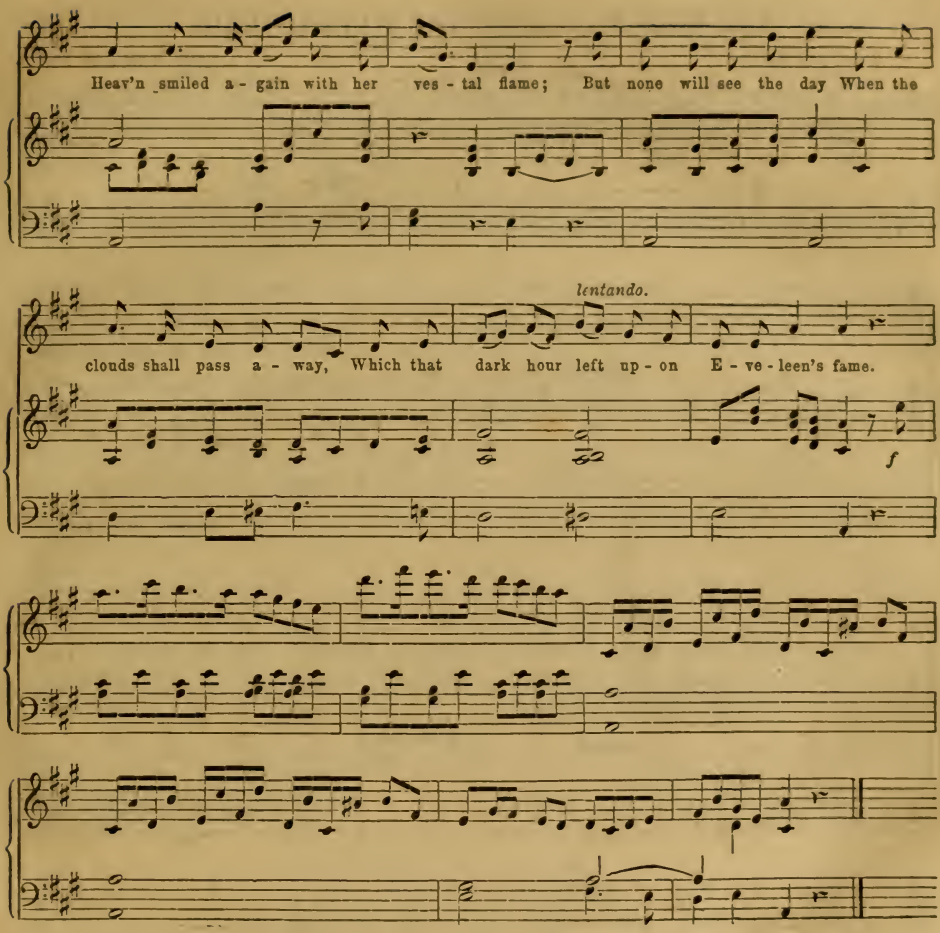
f

Oh! weep for the hour, When to E-ve-leen's bower The Lord of the Val-ley with

p

false vows came; The moon hid her light From the Heavens that night, And wept be-hind her

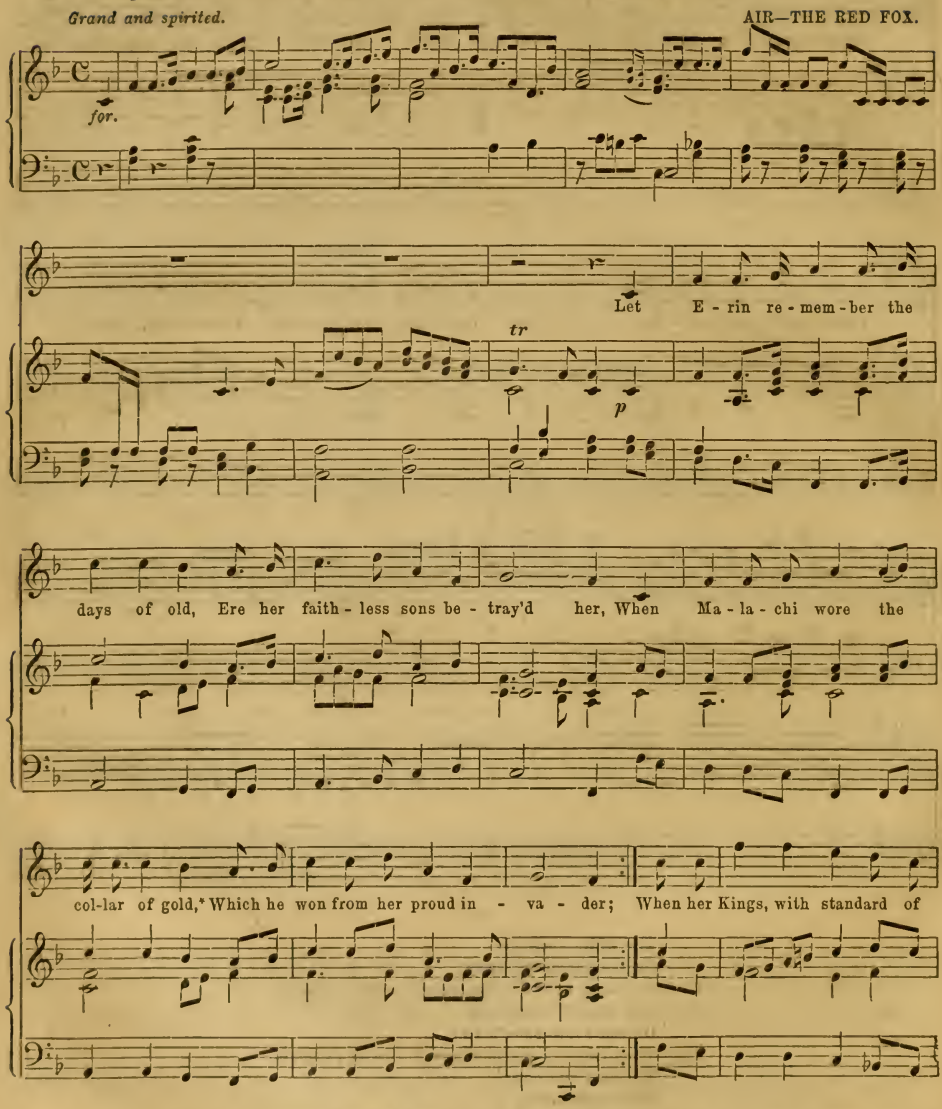
clouds o'er the mai-den's shame. The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And



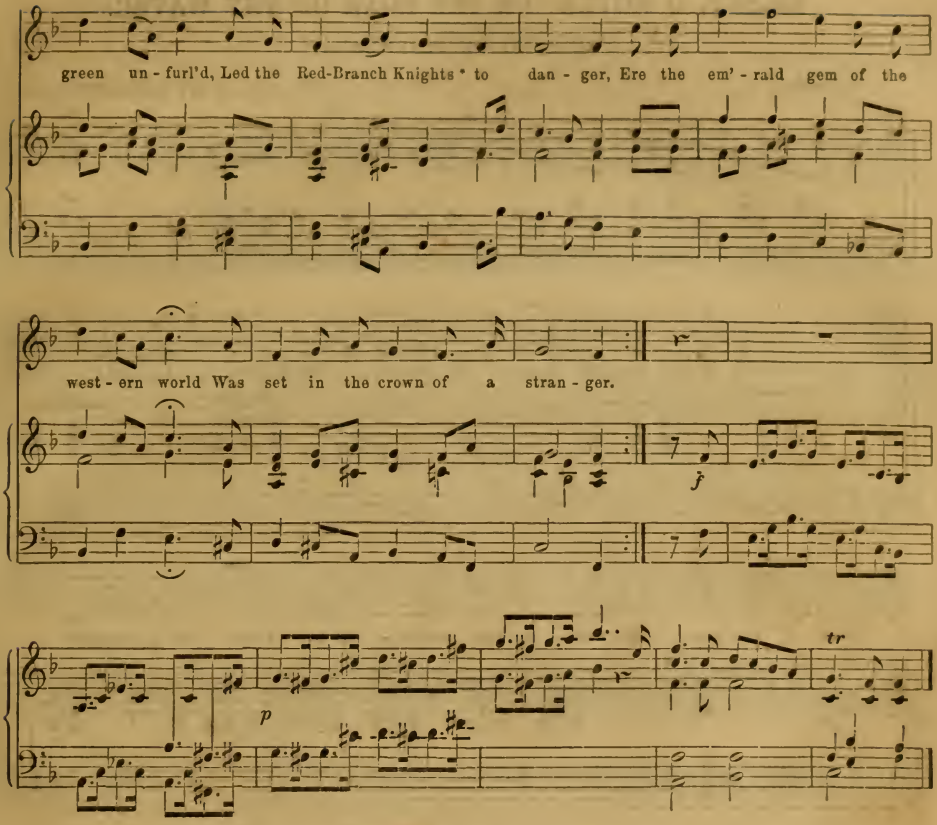
II.

The white snow lay
On the narrow pathway
When the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his footsteps to Eveleen's door.
The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.



* "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the Tenth Century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their Champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a Collar of Gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the Sword of the other, as trophies of his victory." — Warner's History of Ireland, Vol. I. Book 9.



On Lough-Neagh's bank, † as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!
Thus shall Memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of Time
For the long-faded glories they cover!

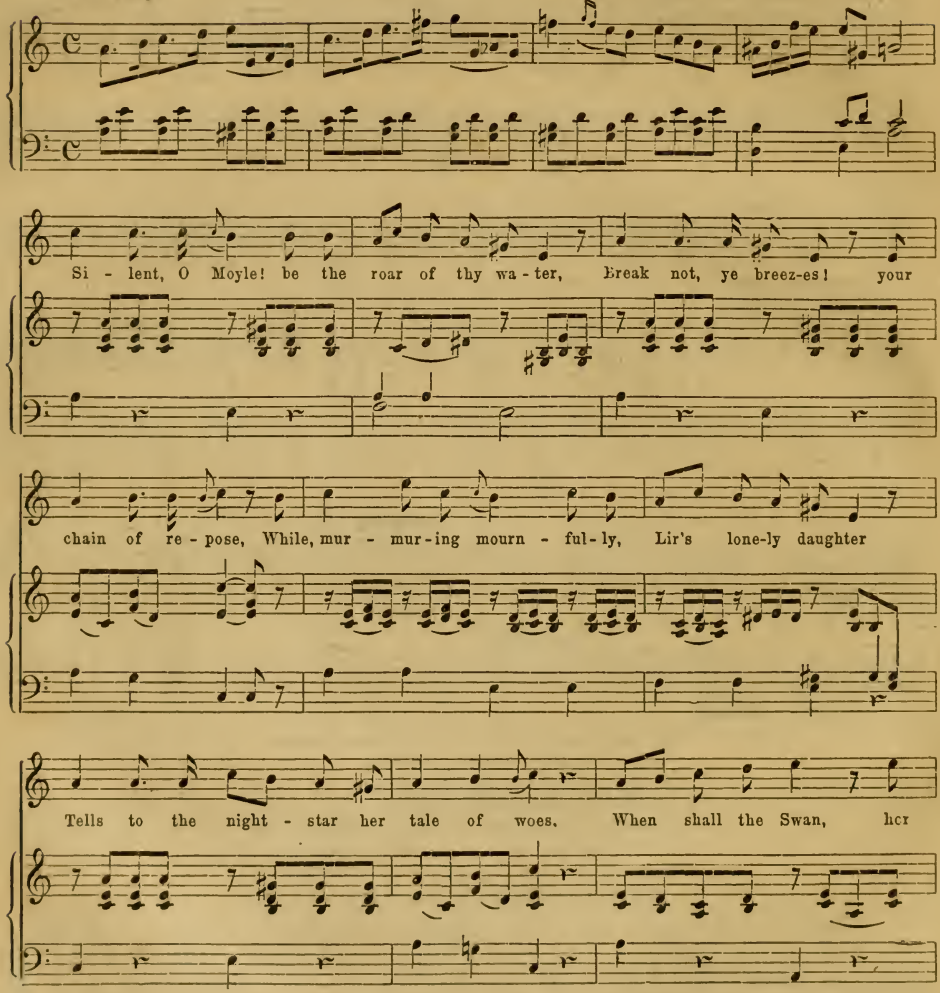
* "Military Orders of Knights were very early established in Ireland; long before the birth of CHRIST we find an hereditary Order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the Palace of the Ulster Kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large Hospital, founded for the sick Knights and Soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."—O'HALLORAN'S INTRODUCTION, &c. Part I. Chap. 5.

† It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough-Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water:—"*Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transeuntibus reique causas admirantibus frequenter ostendunt.*"—TOPOGR. HIB. DIST. 2, C. 9.

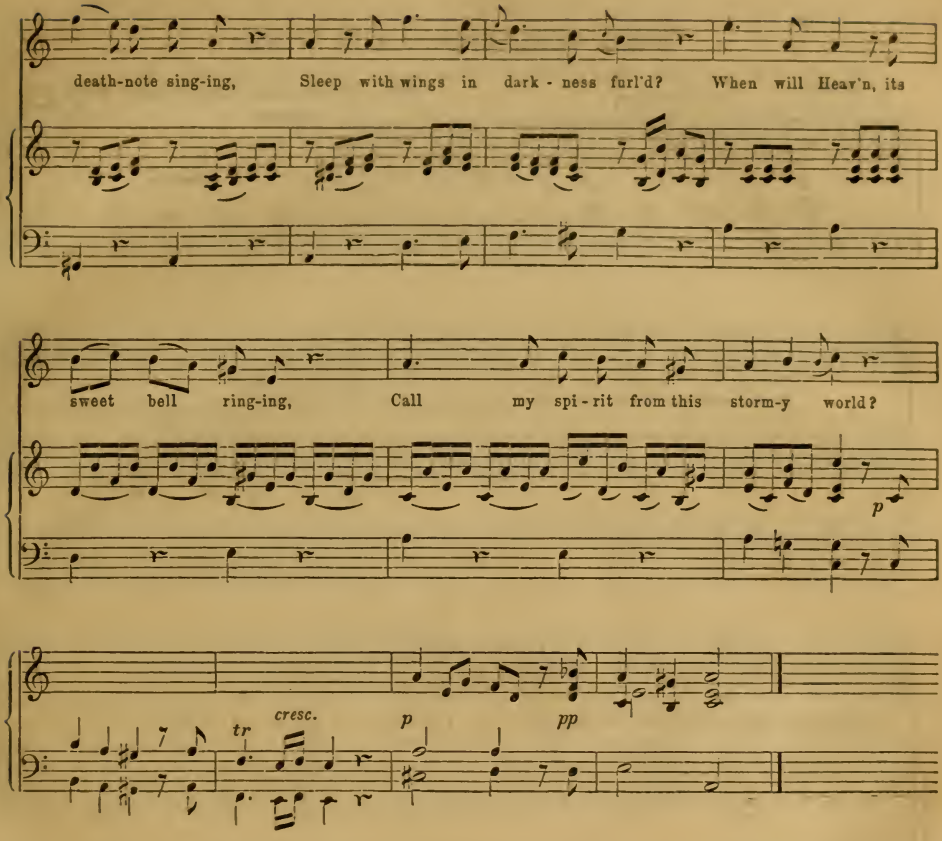
SILENT, O MOYLE! BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER.

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.*

Mournfully. AIR—ARRAH, MY DEAR EVELEEN.



* To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. — I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

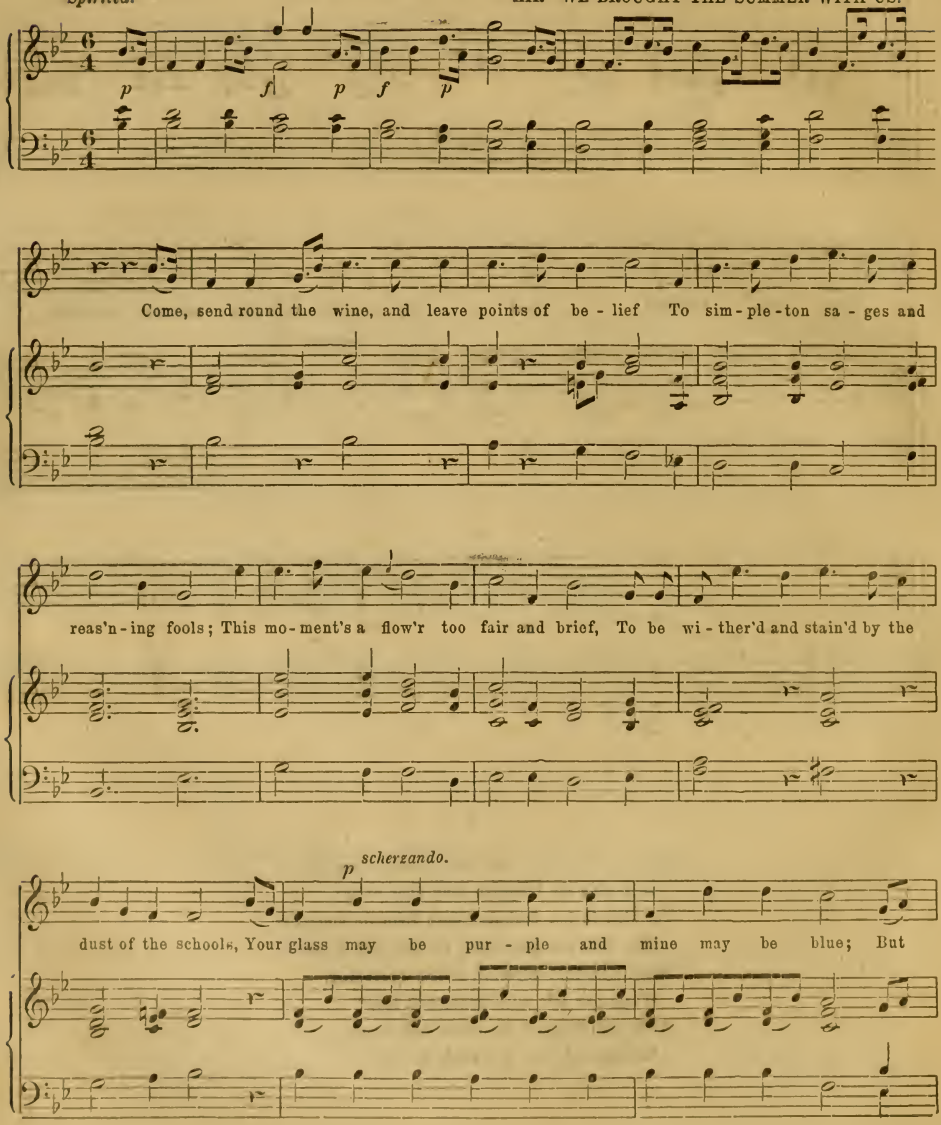


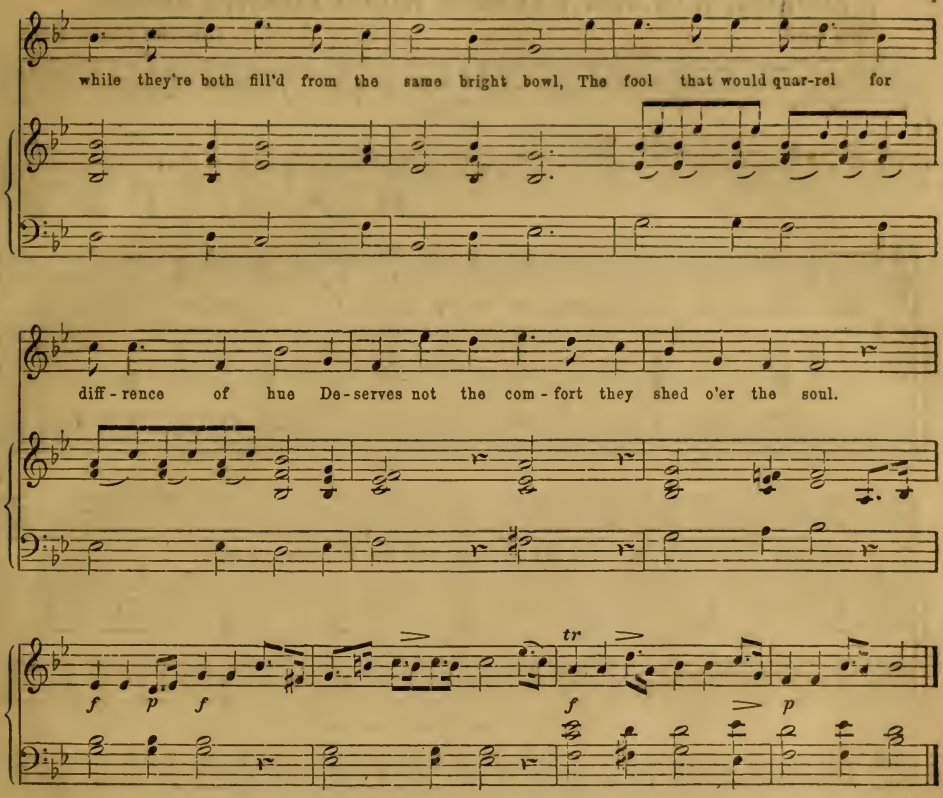
II.

Sadly, o Moyle! to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our Isle with peace and love?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

Spirited. AIR—WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US.



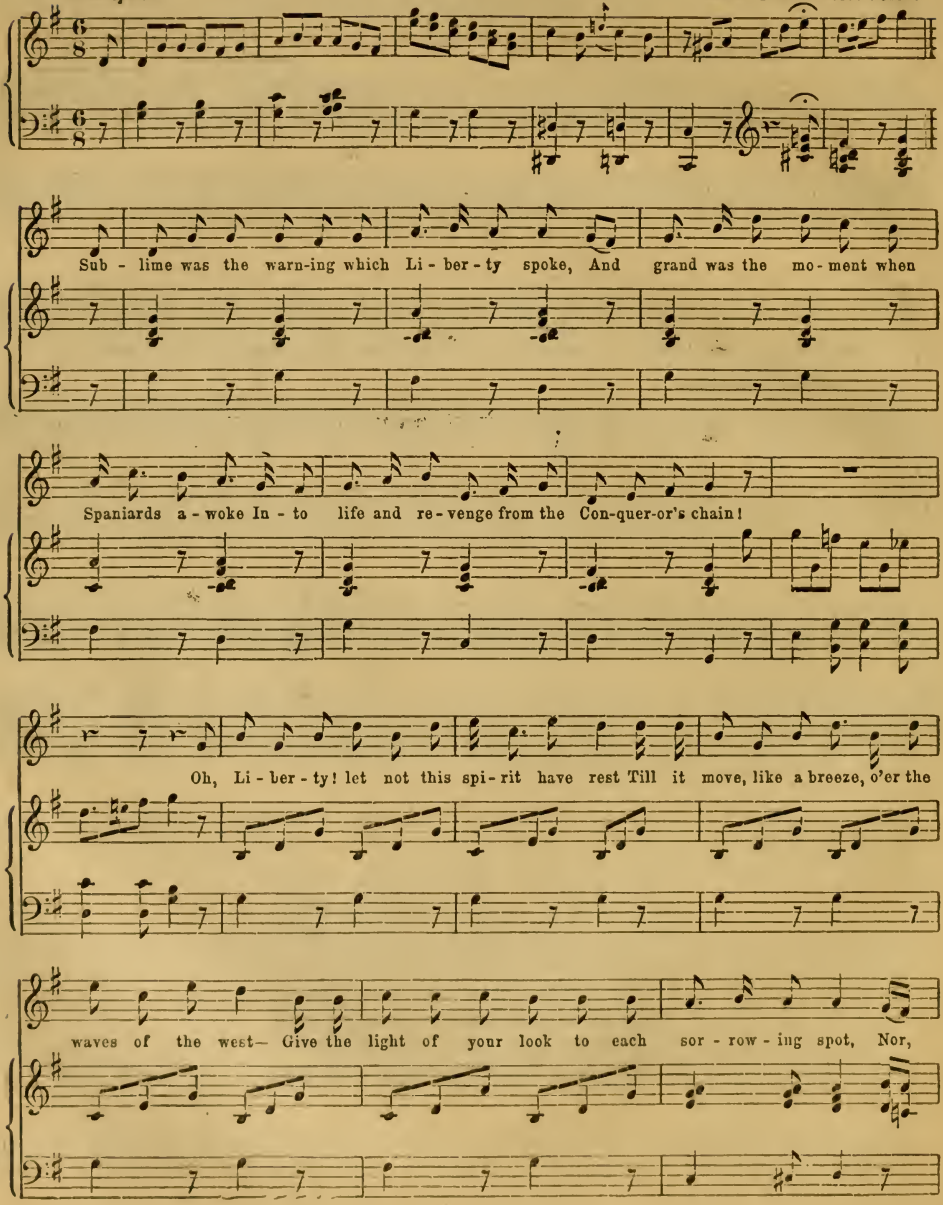


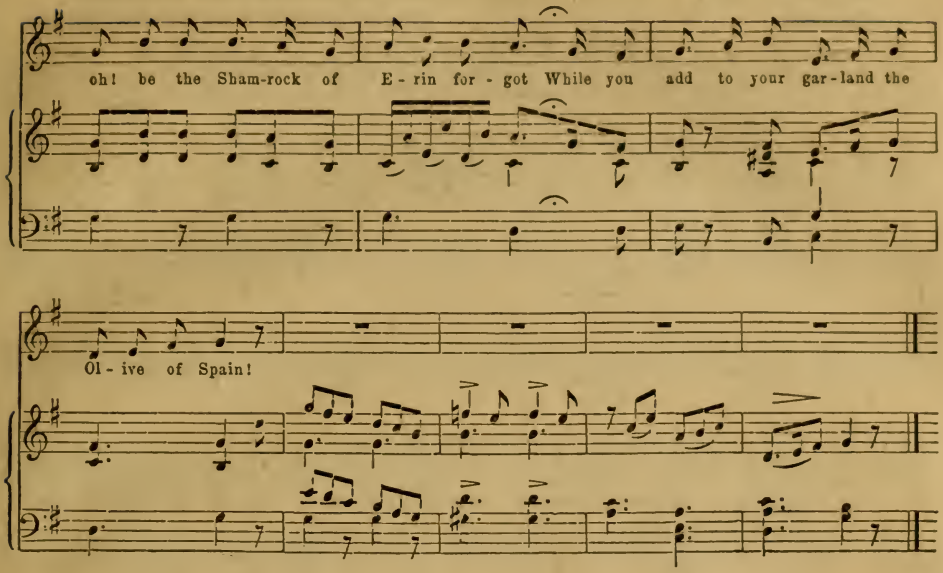
II.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING WHICH LIBERTY SPOKE.

With spirit. AIR—THE BLACK JOKE.





II.

If the fame of our fathers, beqneath'd with their rights,
Give to conntry its charm and to home its delights;
If deceit be a wound and suspicion a stain;
Then, ye men of Iberia! our canse is the same—
And, oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
Than to tnrn his last sigh into Victory's breath
For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

III.

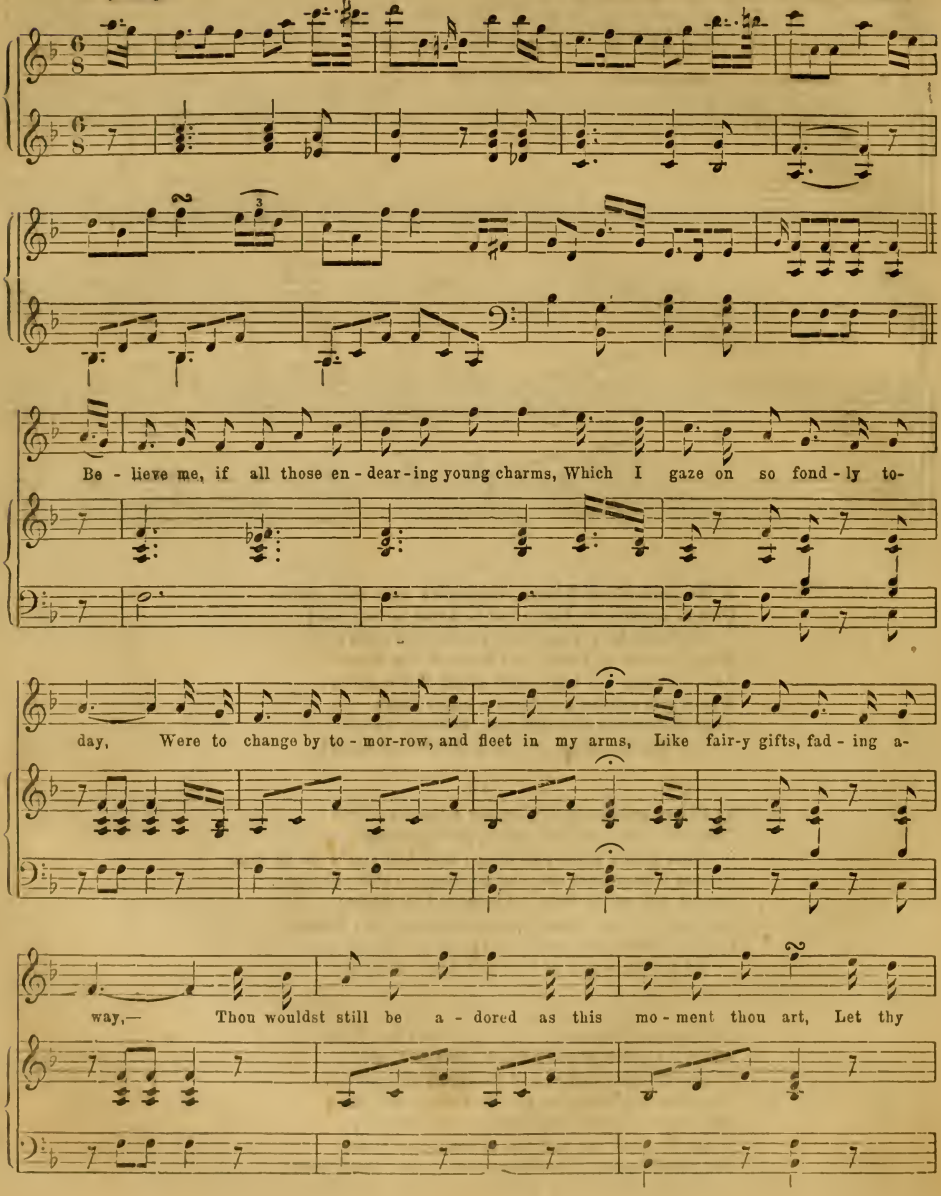
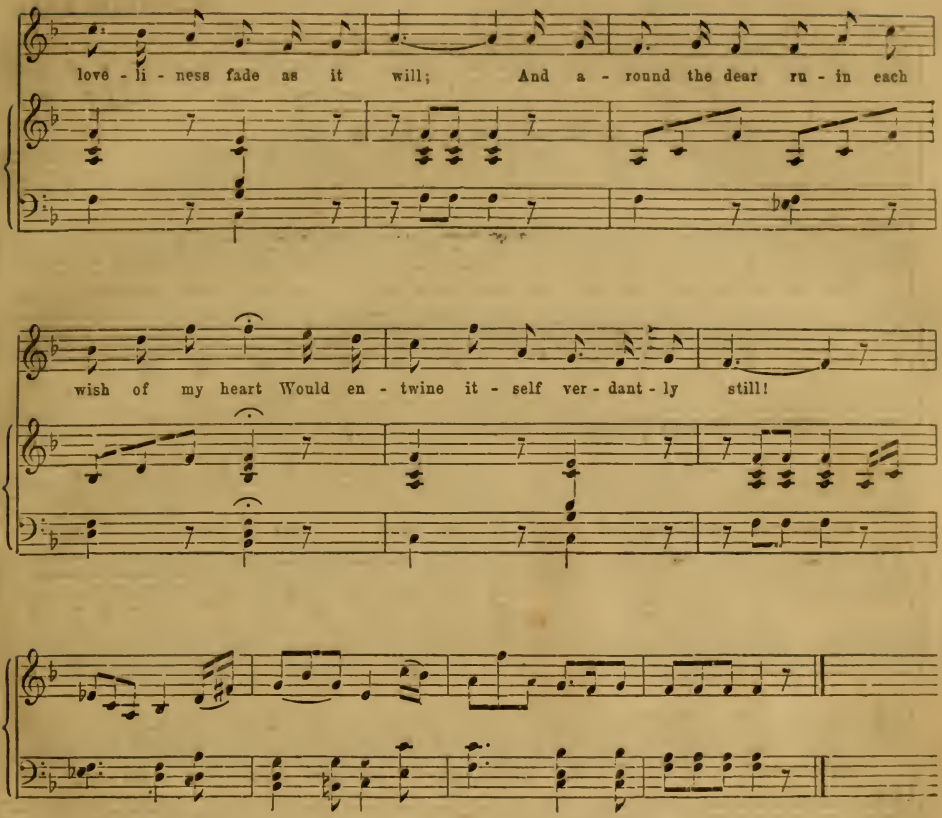
Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their yonth, among strangers to find
That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
Breathe a hope that the magical flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright;
And forgive even Albion, while, blnshing, she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

IV.

God prosper the canse! — Oh! it cannot bnt thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain:
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

With feeling. AIR—MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

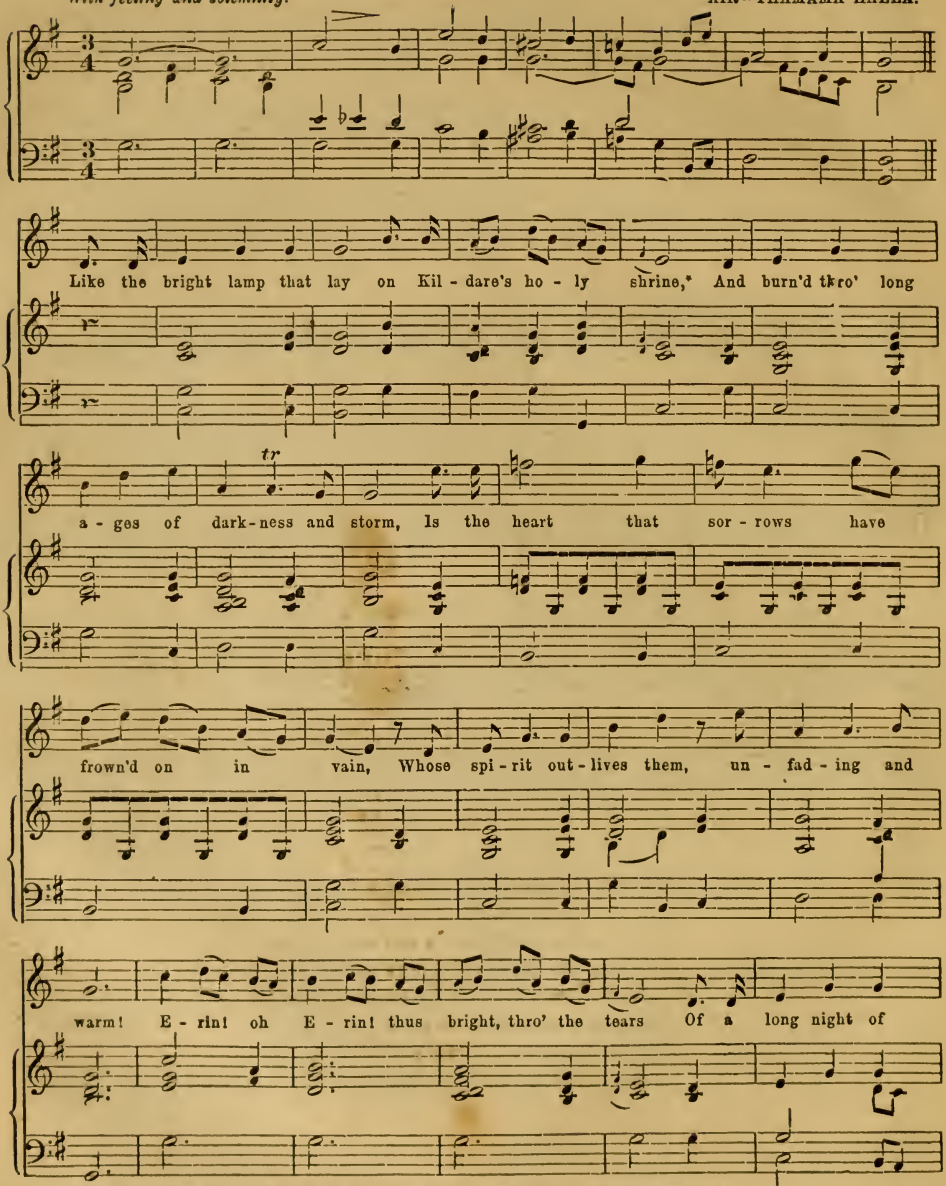


II.

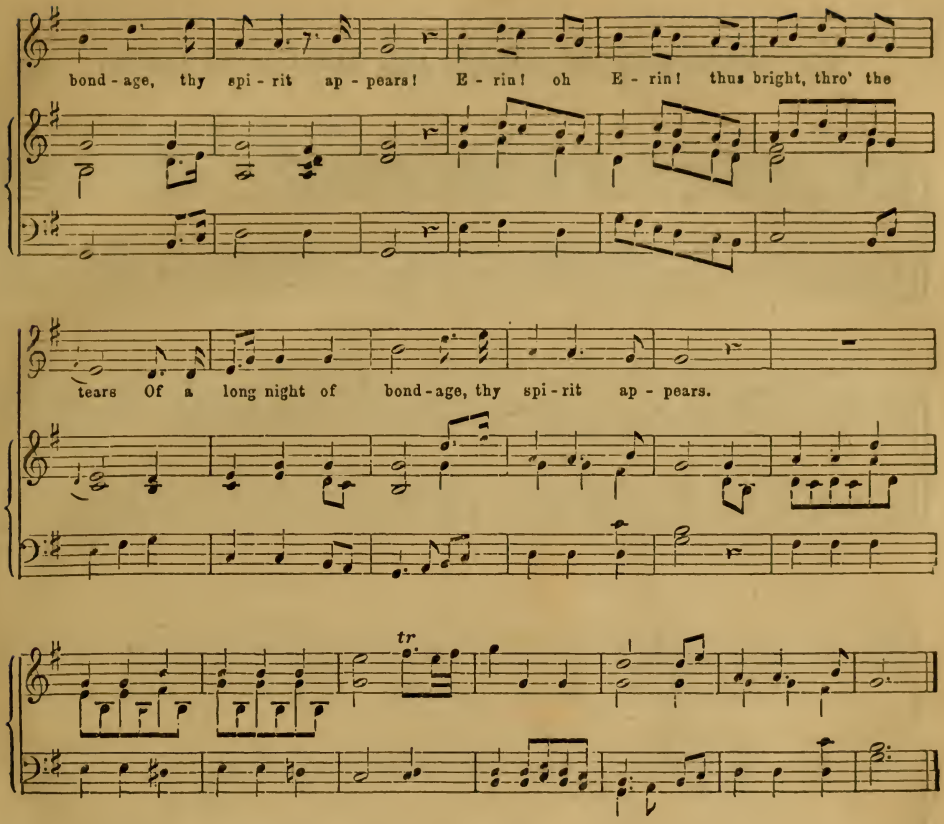
It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rôse.

LIKE THE BRIGHT LAMP.

With feeling and solemnity. AIR—THAMAMA HALLA.



* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions.



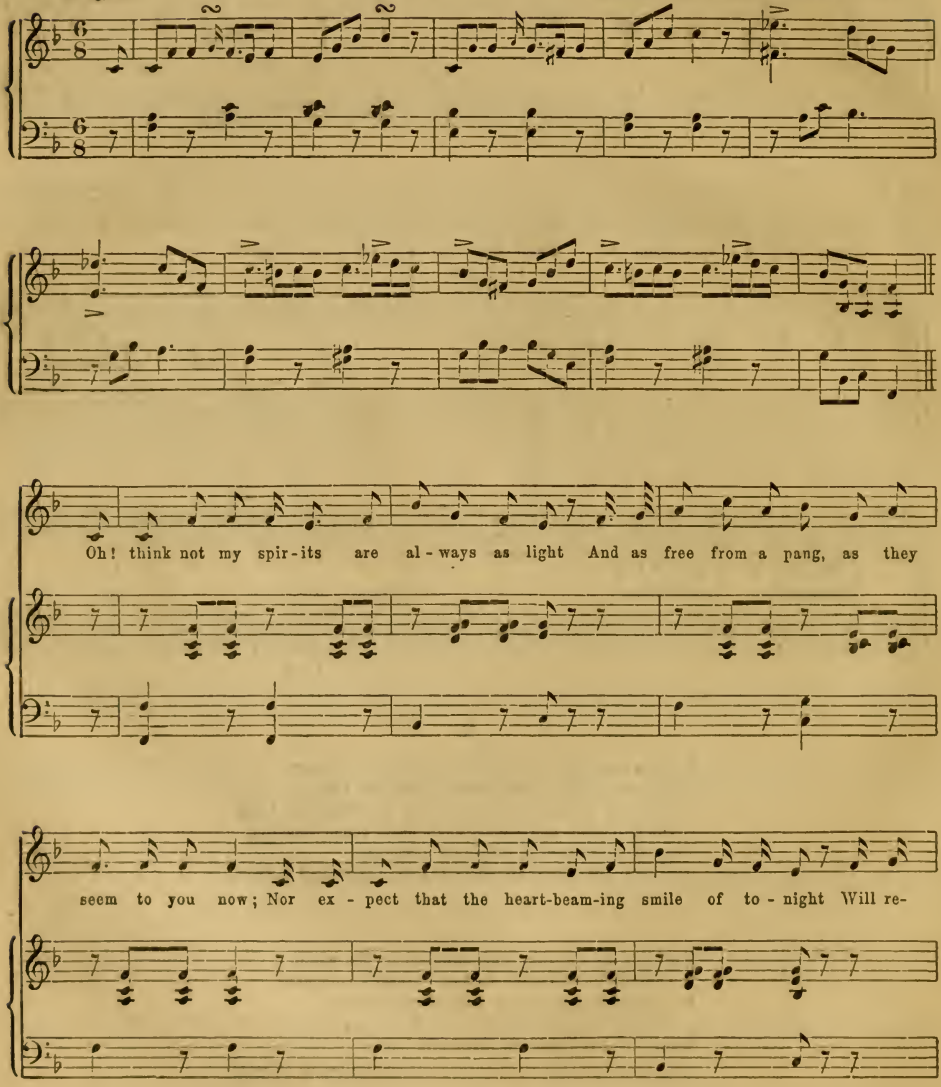
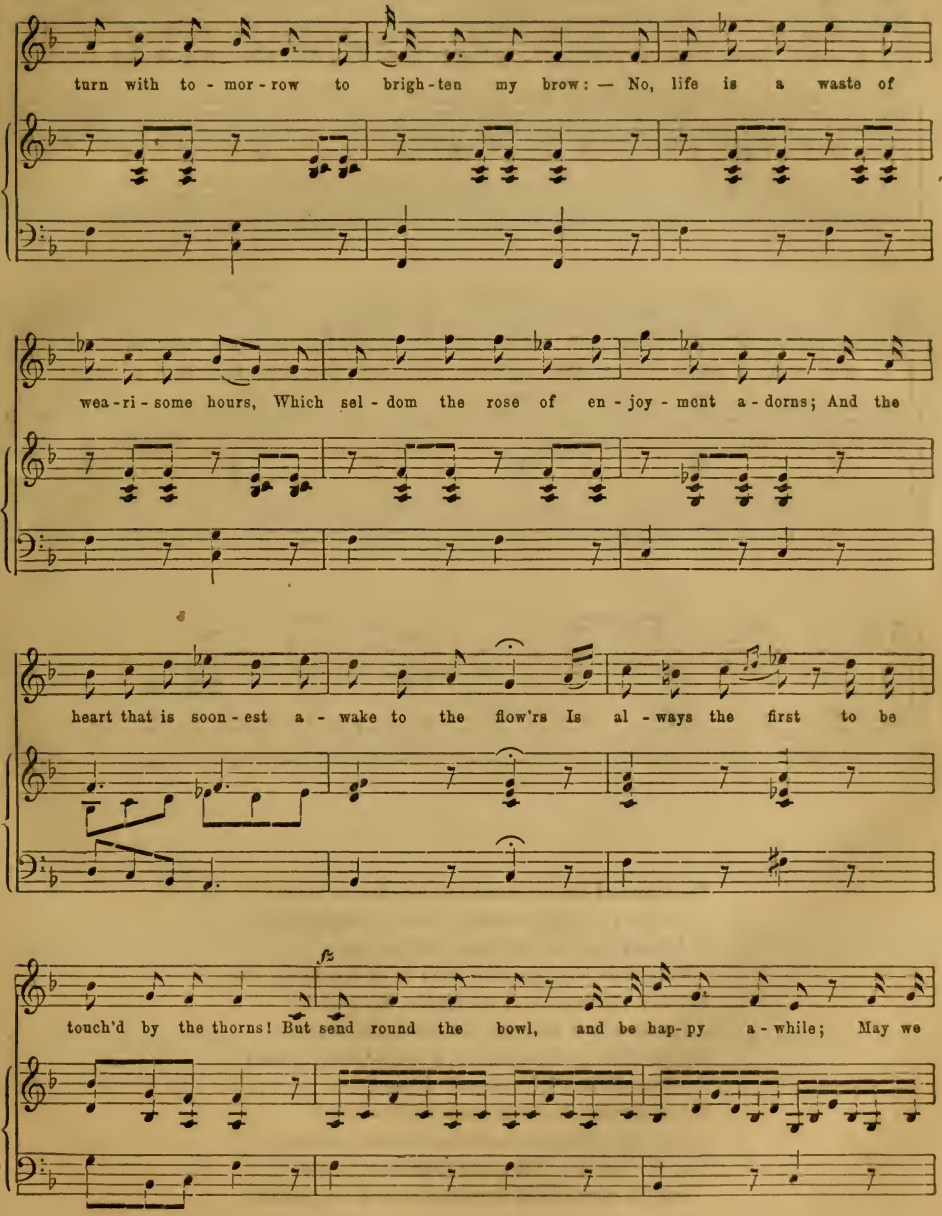
II.

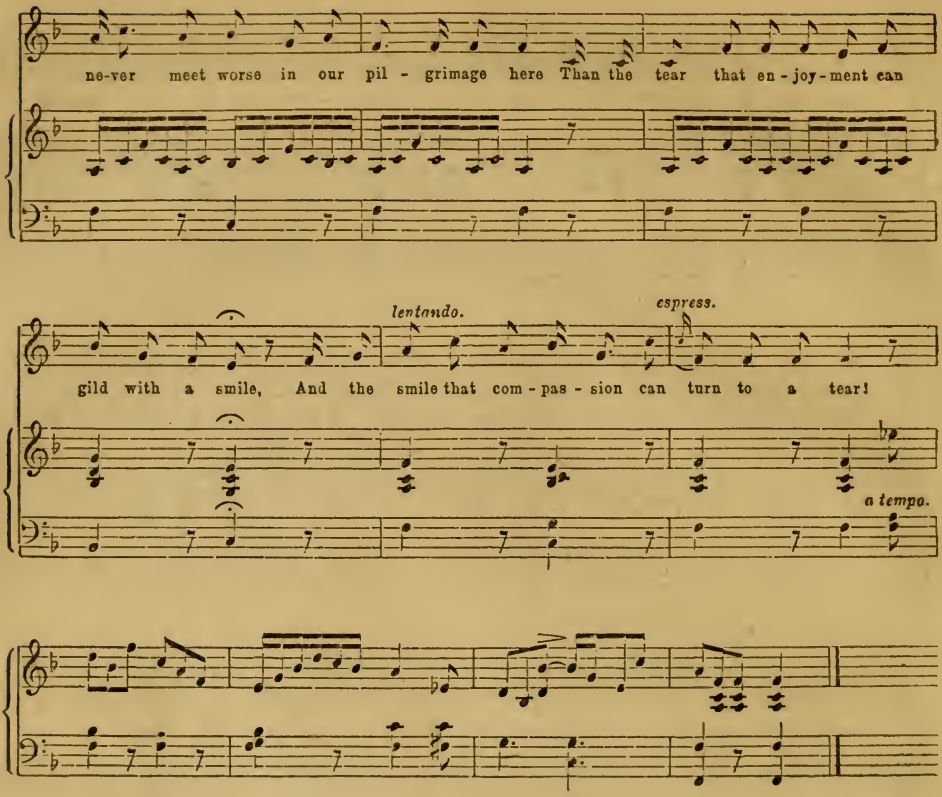
The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set:
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, O Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

III.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flow'r.
Thus Erin, O Erin! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last.

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

Playful. AIR—JOHN O'REILLY THE ACTIVE.


turn with to - mor - row to brigh - ten my brow: — No, life is a waste of
wea - ri - some hours, Which sel - dom the rose of en - joy - ment a - dorns; And the
heart that is soon - est a - wake to the flow'rs Is al - ways the first to be
touch'd by the thorns! But send round the bowl, and be hap - py a - while; May we

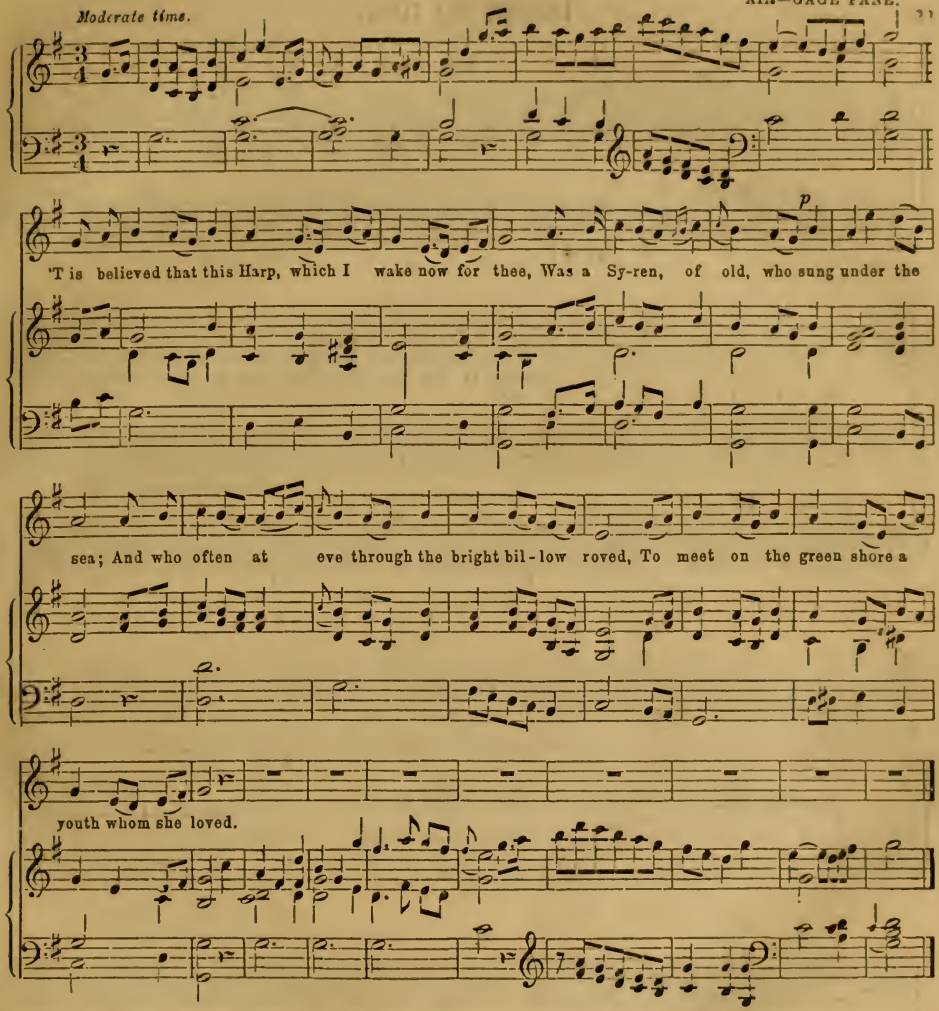


II.

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship and love intertwined;
And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.
But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;
And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest
Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine, —
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

AIR—GAGE FANE.



II.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
And in tears all the night, her gold tresses to steep,
Till Heaven look'd with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

III.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smiled the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame;
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords, uttering melody's spell.

IV.

Hence it came that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay,
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

DRINK TO HER.

Playful.

AIR—HEIGH HO! MY JACKEY.

8va

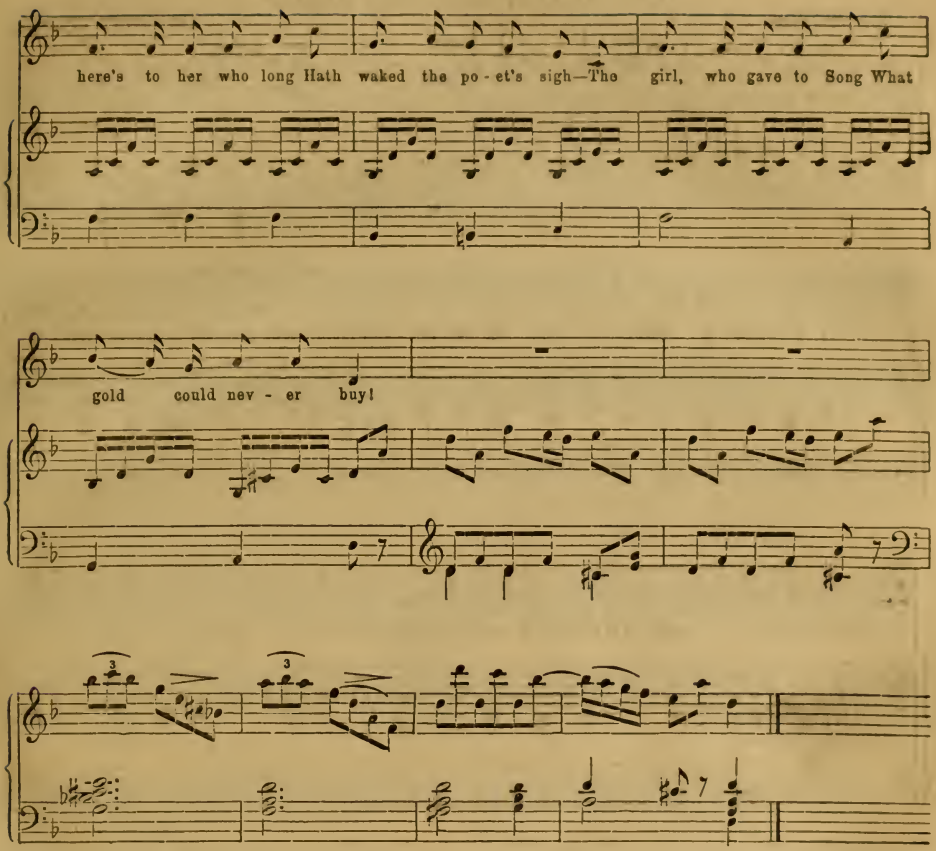
Drink to her, who long Hath waked the po-et's sigh — The

8va *loco.*

p

girl, who gave to Song What gold could nev-er buy! Oh! wo-man's heart was made For

minstrel-hands a-lone! By o-ther fing-ers play'd, It yields not half the tone. Then



II.

At Beauty's door of glass
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, "which might pass?"
She answer'd, "he who could."
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do:
While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through.
So here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

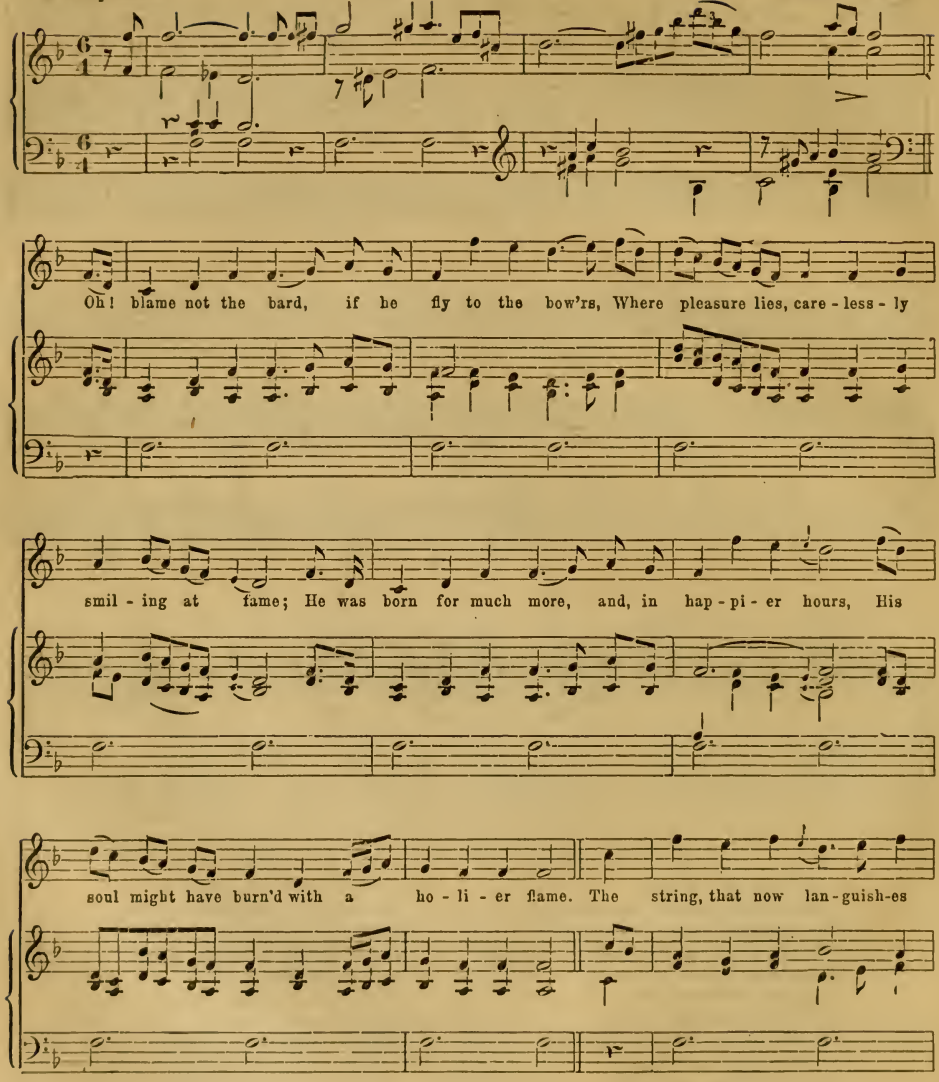
III.

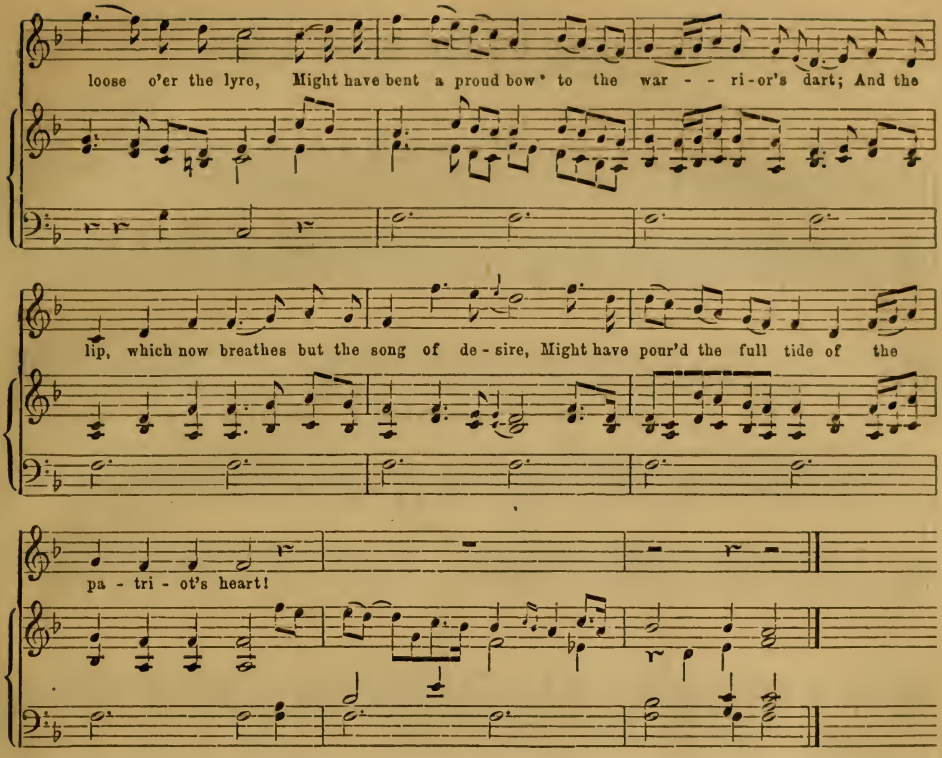
The love that seeks a home
Where wealth and grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home's above,
Though woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.*

With expression.

AIR—KITTY TYRREL.



* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards whom Spenser so severely, and, perhaps, truly describes in his state of Ireland, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them; the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

II.

But, alas for his country!—her pride has gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

III.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream
He should try to forget what he never can heal;
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down;
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored.
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.†

IV.

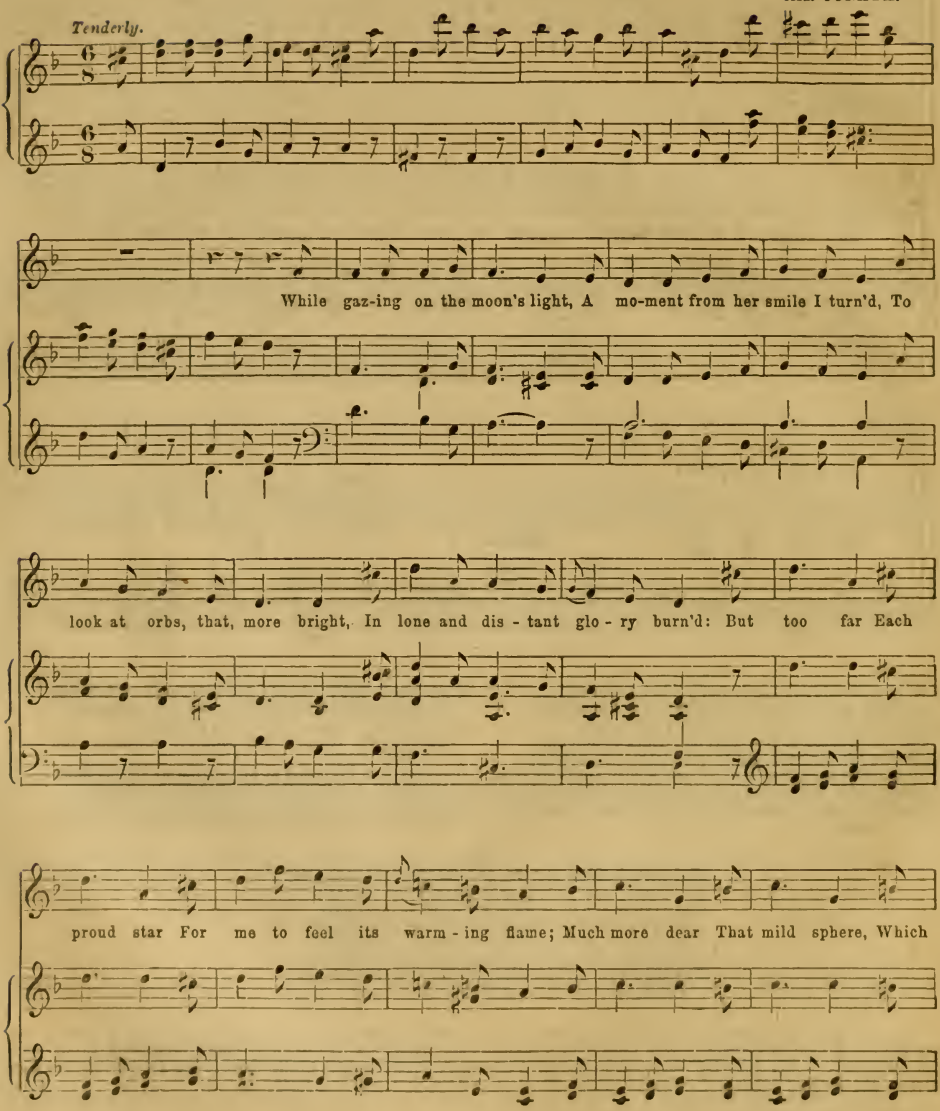
But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, lovèd Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

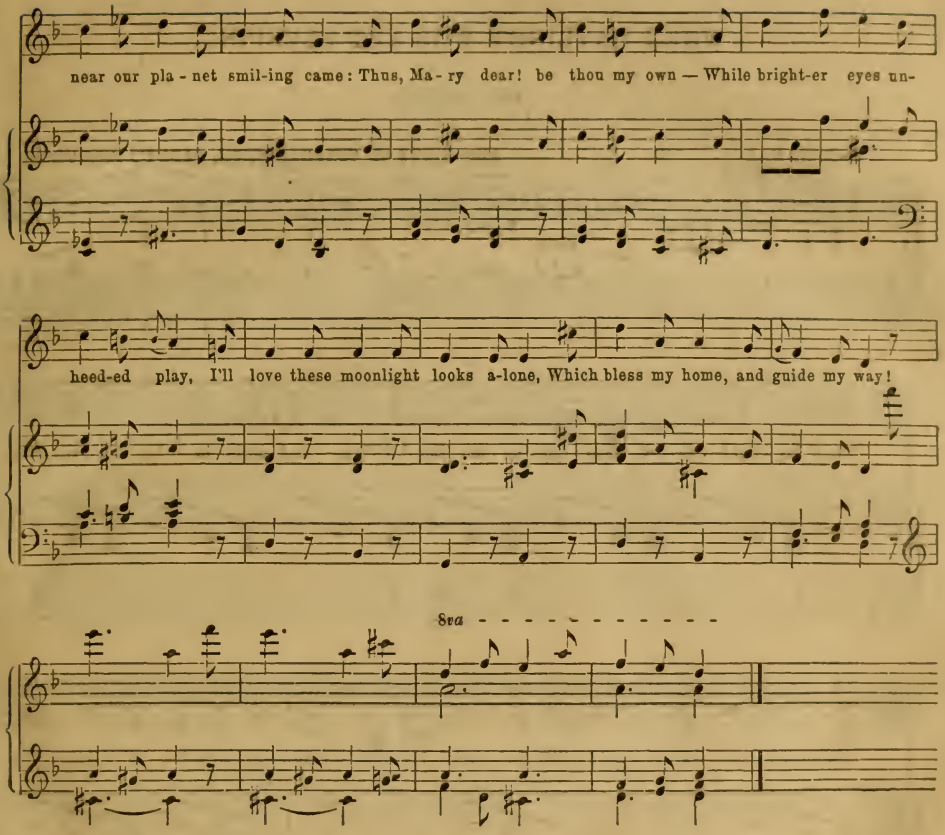
* It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Fr*, the Runic for a *bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following: — "So that Ireland, (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years), was now become the land of concord." Lloyd's *State Worthies*. Art. 'The Lord Grandison.'

† See the Hymn attributed to Alcæus, Ἐν μύρτοι κλάδι τὸ ξῖφος φορήρω — "I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

AIR-OONAGH.



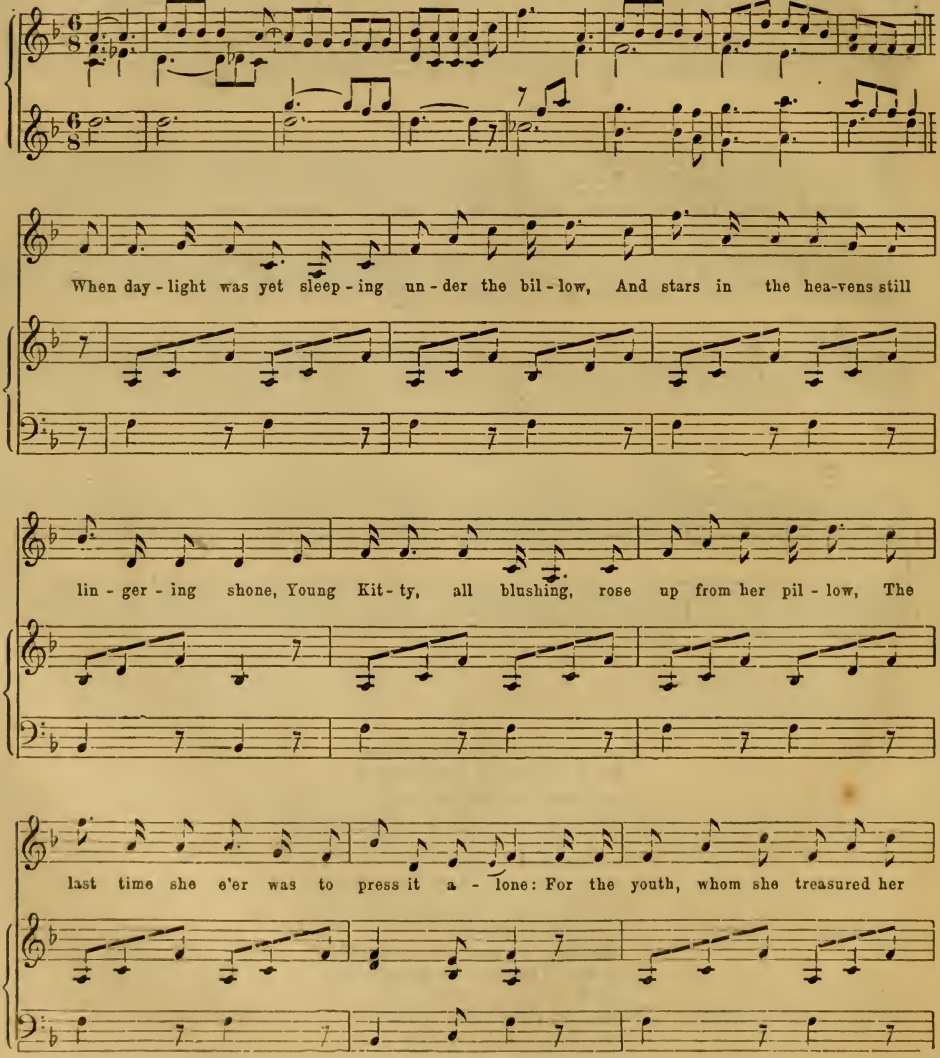
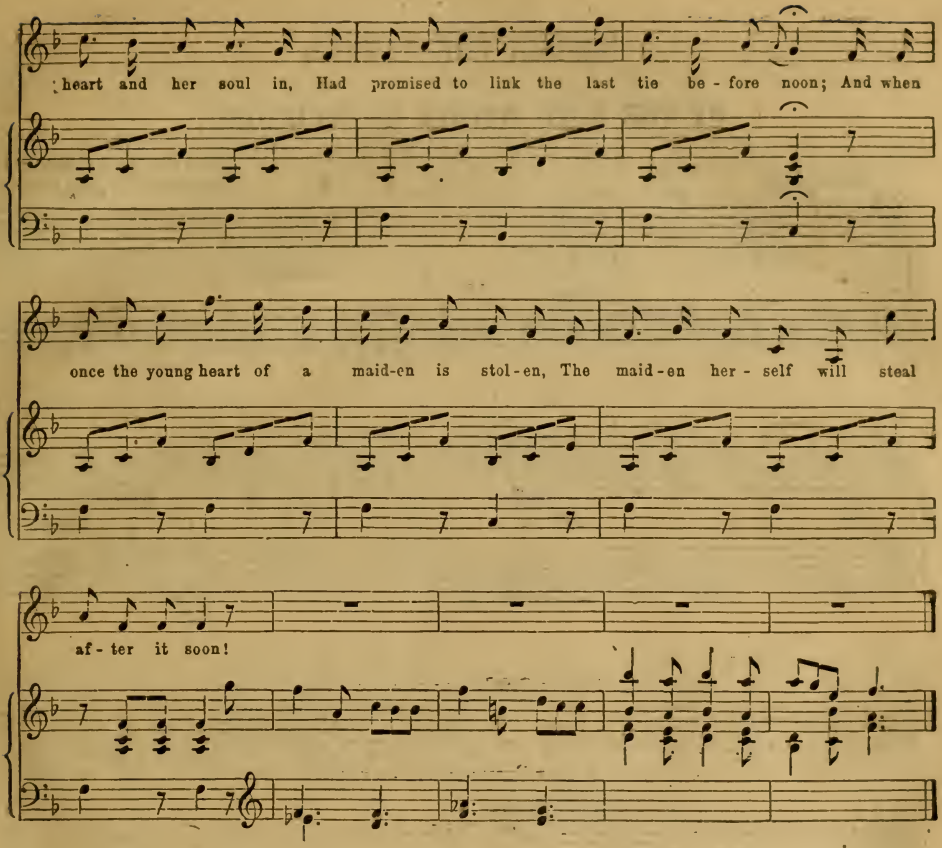


II.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
But midnight now, with lustre meek,
Illumined all the pale flowers,
Like hope, that lights a mourner's cheek.
I said (while
The moon's smile
Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),
"The moon looks
On many brooks;
The brook can see no moon but this."
And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
For many a lover looks to thee;
While, oh! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me!

WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING.

ILL OMENS.

Moderate time. AIR—KITTY OF COLERAINE; OR, PADDY'S RESOURCE.

II.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him — he fell, alas! — never to rise: —
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
For which the soul's innocence too often dies!"

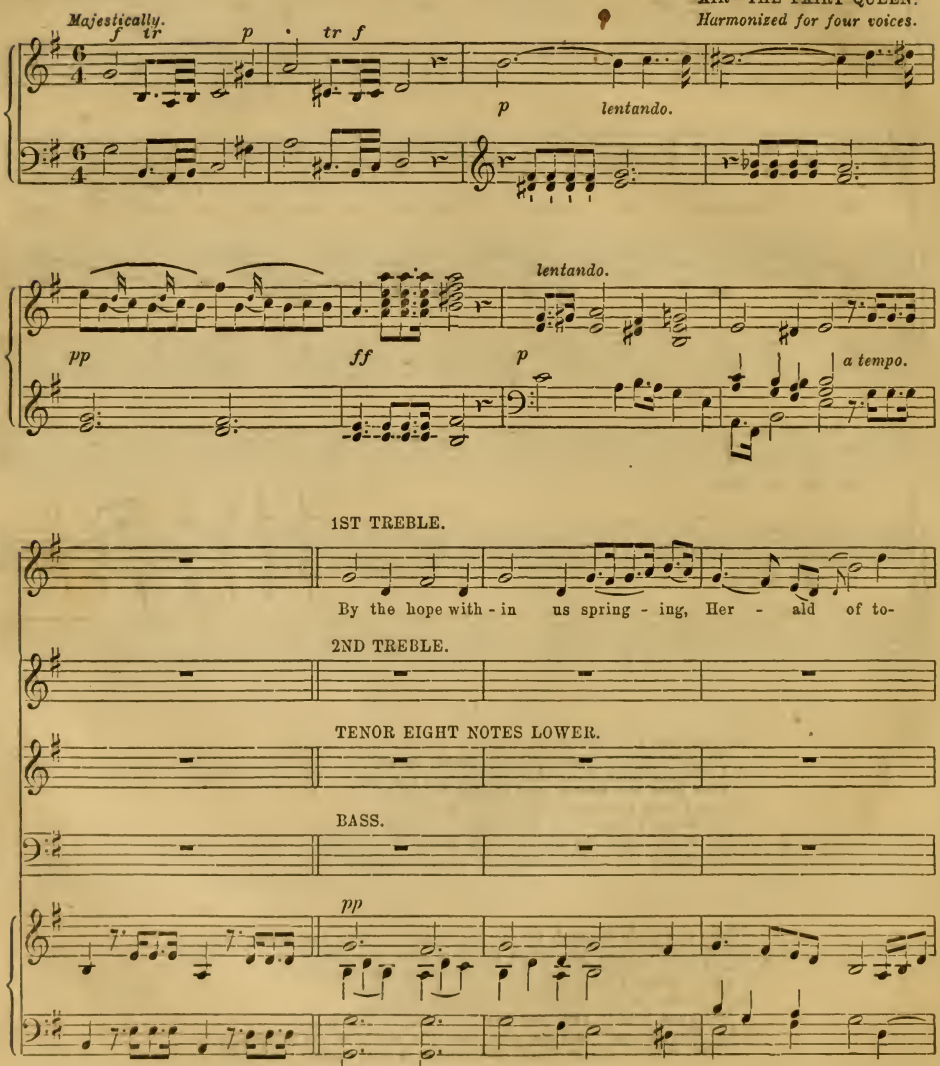
III.

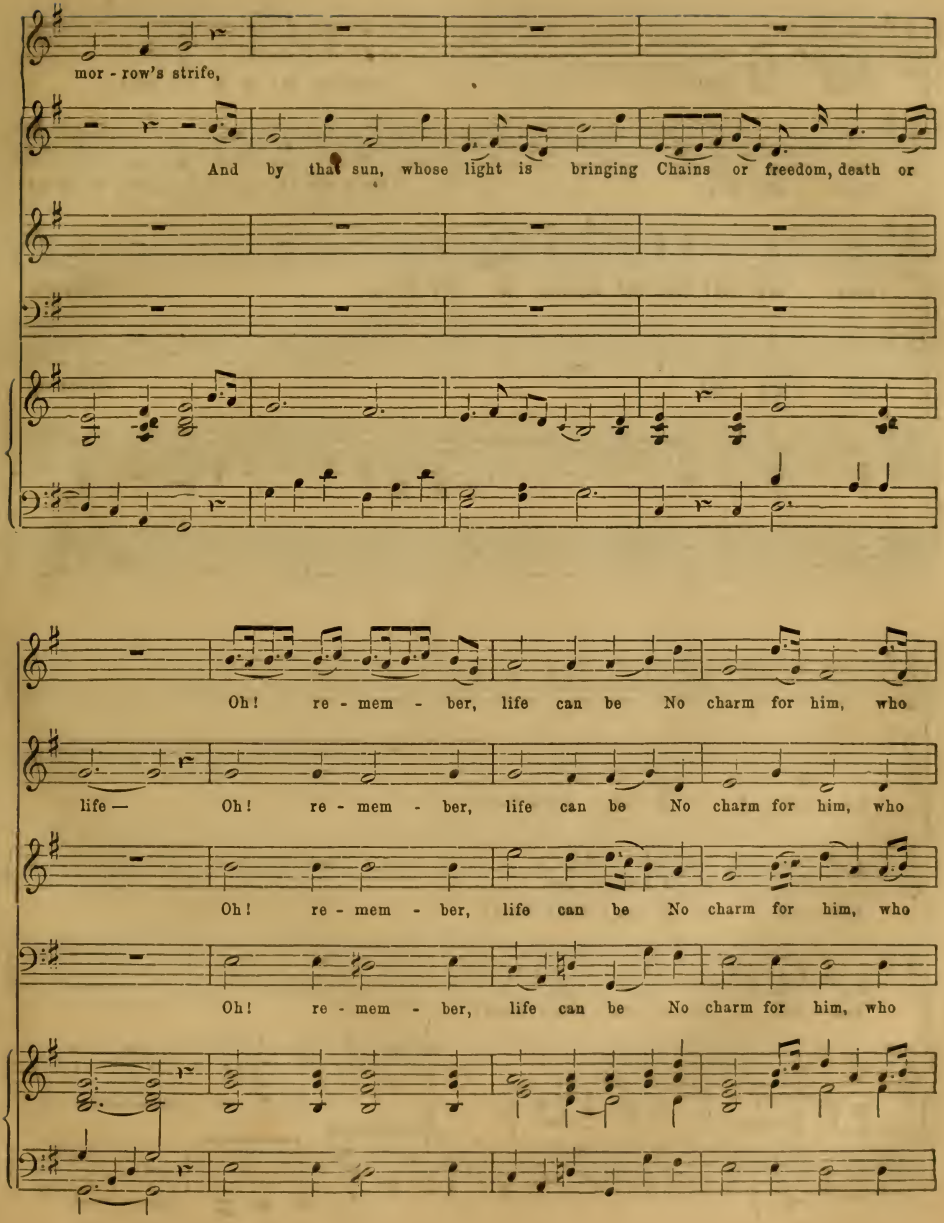
While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:
But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost: —
"Ah! this means," said the girl, (and she sigh'd at its meaning,)
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

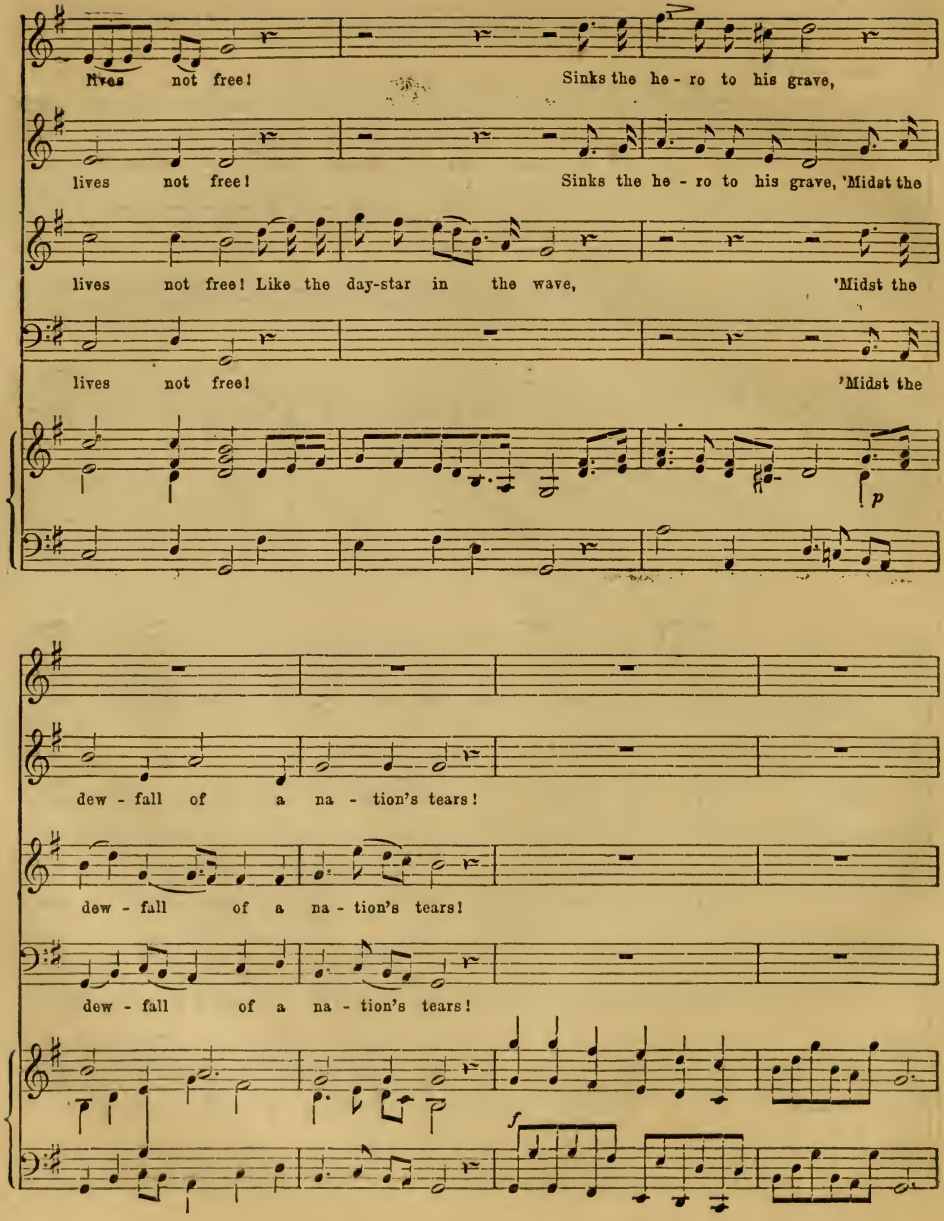
BEFORE THE BATTLE.

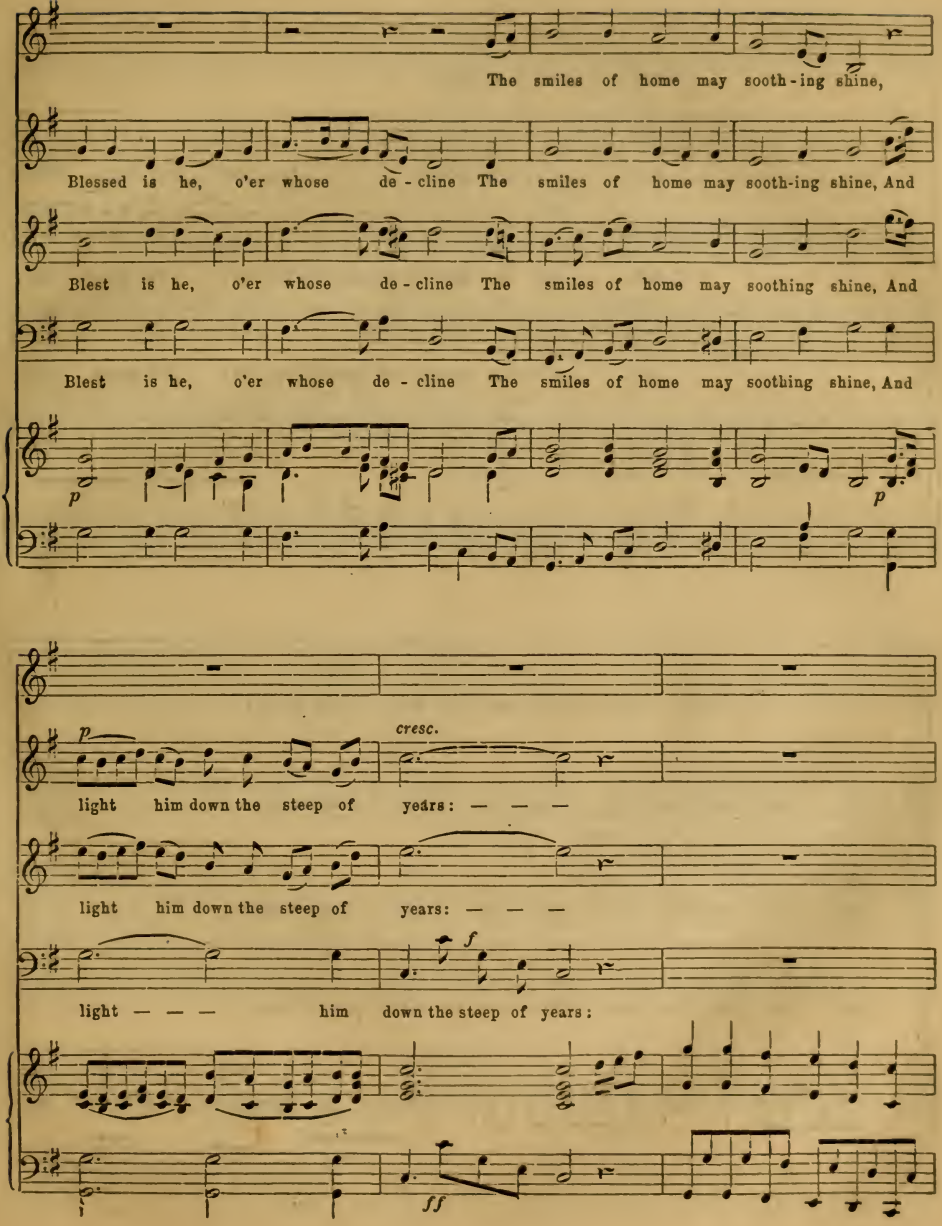
BY THE HOPE WITHIN US SPRINGING.

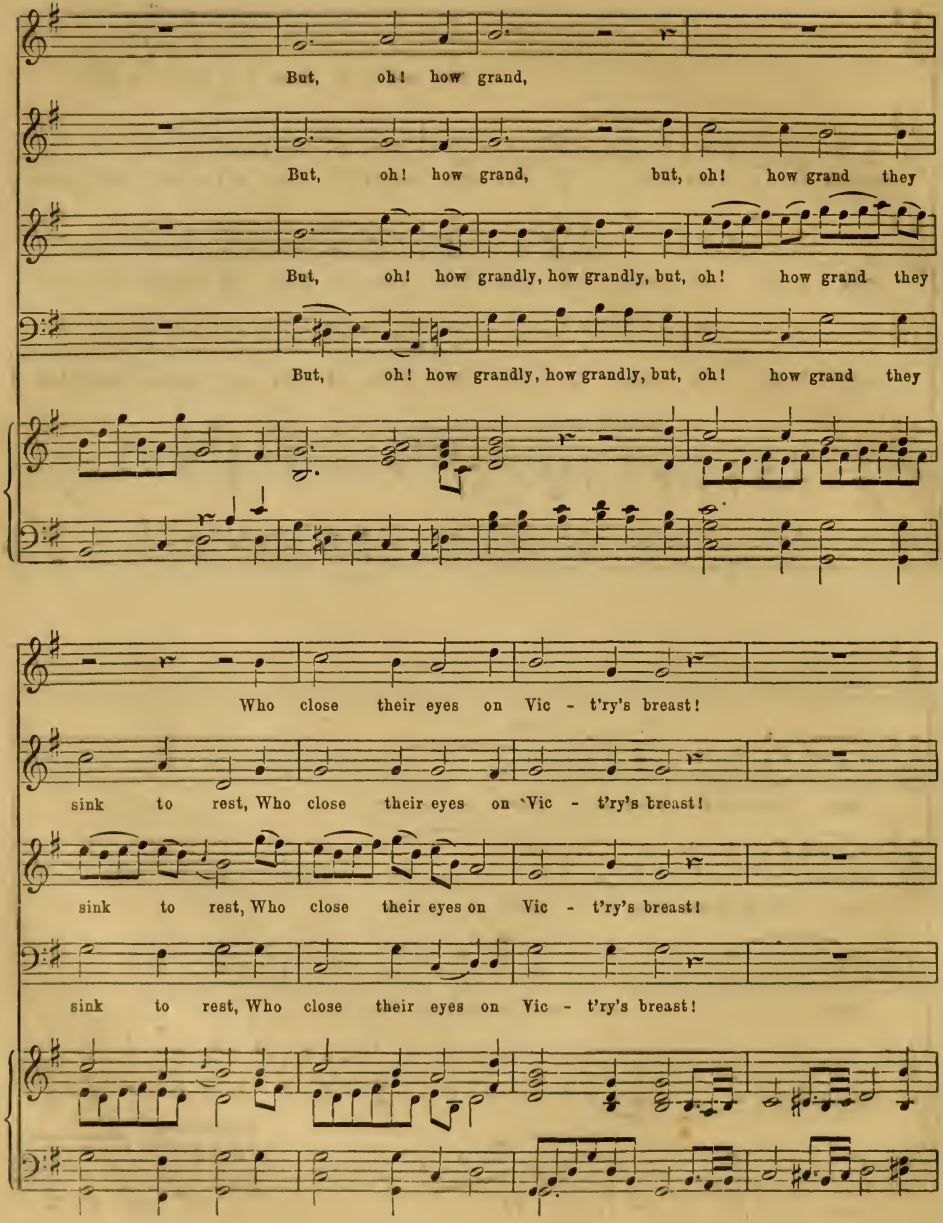
AIR—THE FAIRY QUEEN.
Harmonized for four voices.

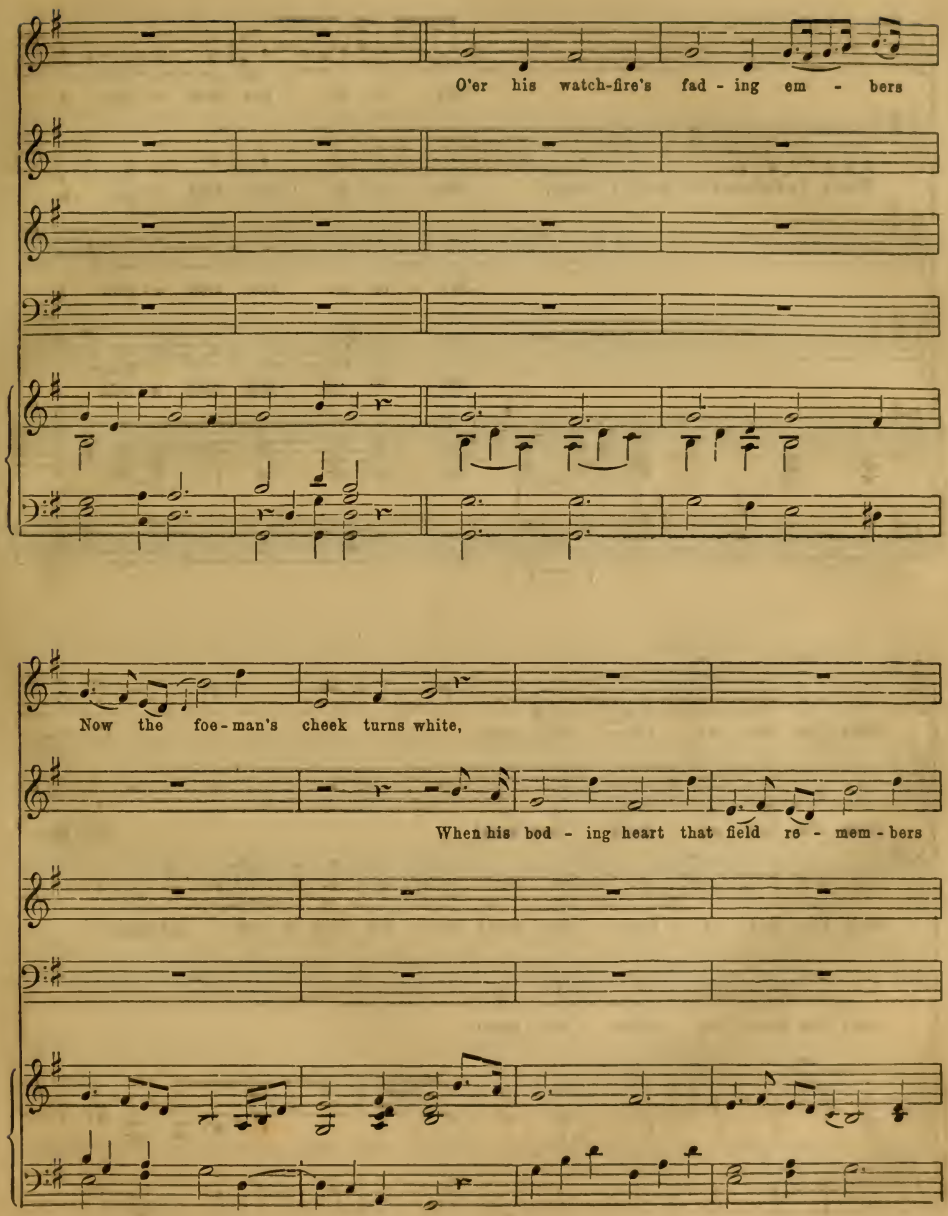


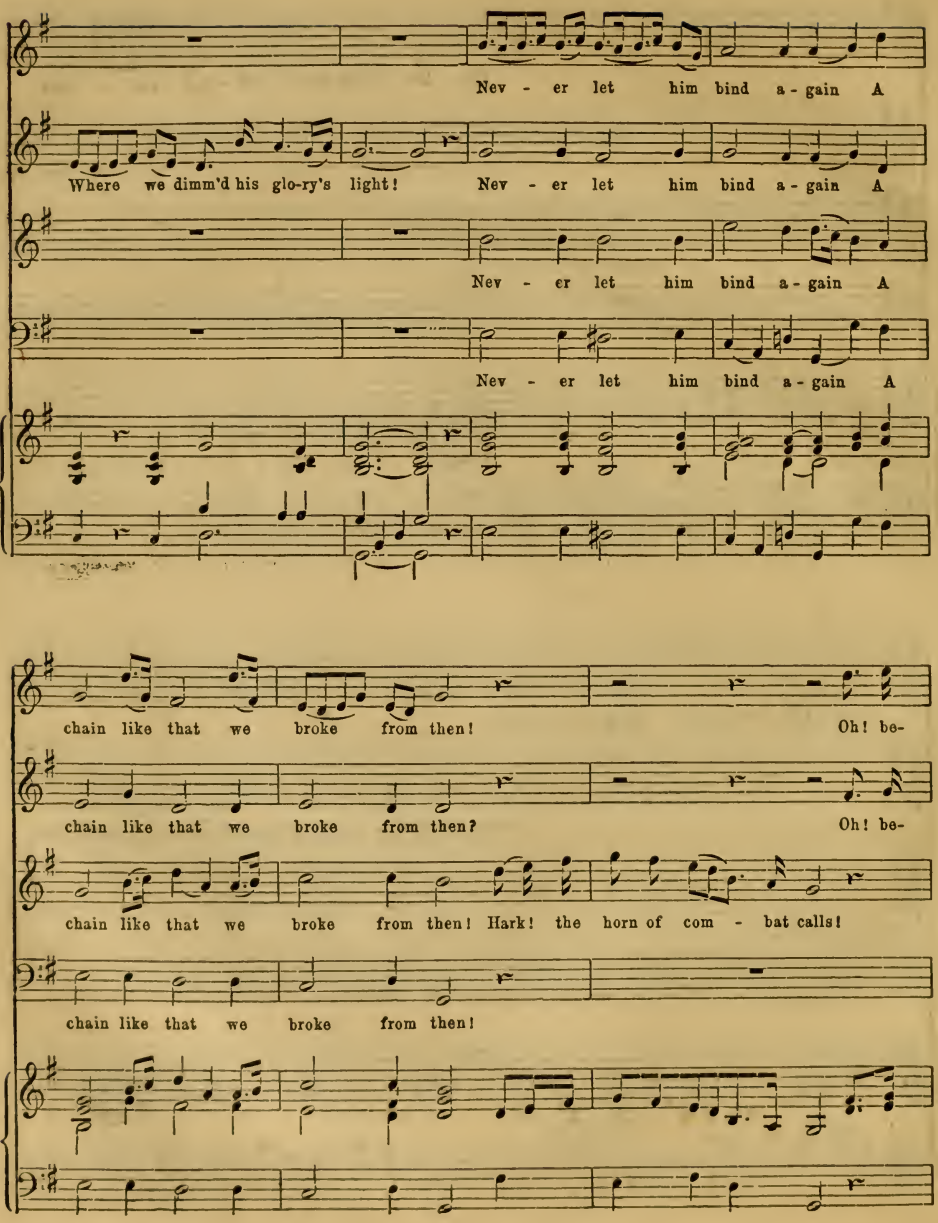

mor - row's strife,
And by that sun, whose light is bringing Chains or freedom, death or
Oh! re - mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who
life — Oh! re - mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who
Oh! re - mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who
Oh! re - mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who

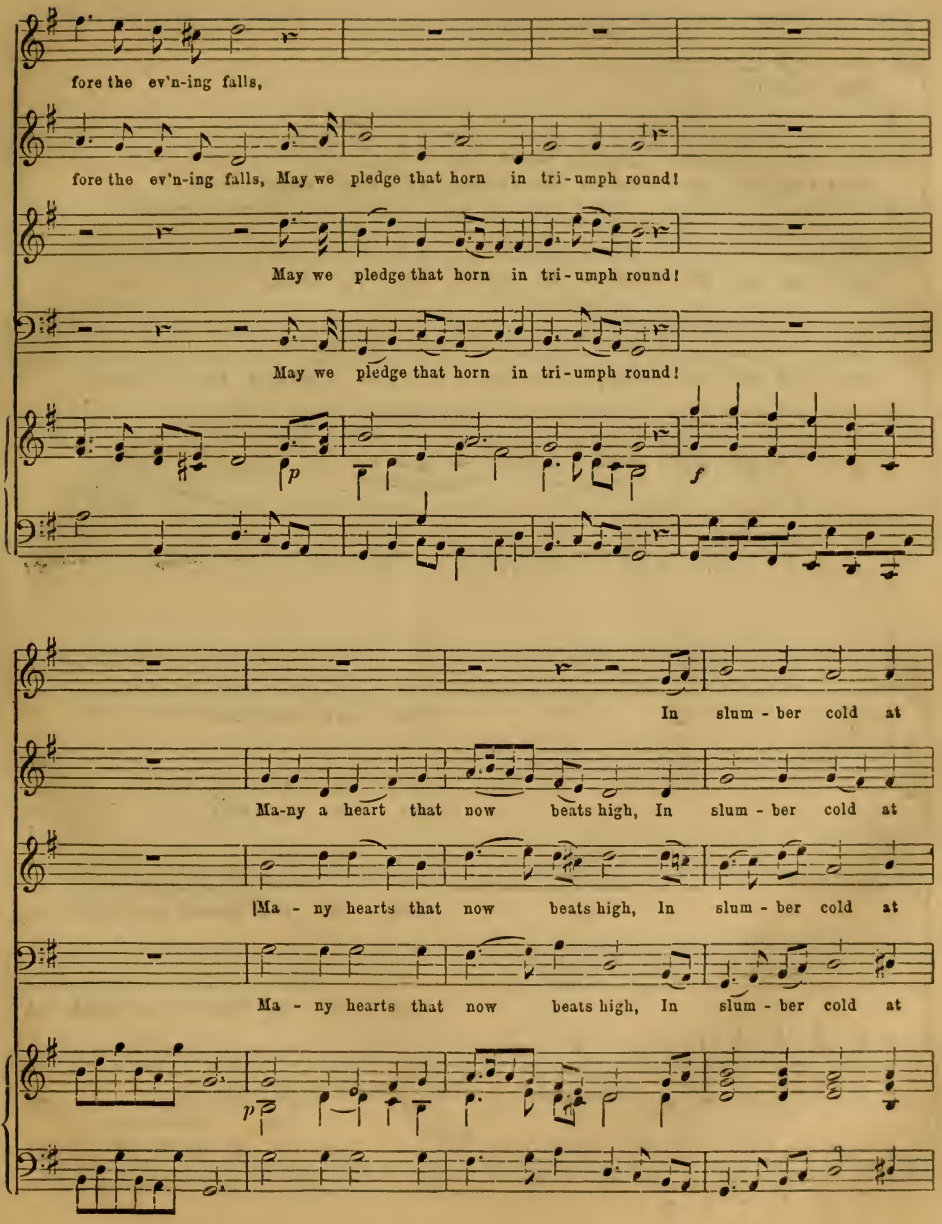

lives not free! Sinks the he - ro to his grave,
lives not free! Sinks the he - ro to his grave, 'Midst the
lives not free! Like the day-star in the wave, 'Midst the
lives not free! 'Midst the
p
dew - fall of a na - tion's tears!
dew - fall of a na - tion's tears!
dew - fall of a na - tion's tears!
f

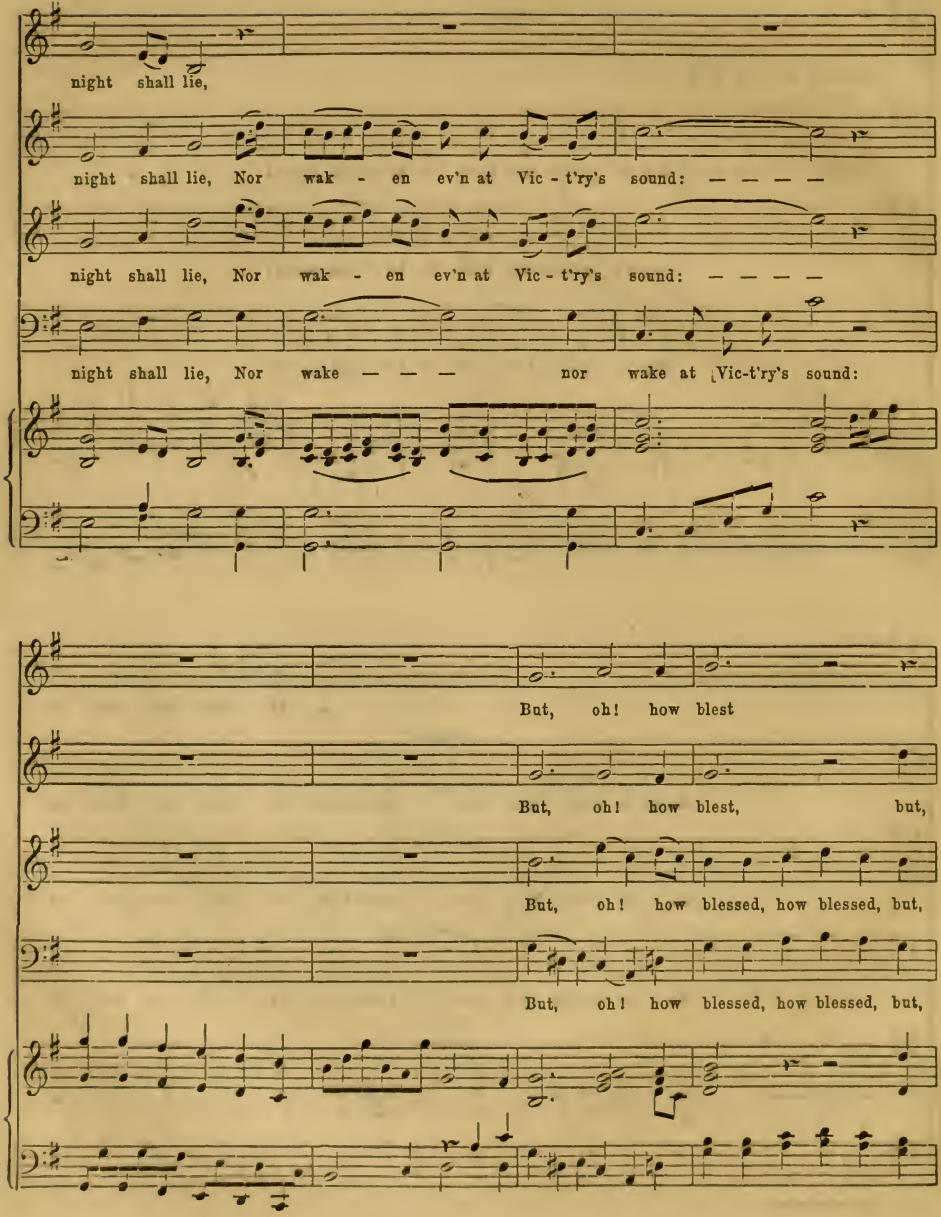

The smiles of home may sooth-ing shine,
Blessed is he, o'er whose de-cline The smiles of home may sooth-ing shine, And
Blest is he, o'er whose de-cline The smiles of home may soothing shine, And
Blest is he, o'er whose de-cline The smiles of home may soothing shine, And
p
p
cresc.
light him down the steep of years: — — —
light him down the steep of years: — — —
light — — — him down the steep of years:
f
ff

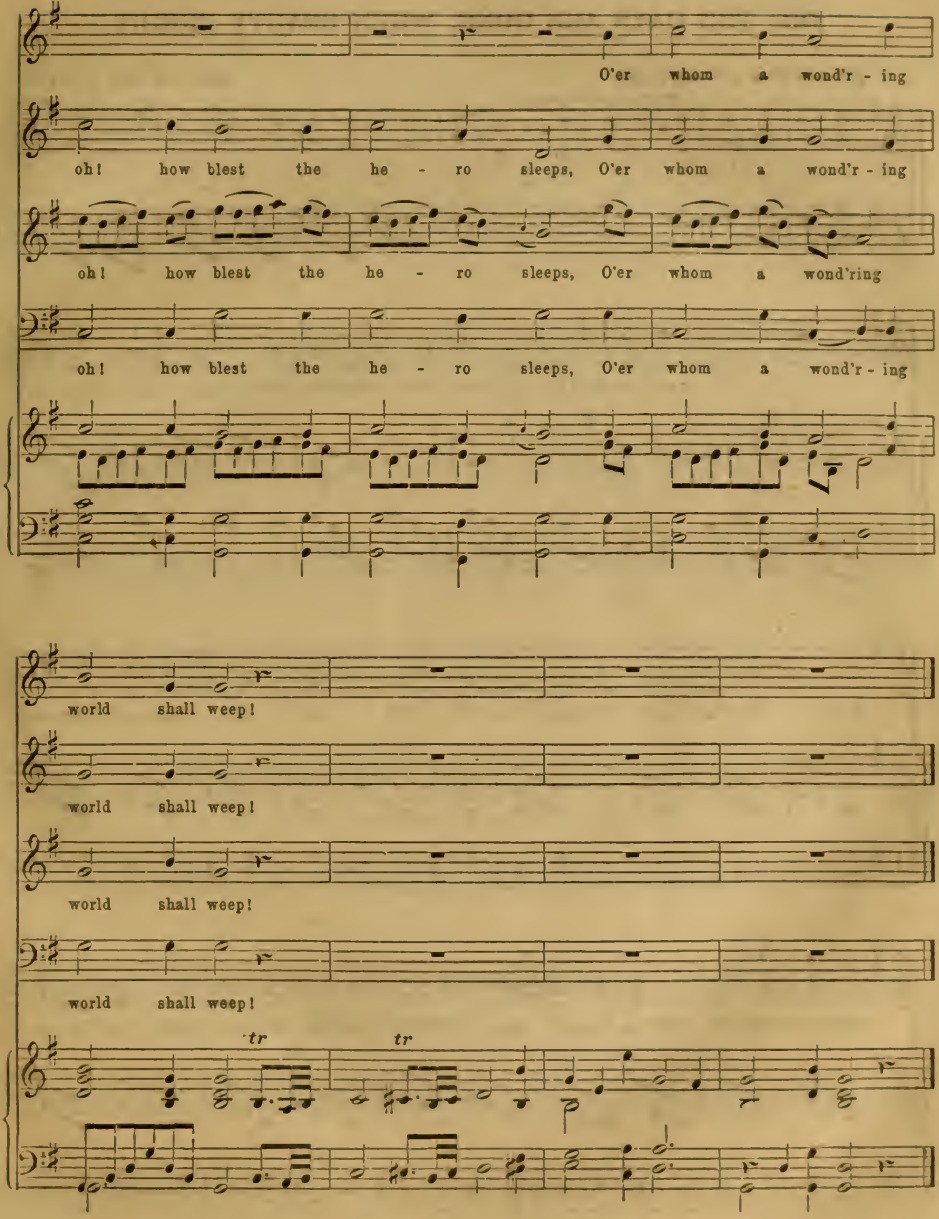

But, oh! how grand,
But, oh! how grand, but, oh! how grand they
But, oh! how grandly, how grandly, but, oh! how grand they
But, oh! how grandly, how grandly, but, oh! how grand they
Who close their eyes on Vic - t'ry's breast!
sink to rest, Who close their eyes on Vic - t'ry's breast!
sink to rest, Who close their eyes on Vic - t'ry's breast!
sink to rest, Who close their eyes on Vic - t'ry's breast!


O'er his watch-fire's fad - ing em - bers
Now the foe-man's cheek turns white,
When his bod - ing heart that field re - mem - bers


Nev - er let him bind a - gain A
Where we dimm'd his glo-ry's light!
Nev - er let him bind a - gain A
Nev - er let him bind a - gain A
Nev - er let him bind a - gain A
chain like that we broke from then!
Oh! be-
chain like that we broke from then?
Oh! be-
chain like that we broke from then! Hark! the horn of com - bat calls!
chain like that we broke from then!

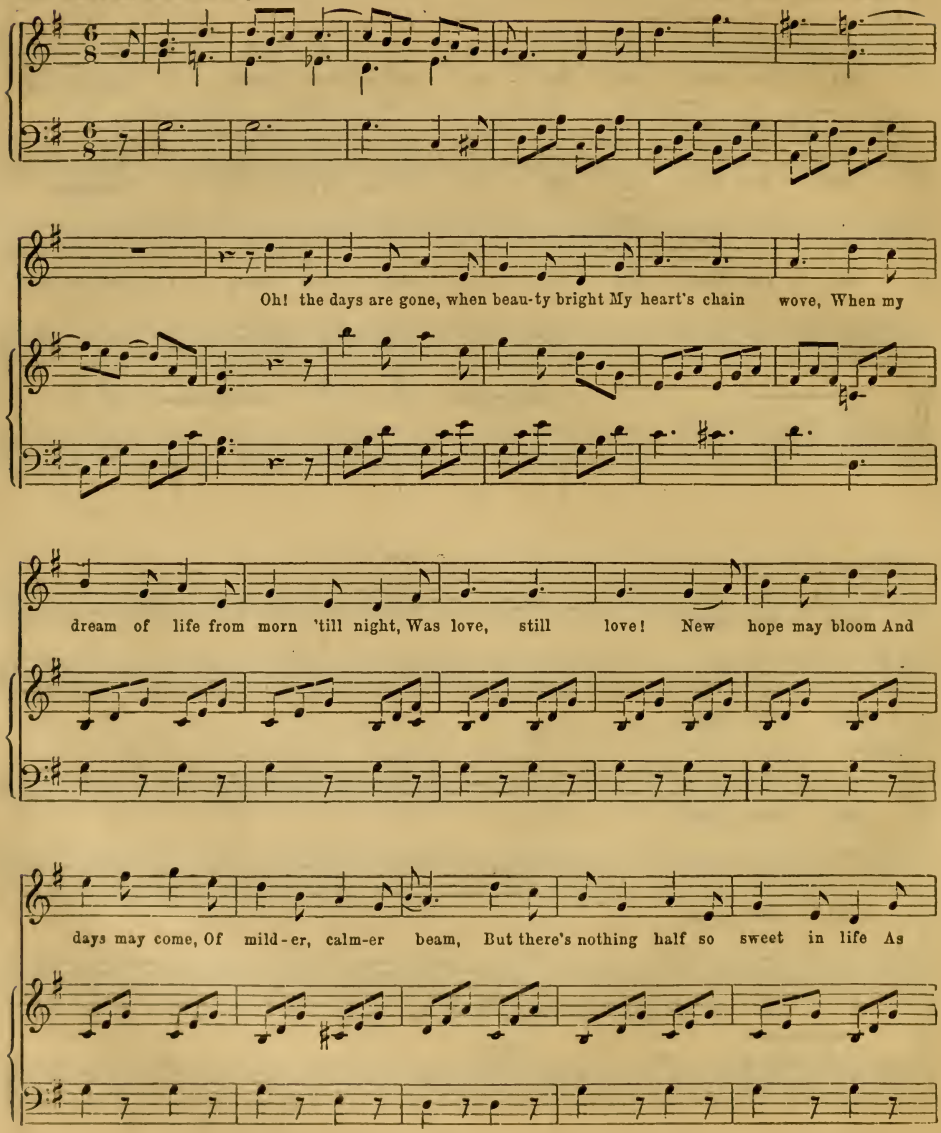

fore the ev'n-ing falls,
fore the ev'n-ing falls, May we pledge that horn in tri-umph round!
May we pledge that horn in tri-umph round!
May we pledge that horn in tri-umph round!
p
f
In slum - ber cold at
Ma-ny a heart that now beats high, In slum - ber cold at
Ma - ny hearts that now beats high, In slum - ber cold at
Ma - ny hearts that now beats high, In slum - ber cold at
p

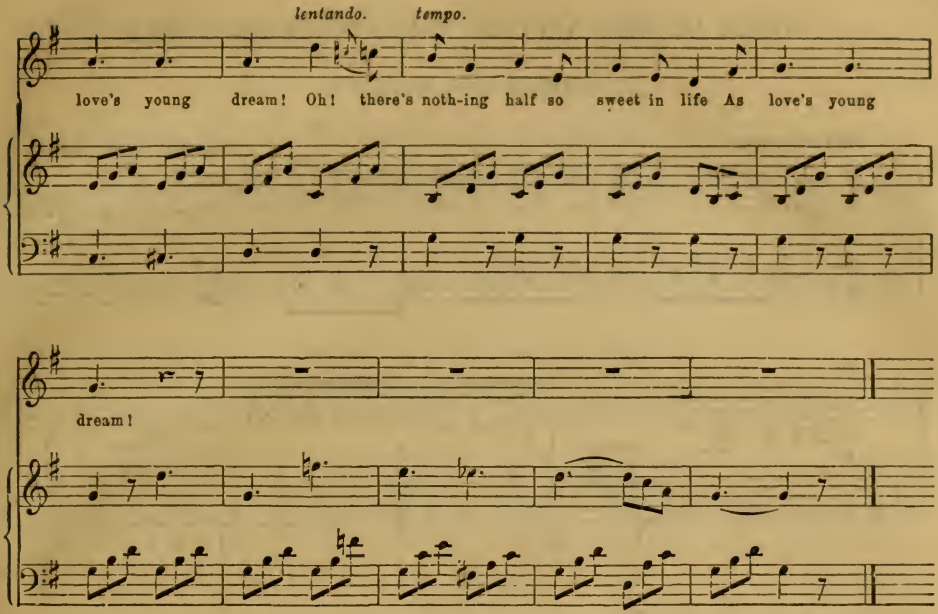

night shall lie,
night shall lie, Nor wak - en ev'n at Vic - t'ry's sound: — — — —
night shall lie, Nor wak - en ev'n at Vic - t'ry's sound: — — — —
night shall lie, Nor wake — — — nor wake at Vic-t'ry's sound:
But, oh! how blest
But, oh! how blest, but,
But, oh! how blessed, how blessed, but,
But, oh! how blessed, how blessed, but,


O'er whom a wond'r - ing
oh! how blest the he - ro sleeps, O'er whom a wond'r - ing
oh! how blest the he - ro sleeps, O'er whom a wond'ring
oh! how blest the he - ro sleeps, O'er whom a wond'r - ing
world shall weep!
world shall weep!
world shall weep!
world shall weep!
tr
tr

OH! THE DAYS ARE GONE, WHEN BEAUTY BRIGHT.

Moderate time, with expression. AIR—THE OLD WOMAN.



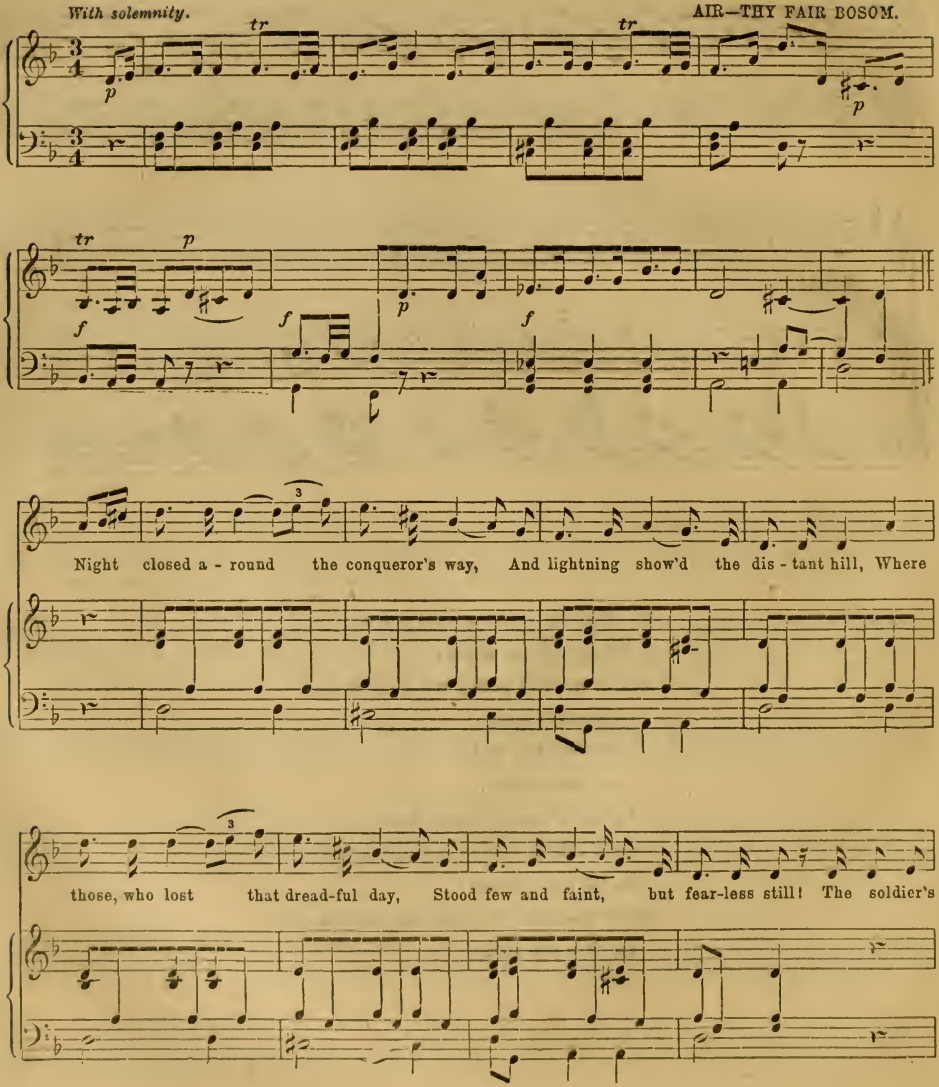


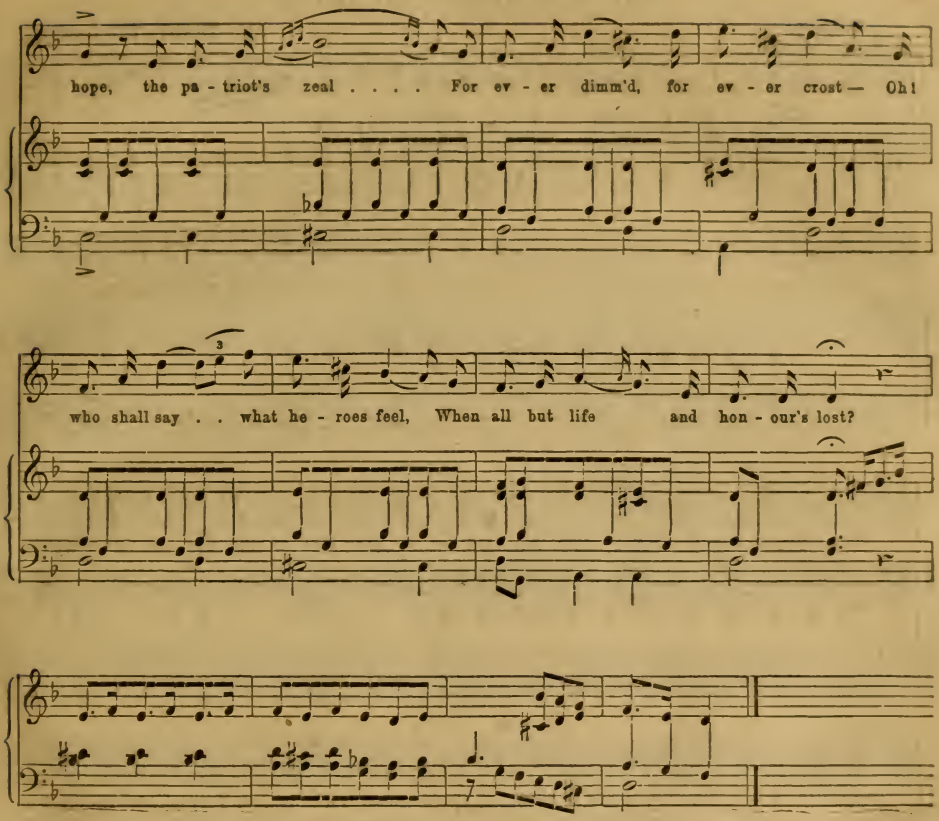
II.

Oh! that fairy form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love traced;
Still it ling'ring haunts the greenest spot
On mem'ry's waste!
'T was odour fled
As soon as shed;
'T was morning's winged dream!
'T was a light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!
Oh! 't was light, that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream!

NIGHT CLOSED AROUND THE CONQUEROR'S WAY

(AFTER THE BATTLE.)



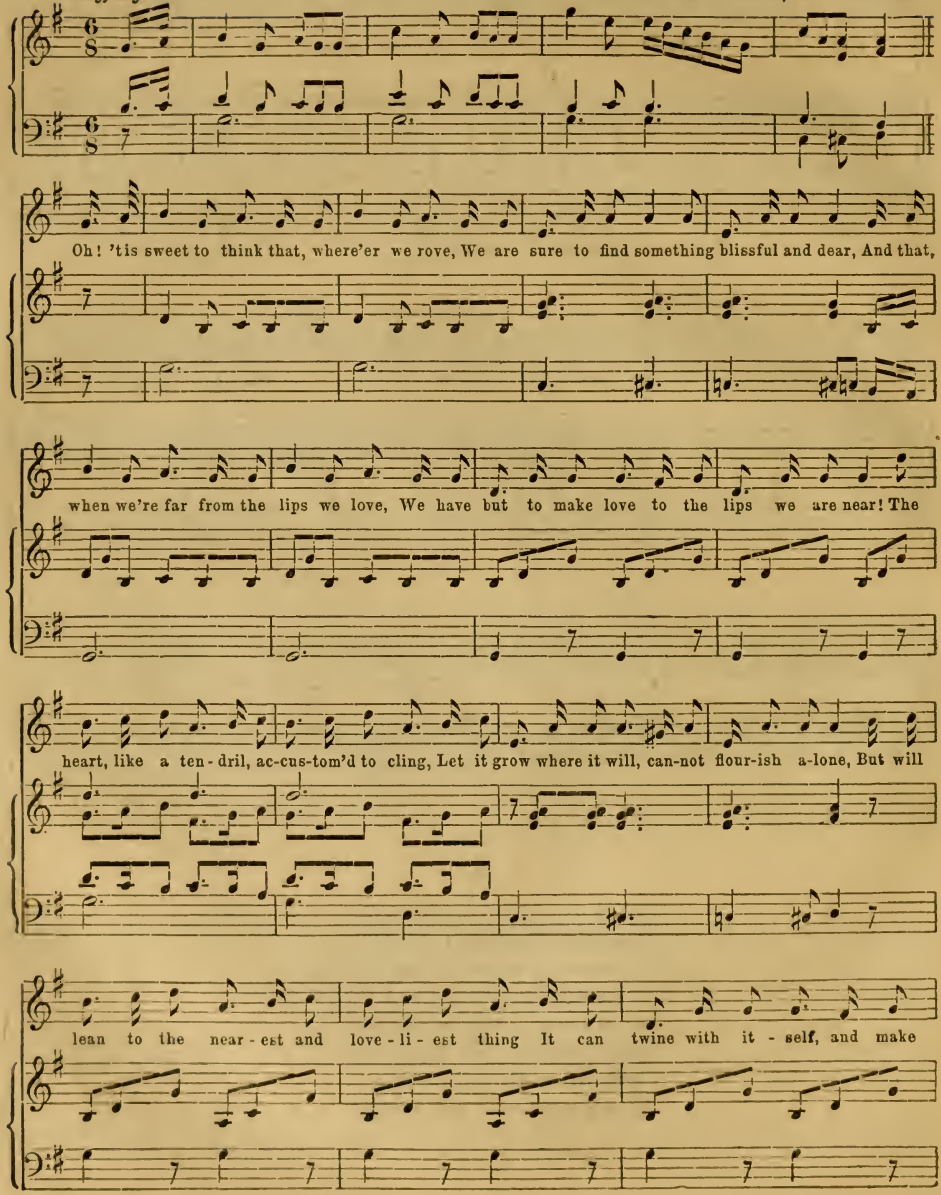


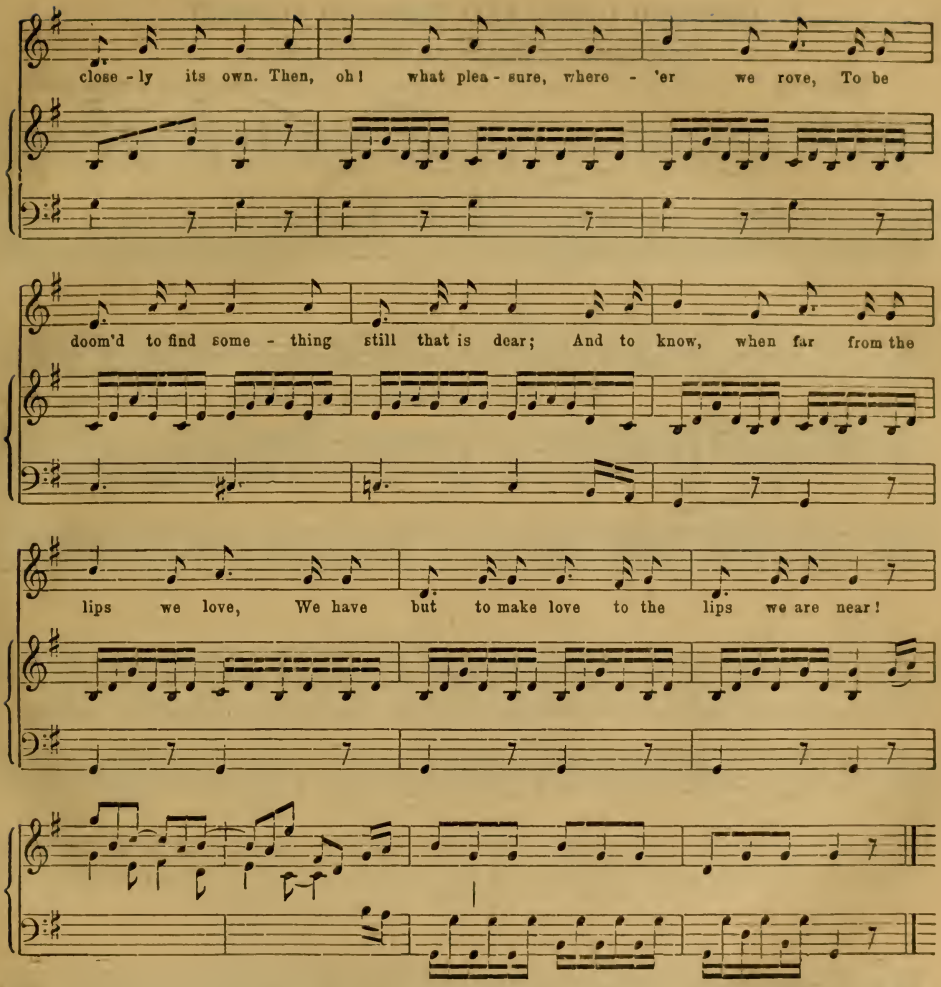
II.

The last sad hour of Freedom's dream
And Valour's task moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die! —
There is a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not Nature's bliss:
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

OH! 'T IS SWEET TO THINK.

Playfully. AIR—THADY, YOU GANDER.





II.

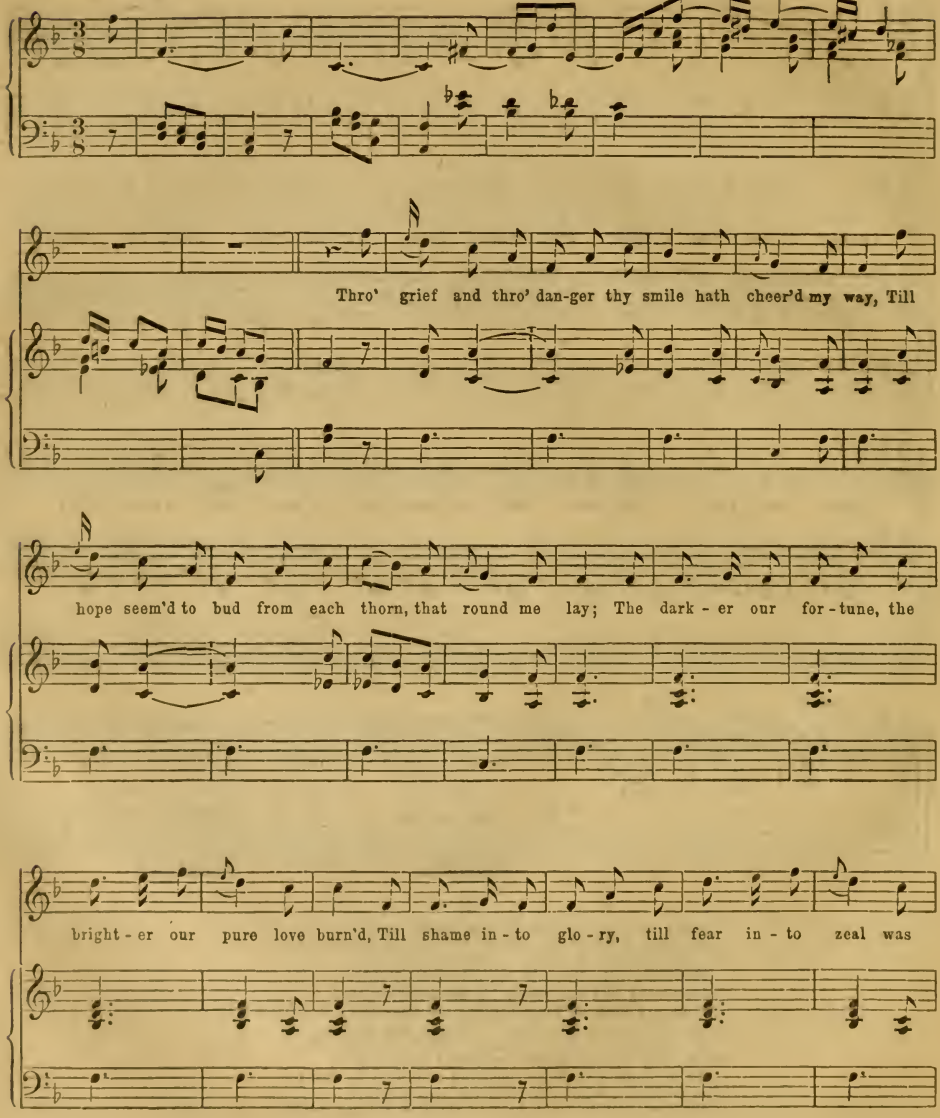
'T were a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest if the rose is not there;
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'T were a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike;
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too:
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue.
Then, oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something still that is dear;
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!

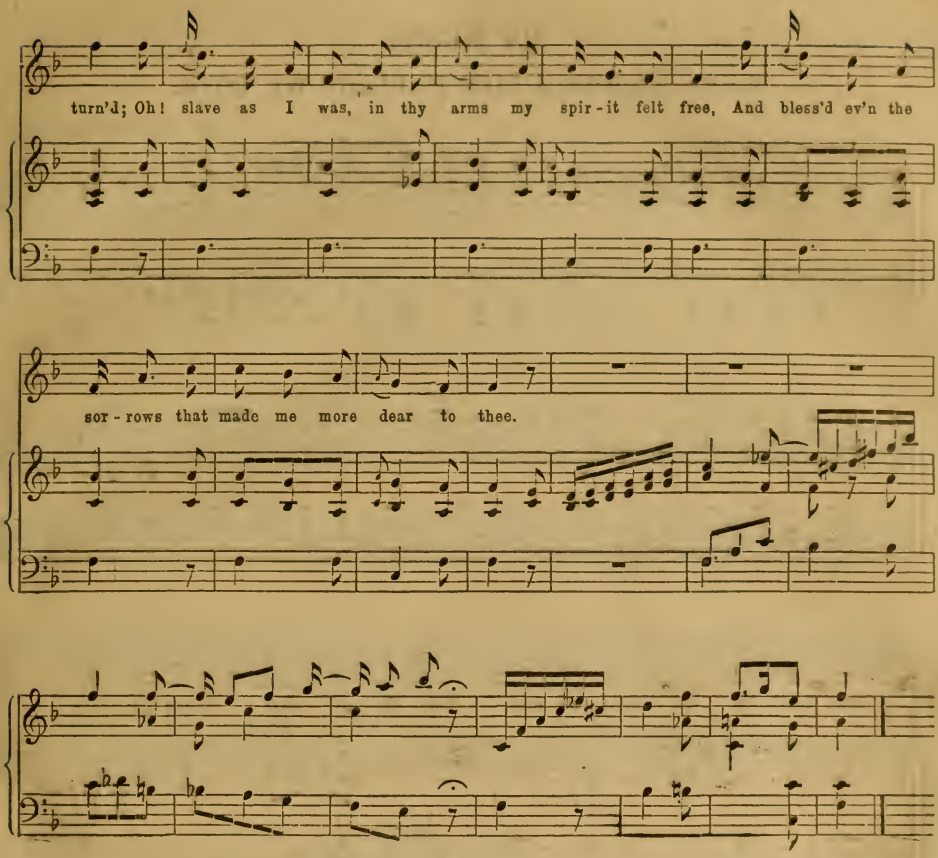
THROUGH GRIEF AND THROUGH DANGER.

(THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.)

With feeling.

AIR—I ONCE HAD A TRUE LOVE.





II.

Thy rival was honour'd, whilst thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee.

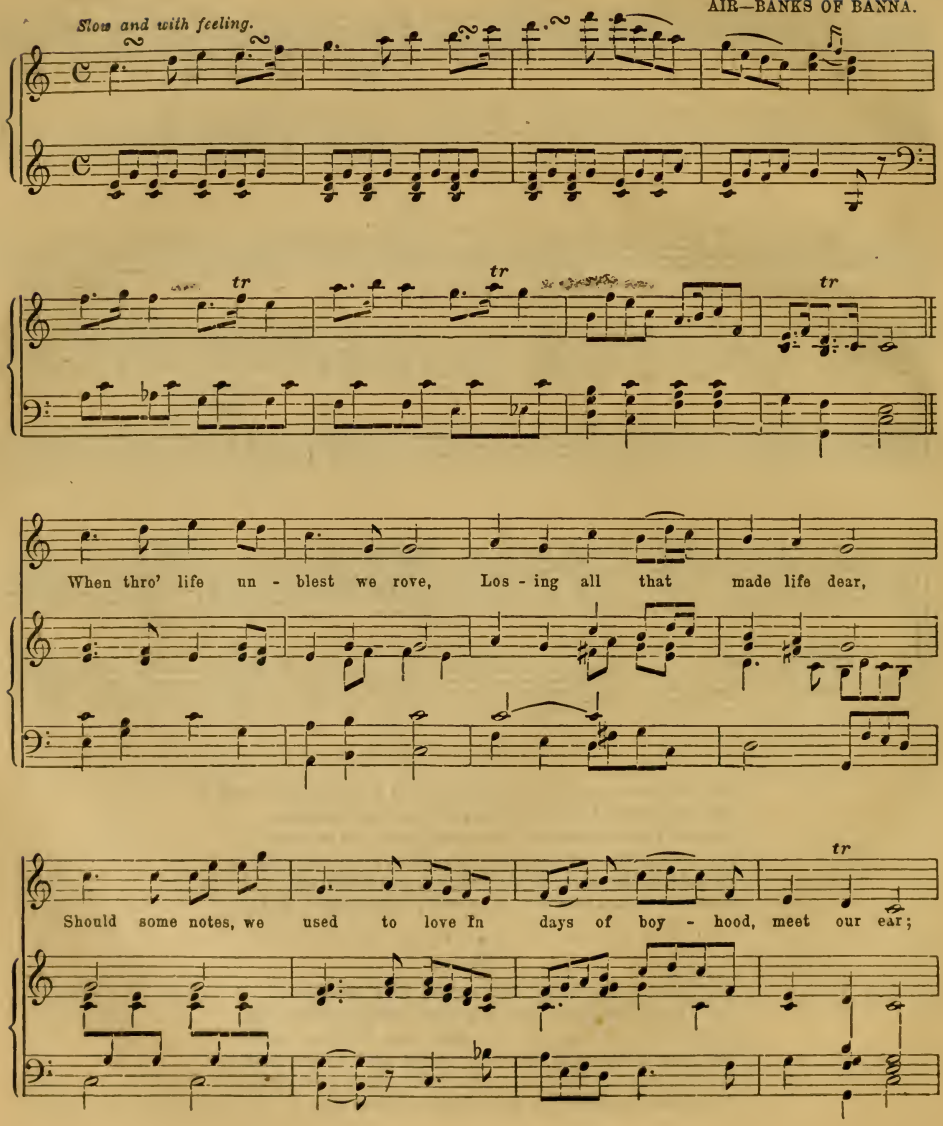
III.

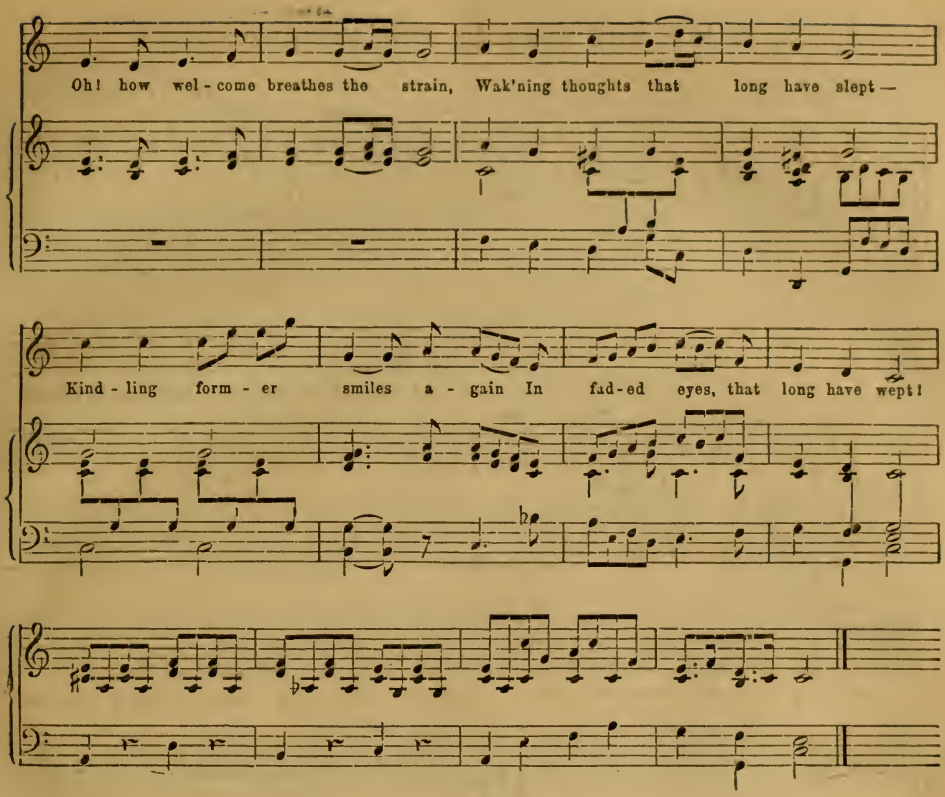
They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail —
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale.
They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains —
Oh! foul is the slander — no chain could that soul subdue —
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too!

ON MUSIC.

WHEN THROUGH LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

AIR—BANKS OF BANNA.





II.

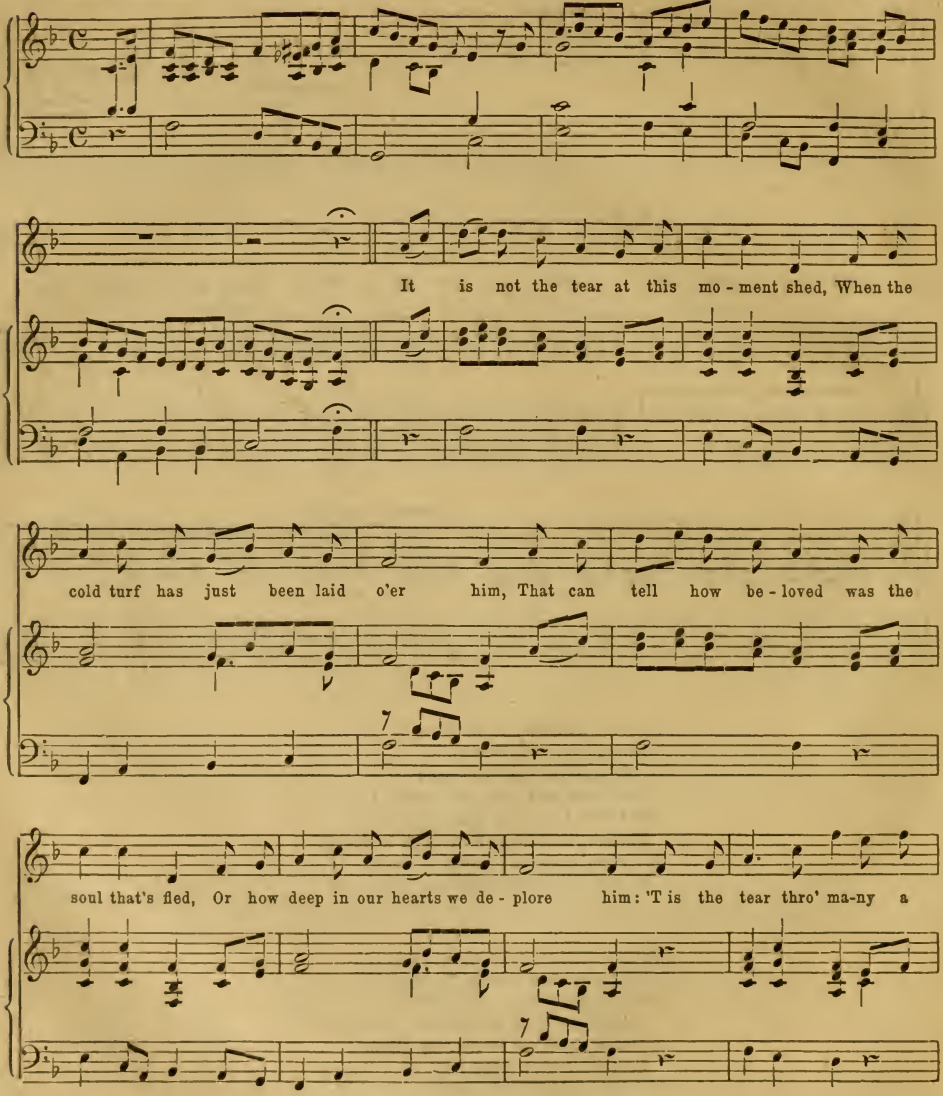
Like the gale that sighs along
  Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
  That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
  Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
  Its memory lives in Music's breath.

III.

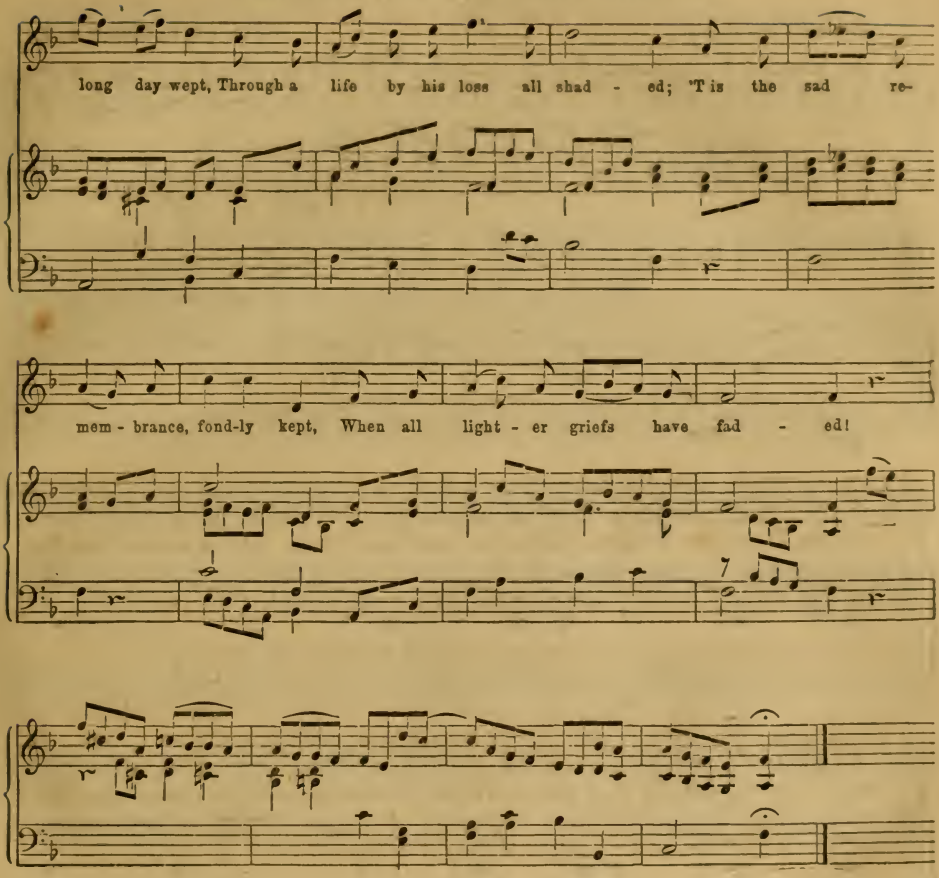
Music! oh, how faint, how weak,
  Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
  When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
  Love's are even more false than they;
Oh! 't is only Music's strain
  Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.*

With expression. AIR—THE SIXPENCE.



* These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative.

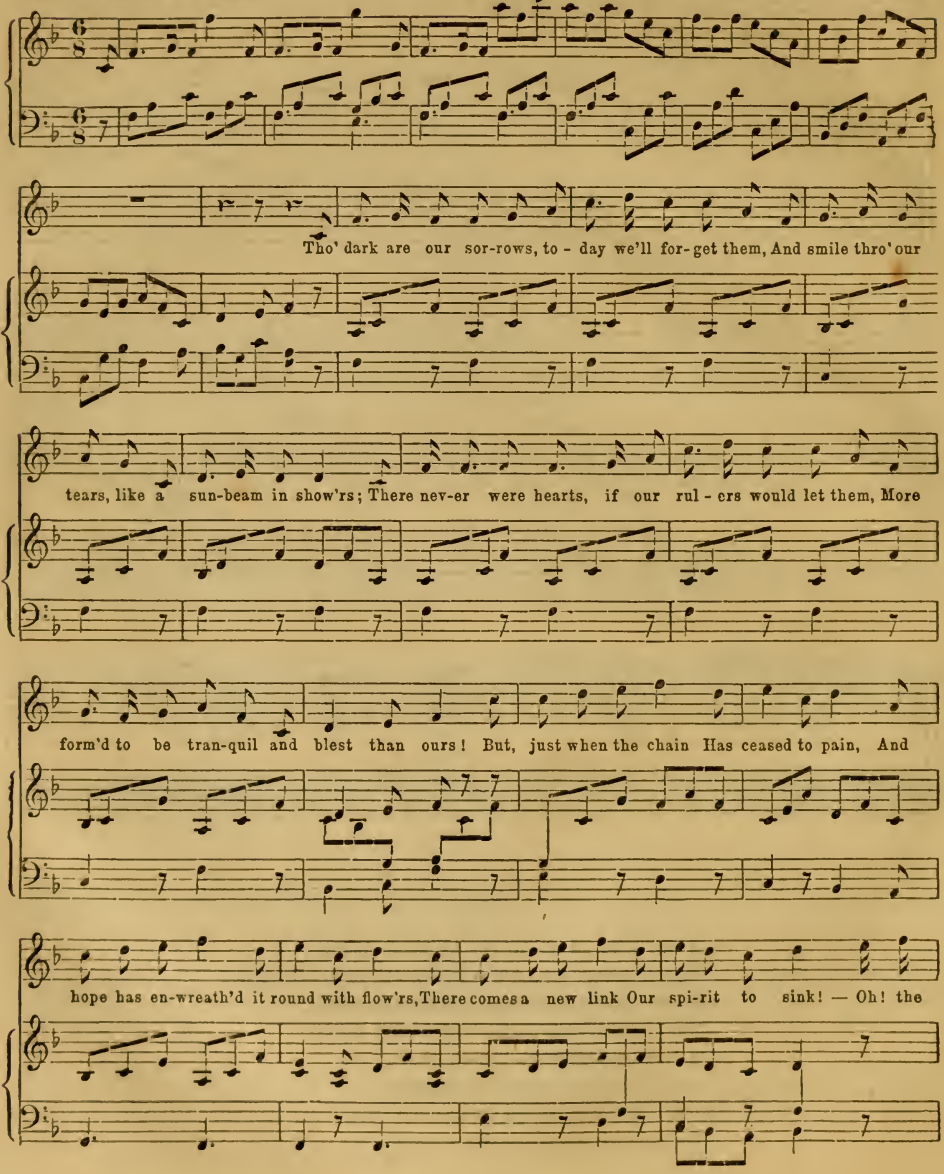


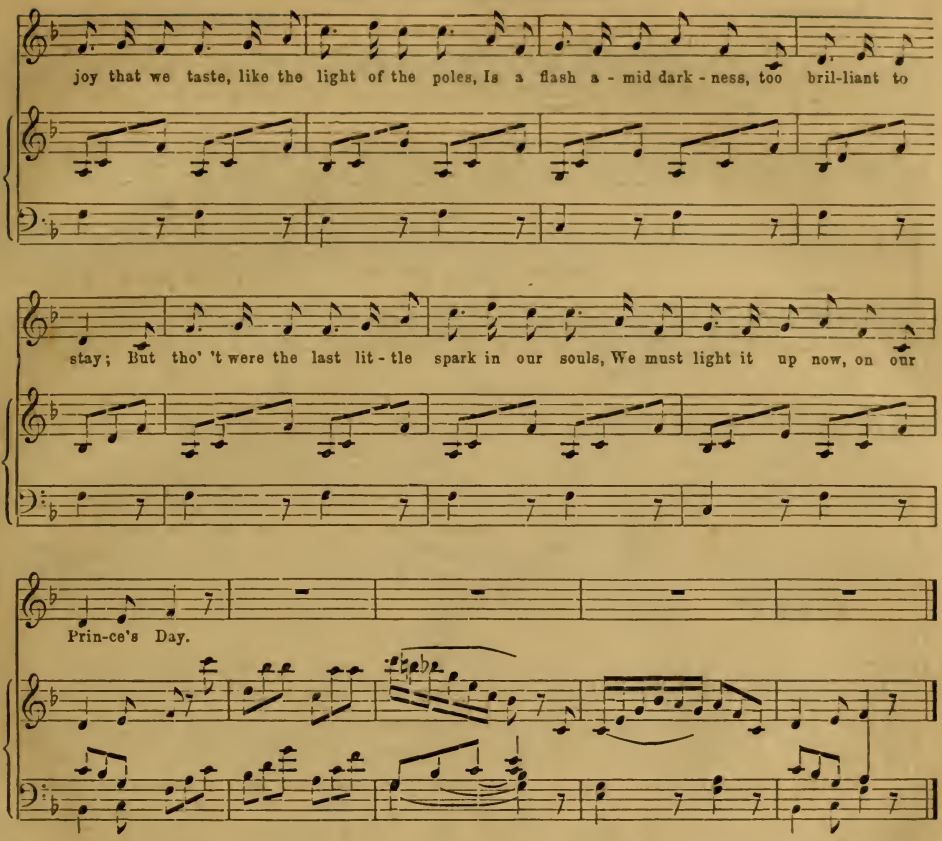
II.

Oh! thus shall we mourn; and his memory's light,
While it shines through our hearts, will improve them;
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
When we think how he lived but to love them!
And, as buried saints the grave perfume,
Where, fadeless, they've long been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
From the image he left there in dying!

THOUGH DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.

With spirit and feeling. AIR—ST. PATRICK'S DAY.





II.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!
Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
The standard of Green
In front would be seen —
Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When roused by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

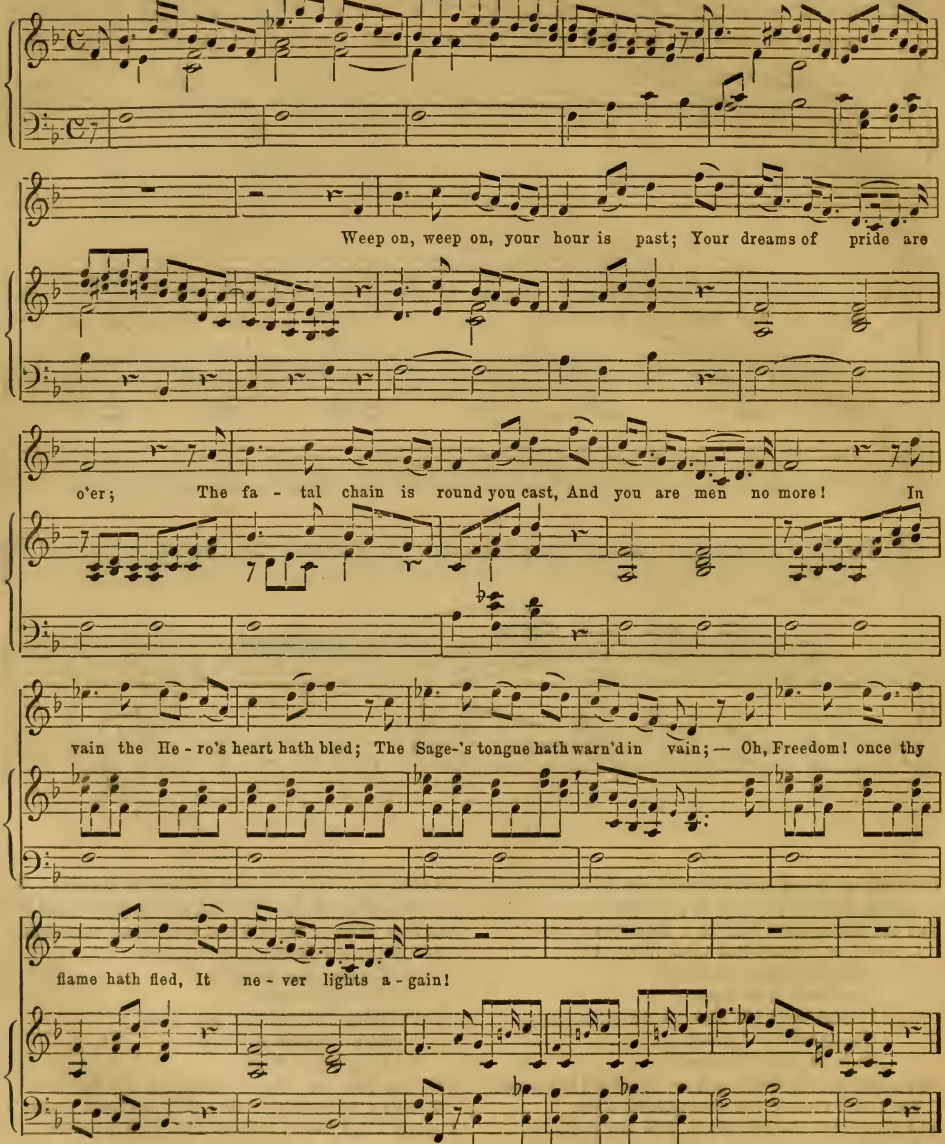
III.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts which have suffer'd too much to forget:
And hope shall be crown'd and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray,
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last. —
And thus Erin, my country, though broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay;
A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Mournfully.

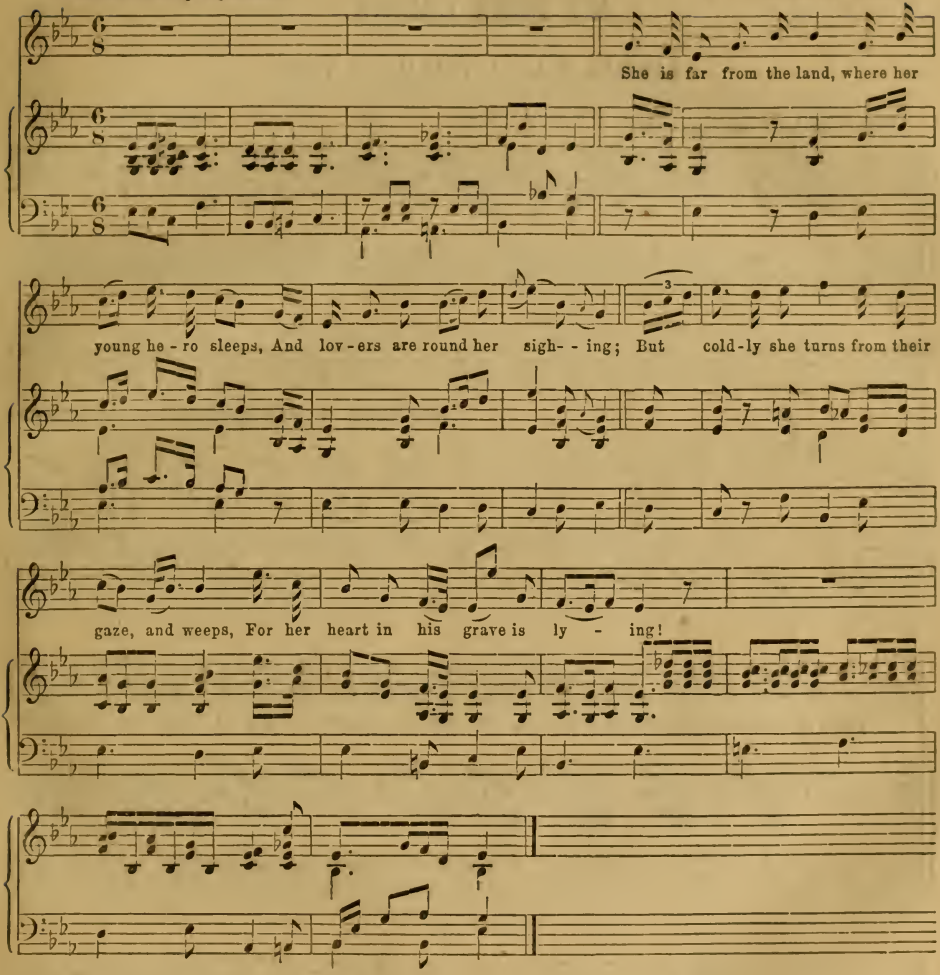
AIR—THE SONG OF SORROW.



II. "'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate,. Y ur web of discord wove; And, while your tyrants join'd in hate, You never join'd in love. But hearts fell off that ought to twine, And man profaned what God hath given, Till some were heard to curse the shrine Where others knelt to Heaven."

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

With melancholy expression. AIR—OPEN THE DOOR.



II.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking; —
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

III.

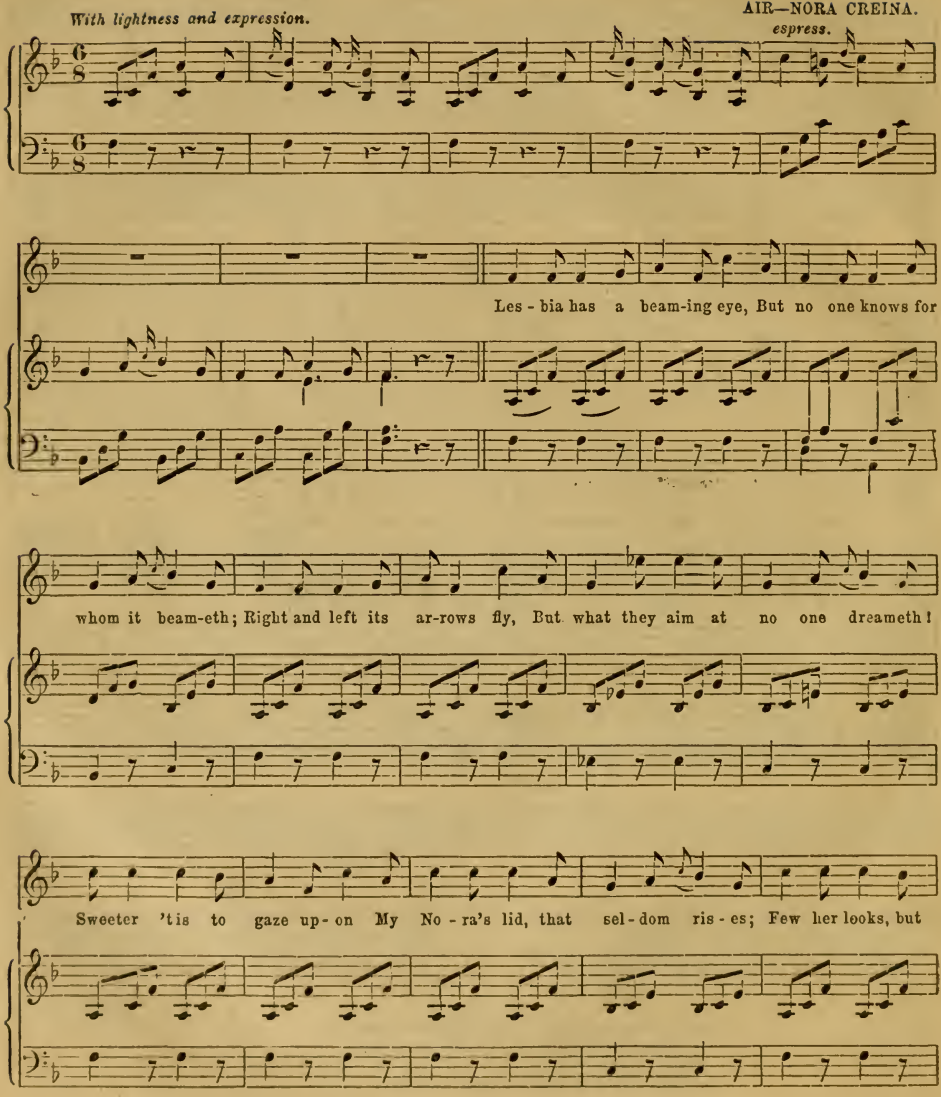
He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

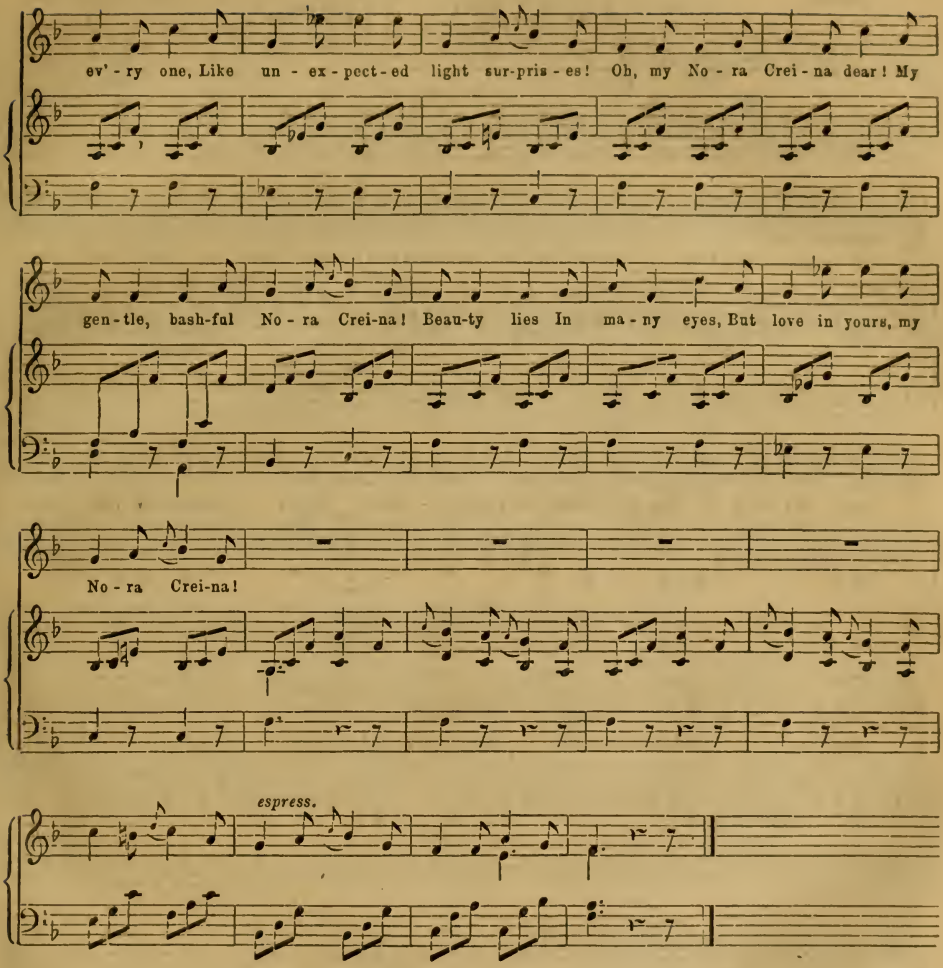
IV.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own lovèd island of sorrow.

MY NORA CREINA.

LESBIA HAS A BEAMING EYE.





II.

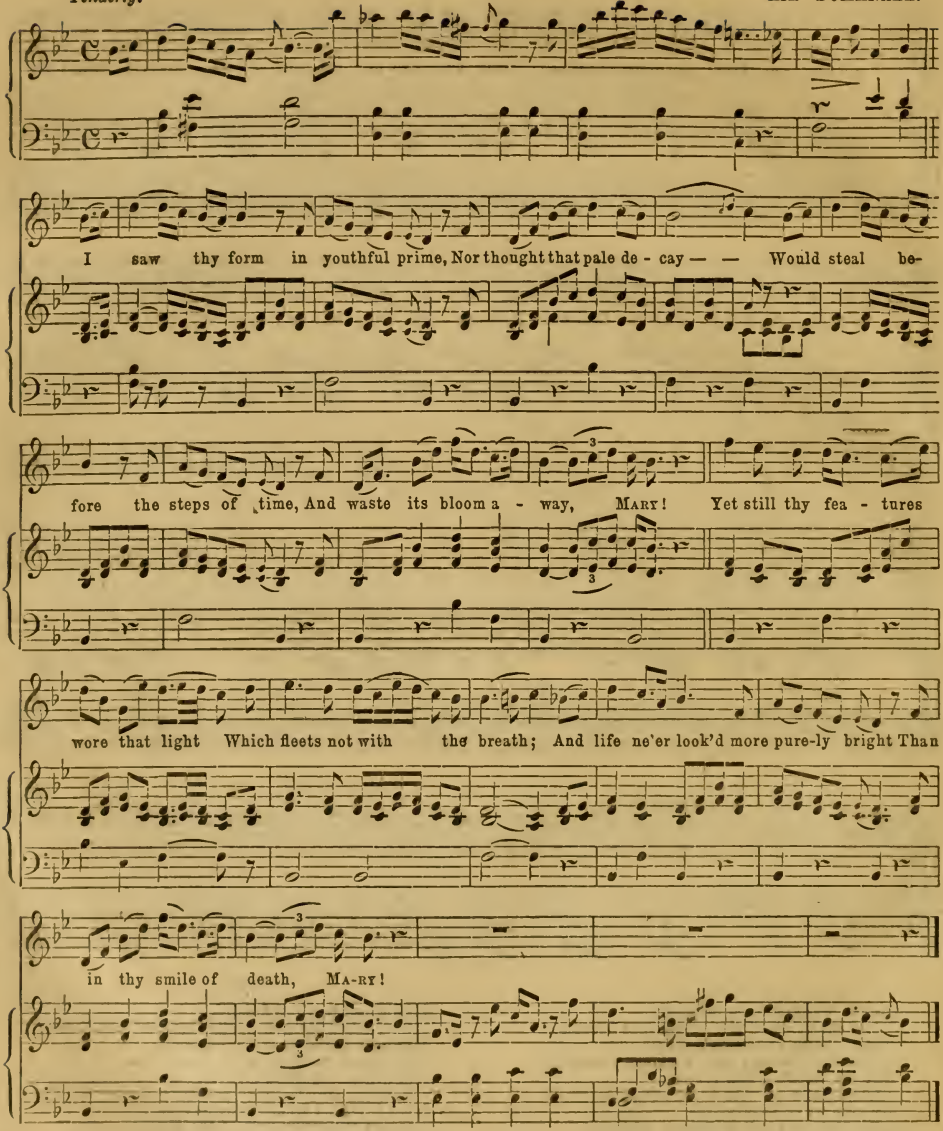
Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph has laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature placed it!
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving ev'ry beauty free
To sink or swell as heaven pleases!
Yes, my Nora Creina dear!
My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
Nature's dress
Is loveliness,
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina!

III.

Lesbia has a wit refined,
But, when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they 're design'd
To dazzle mere'y, or to wound us.
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber love reposes; —
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses!
Oh, my Nora Creina dear!
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, tho' bright,
Has not the light
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina!

I SAW THY FORM.

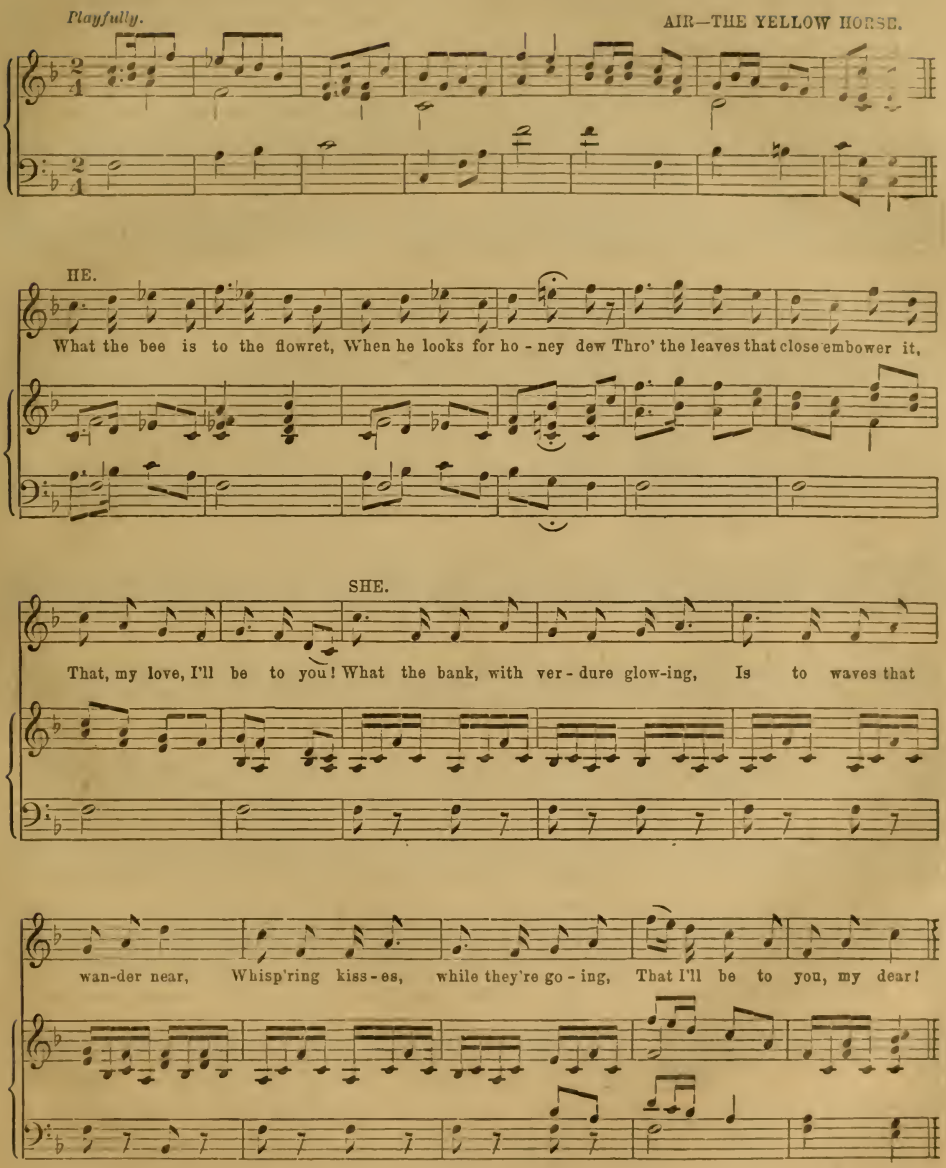
Tenderly. AIR—DOMHNALL.

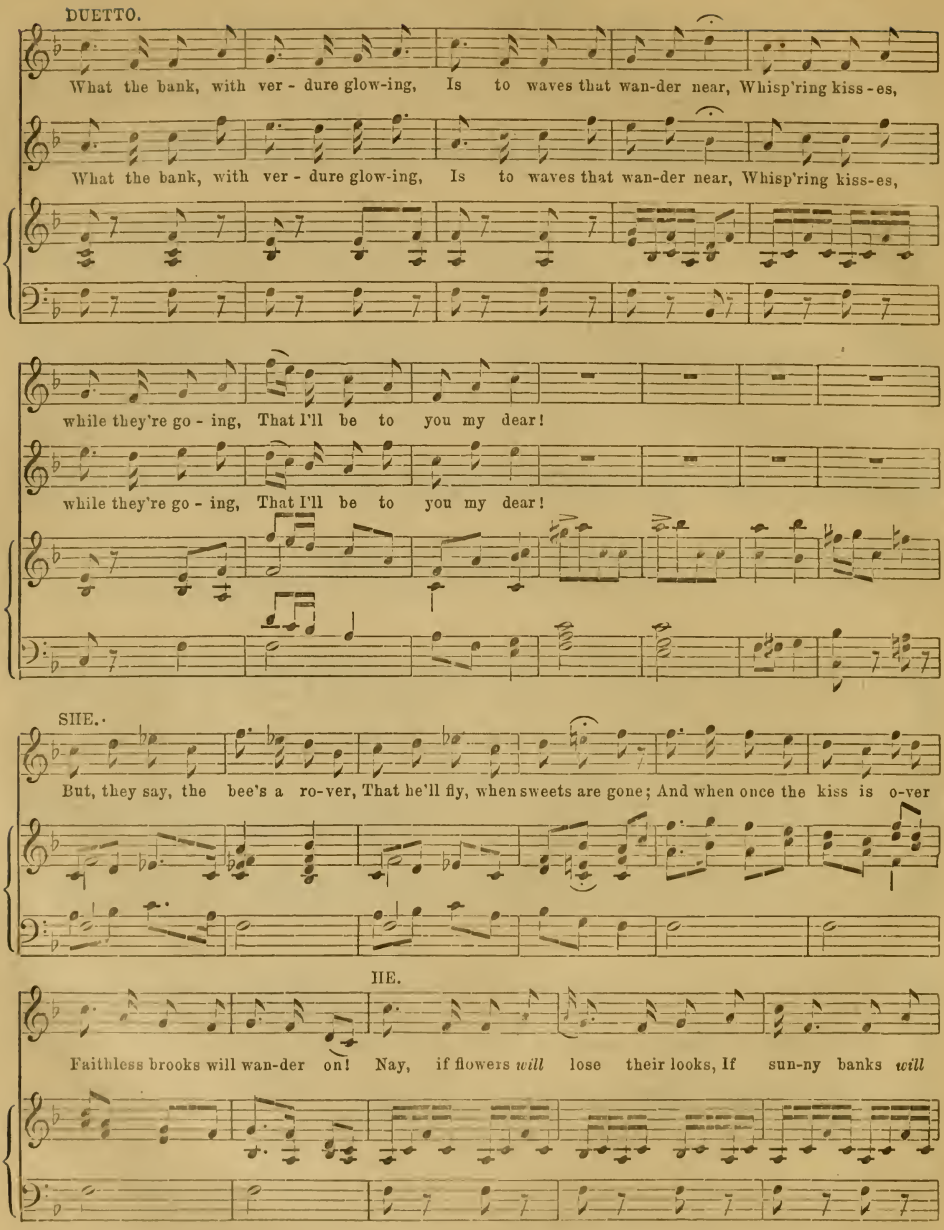


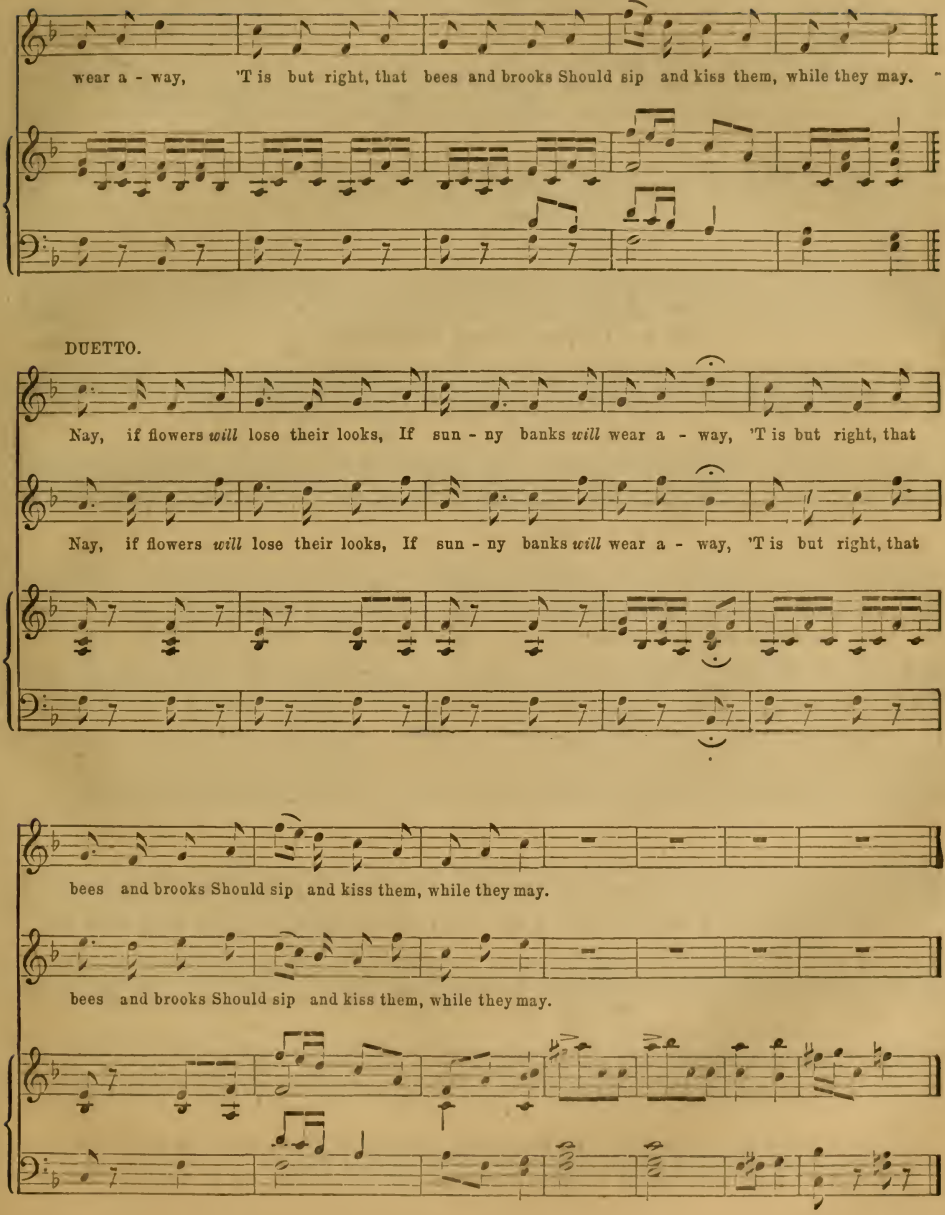
II. As streams, that run o'er golden mines, With modest murmur glide, Nor seem to know the wealth that shines Within their gentle tide, Mary! So, veil'd beneath a simple guise, Thy radiant genius shone, And that, which charm'd all other eyes, Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

III. If souls could always dwell above, Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere; Or, could we keep the souls we love, We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary! Though many a gifted mind we meet, Though fairest forms we see, To live with them is far less sweet Than to remember thee, Mary!

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWRET.



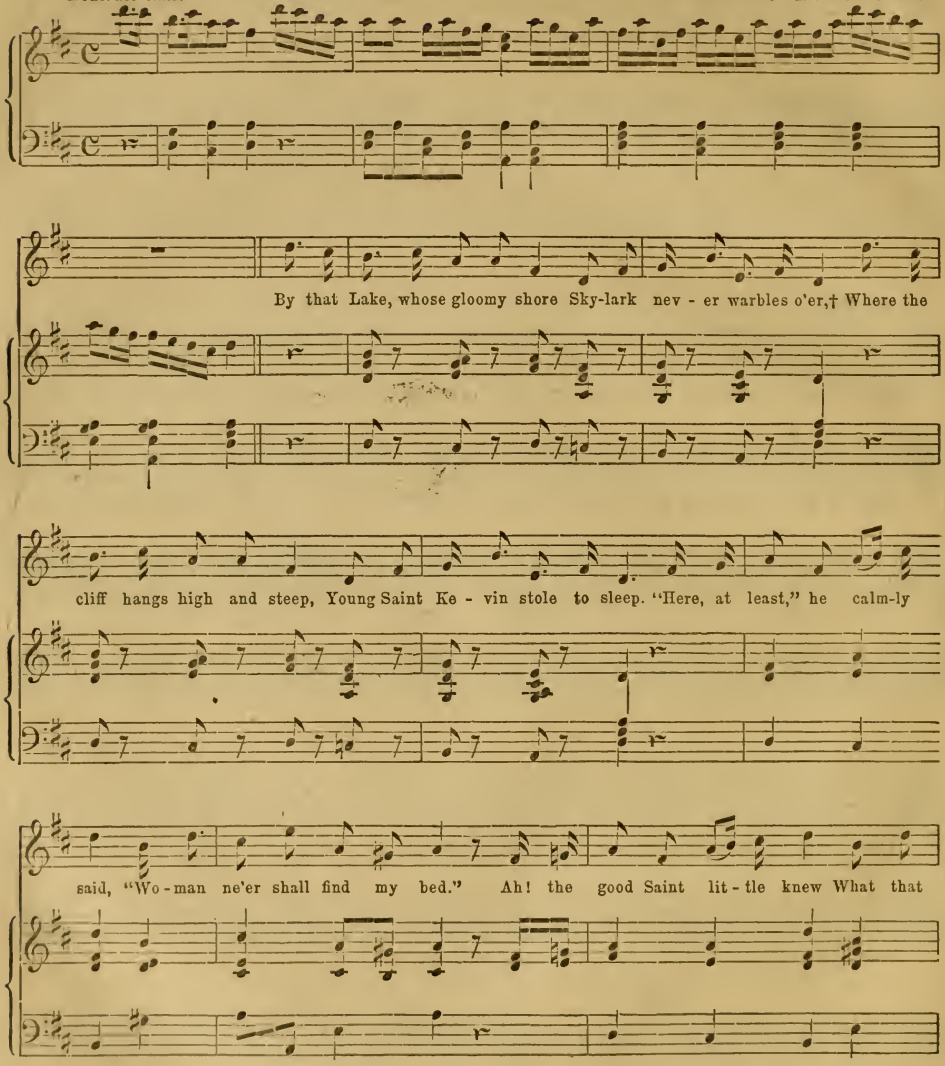

DUETTO.
What the bank, with ver - dure glow-ing, Is to waves that wan-der near, Whisp'ring kiss - es,
What the bank, with ver - dure glow-ing, Is to waves that wan-der near, Whisp'ring kiss-es,
while they're go - ing, That I'll be to you my dear!
while they're go - ing, That I'll be to you my dear!
SHE.
But, they say, the bee's a ro-ver, That he'll fly, when sweets are gone; And when once the kiss is o-ver
HE.
Faithless brooks will wan-der on! Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks, If sun-ny banks *will*


wear a - way, 'T is but right, that bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them, while they may.
DUETTO.
Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks, If sun - ny banks *will* wear a - way, 'T is but right, that
Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks, If sun - ny banks *will* wear a - way, 'T is but right, that
bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them, while they may.
bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.*

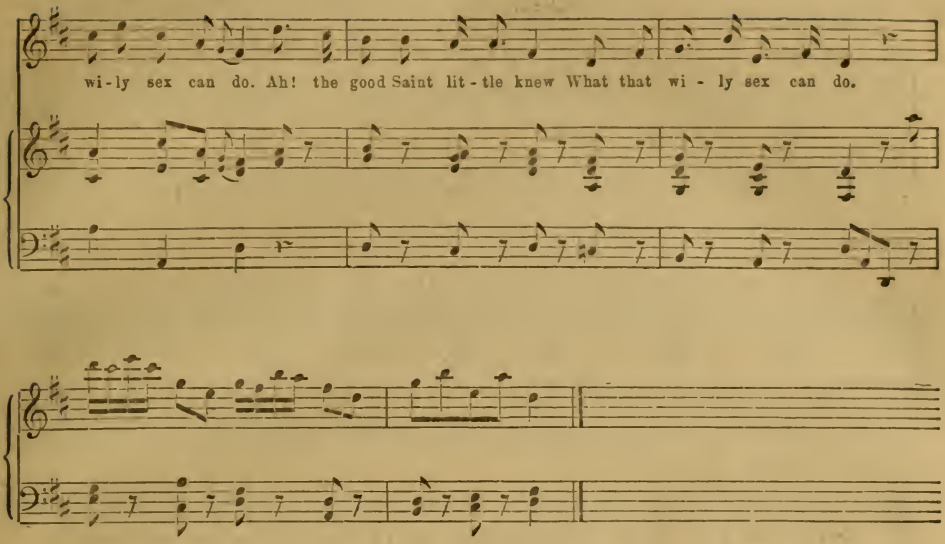
Moderate time.

AIR—THE BROWN IRISH GIRL.



* This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

† There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.



II.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew, —
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

III.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.
But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

IV.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And, when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts.
And, with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

V.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul;"
Round the lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

AIR—DENNIS, DON'T BE THREATENING.

With gaiety and spirit.

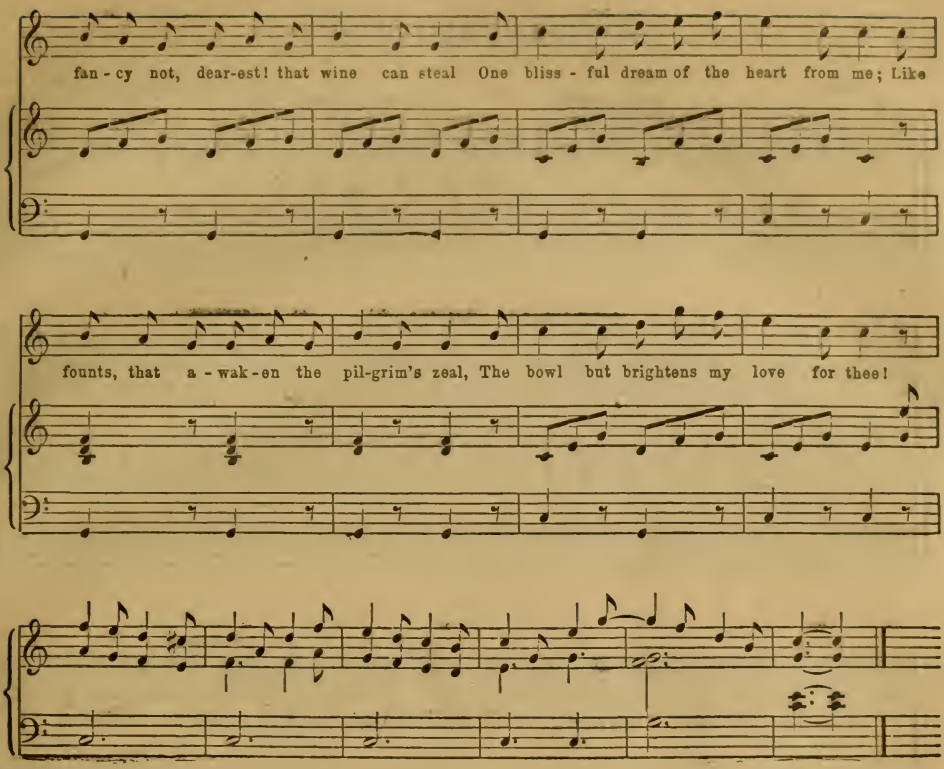
8va

Nay, tell me not, dear! that the gob-let drowns One charm of feel-ing, one fond re-gret; Be-

lieve me, a few of thy an-gry frowns Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.

Ne'er hath a beam Been lost in the stream That e-ver was shed from thy form or soul; The

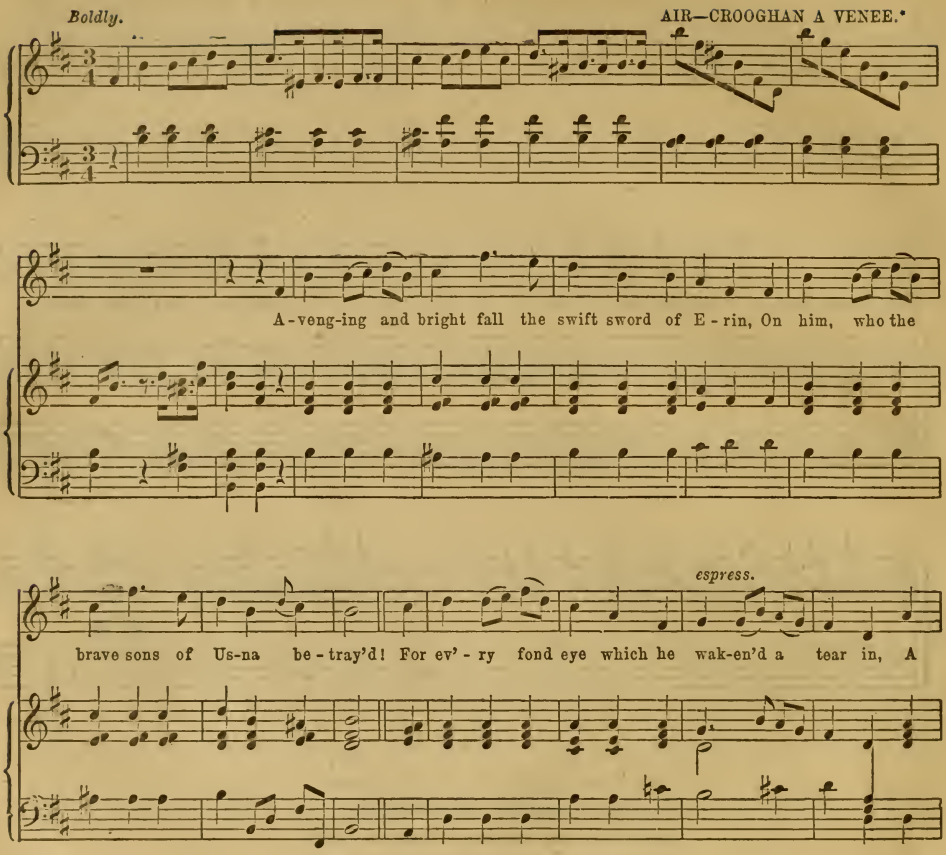
balm of thy sighs, The spell of thine eyes, Still float on the sur-face, and hal-low my bowl! Then



II.

They tell us that Love, in his fairy bower,
Had two blush-roses, of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bathed the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds
That drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow decline and fade;
While those which the tide
Of ruby had dyed
All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid!
Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

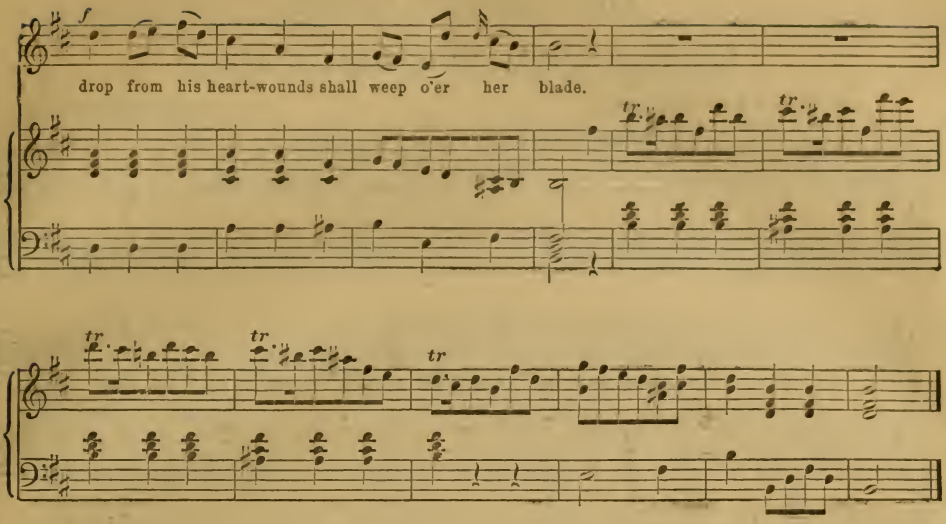
AVENGING AND BRIGHT.



* The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air is, I am told, properly written *Cruachàn na Fèine*, i. e., the Fenian Mount, or mount of the Finnian heroes, those brave followers of *Finn Mac Cool*, so celebrated in the early history of our country.

The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'Flanagan (see Vol. I. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, king of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr. O'Flanagan) has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The death of the Children of Touran,' 'The death of the Children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans), and this, 'The death of the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." — It will be recollected, that, at page 46 of these Melodies, there is a Ballad upon the story of the Children of Lear or Lir: "Silent, O Moyle!" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproch upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.



II.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,*
When Ulad's** three champions lay sleeping in gore —
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore —

III.

We swear to revenge them! — no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted.
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

IV.

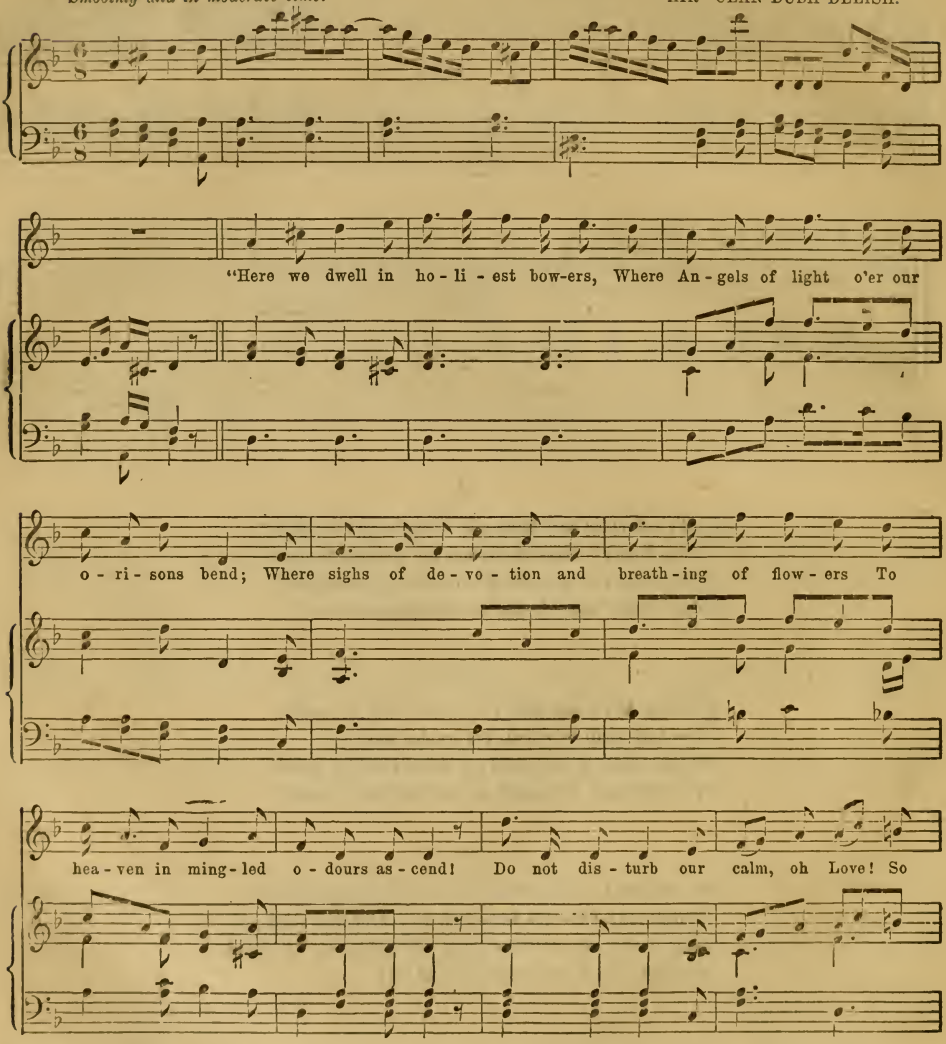
Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

* 'O Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red." — Deirdri's Song.
** Ulster.

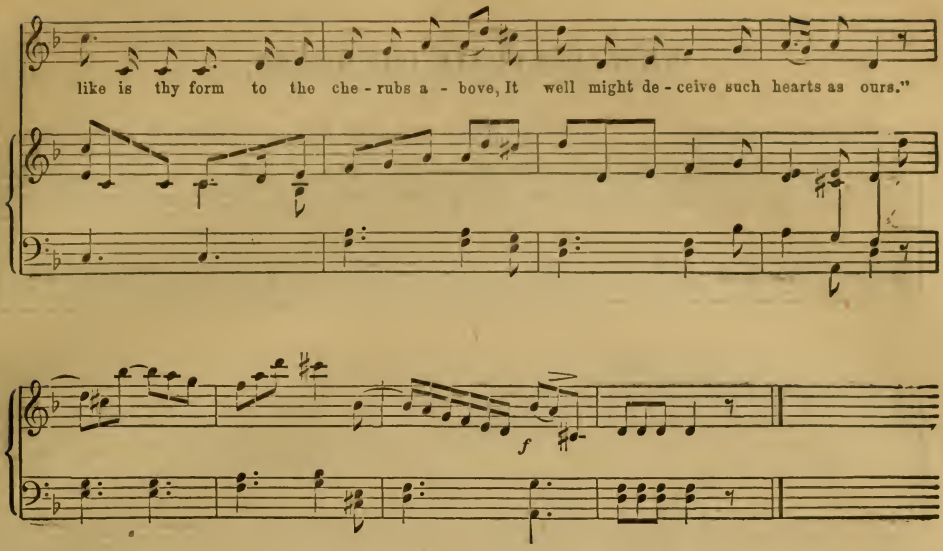
LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

HERE WE DWELL IN HOLIEST BOWERS.

Smoothly and in moderate time. AIR—CEAN DUBH DELISH.*



We have taken the liberty of omitting a part of this Air, which appeared to us to wander rather unmanageably out of the compass of the voice



II.

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd;
His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
"Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
"That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
His wandering wings and wounding eyes?"

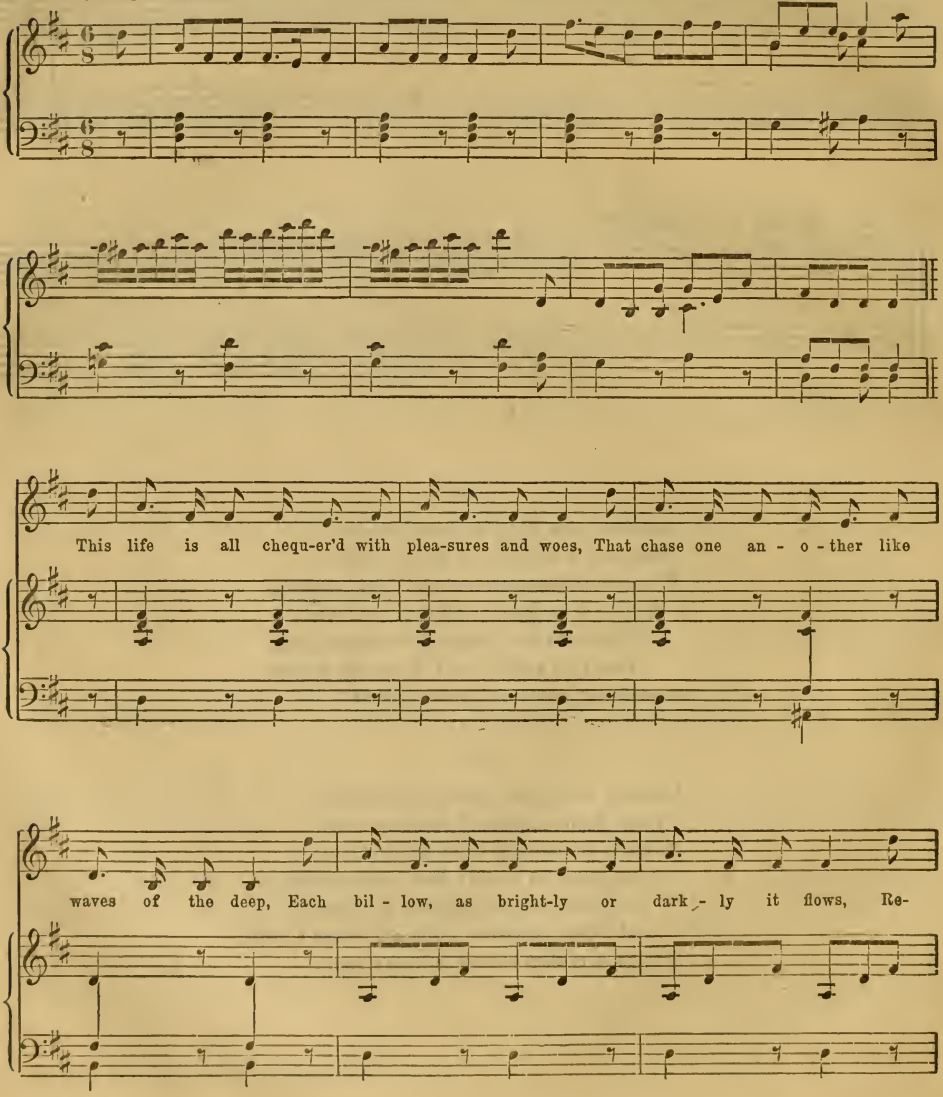
III.

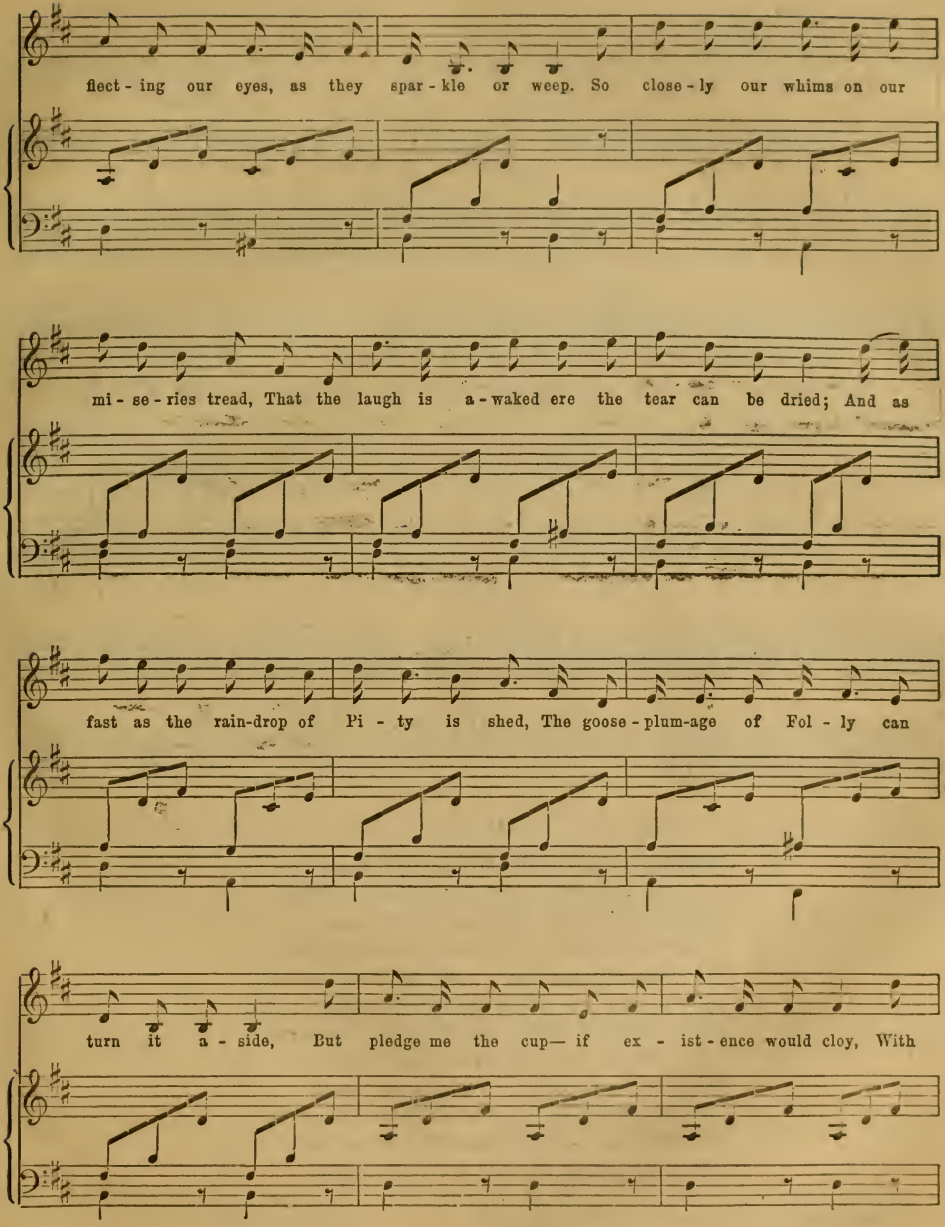
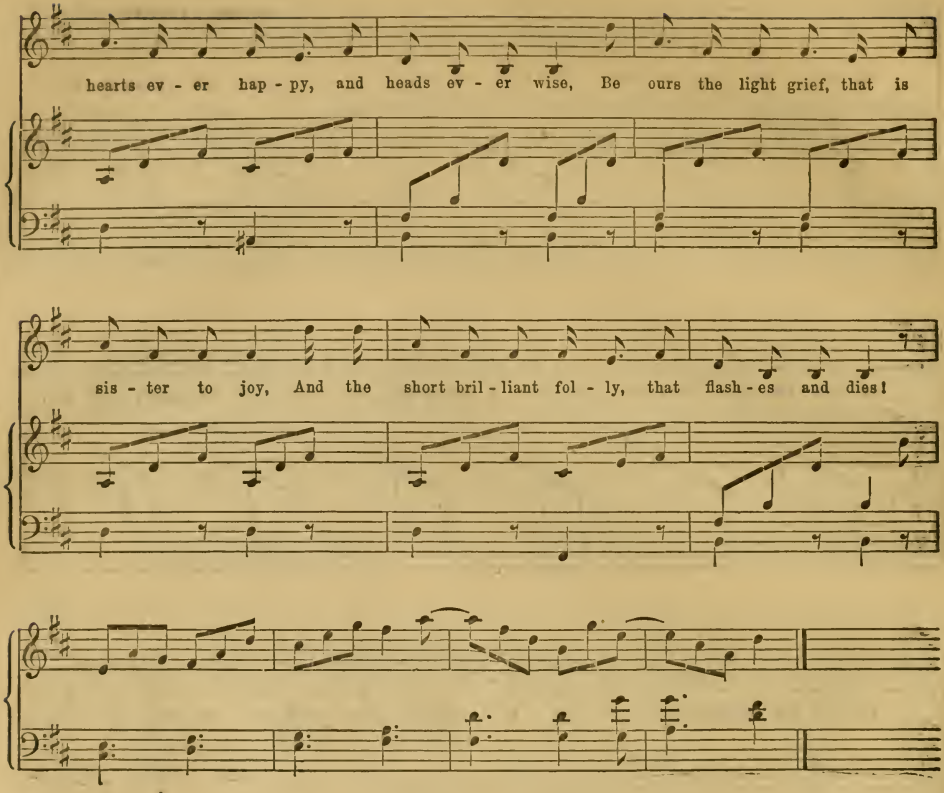
Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise,
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them clothed in Piety's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUERED.

With feeling and gaiety.

AIR—THE BUNCH OF GREEN RUSHES THAT GREW AT THE BRIM.



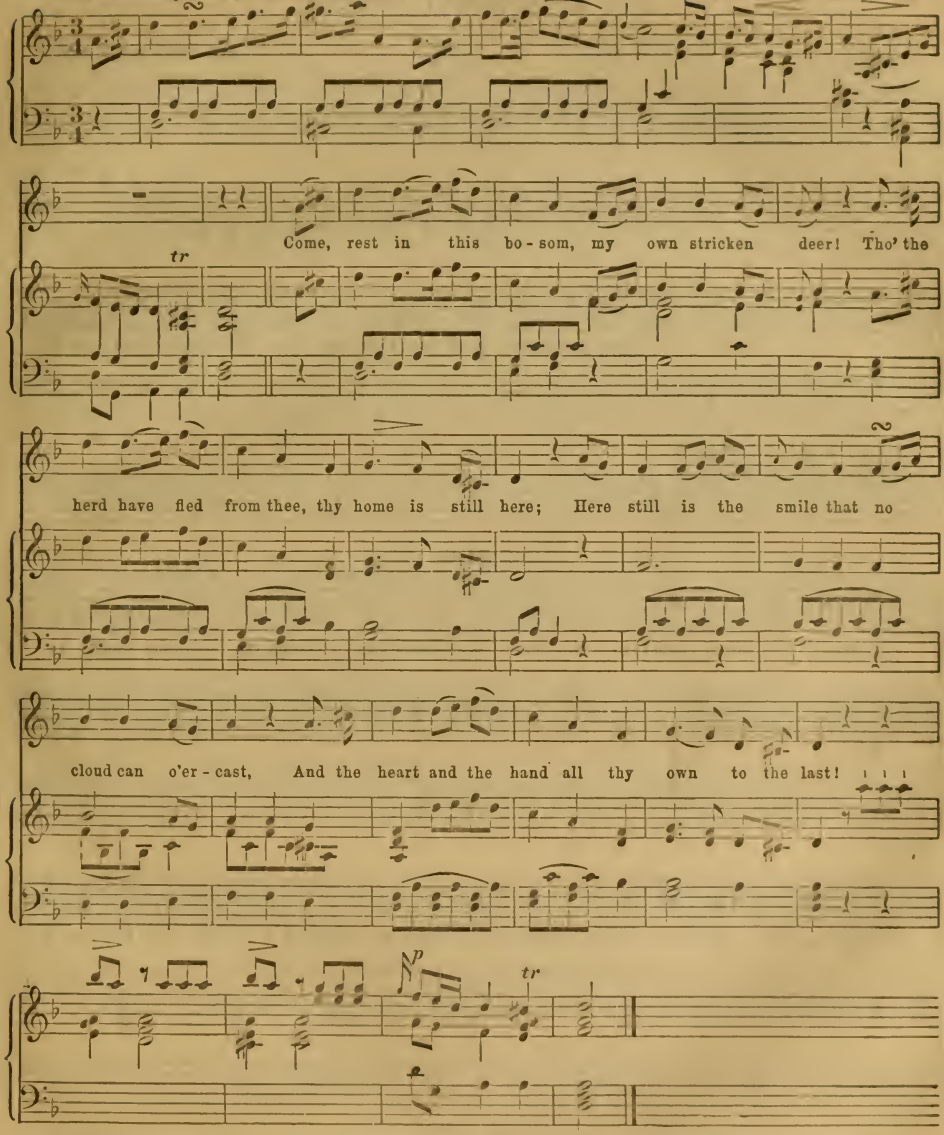

flect - ing our eyes, as they spar - kle or weep. So close - ly our whims on our
mi - se - ries tread, That the laugh is a - waked ere the tear can be dried; And as
fast as the rain-drop of Pi - ty is shed, The goose - plum-age of Fol - ly can
turn it a - side, But pledge me the cup— if ex - ist - ence would cloy, With

II.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Through fields full of light, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy, over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.*
Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted
And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
But pledge me the goblet — while idleness weaves
These flowerets together, should Wisdom but see
One bright drop or two that has fallen on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 't is sufficient for me.

* Proposito florem prætulit officio. — Propert. lib. i. eleg. 20.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

With melancholy feeling, but not too slow. AIR—LOUGH SHEELING.



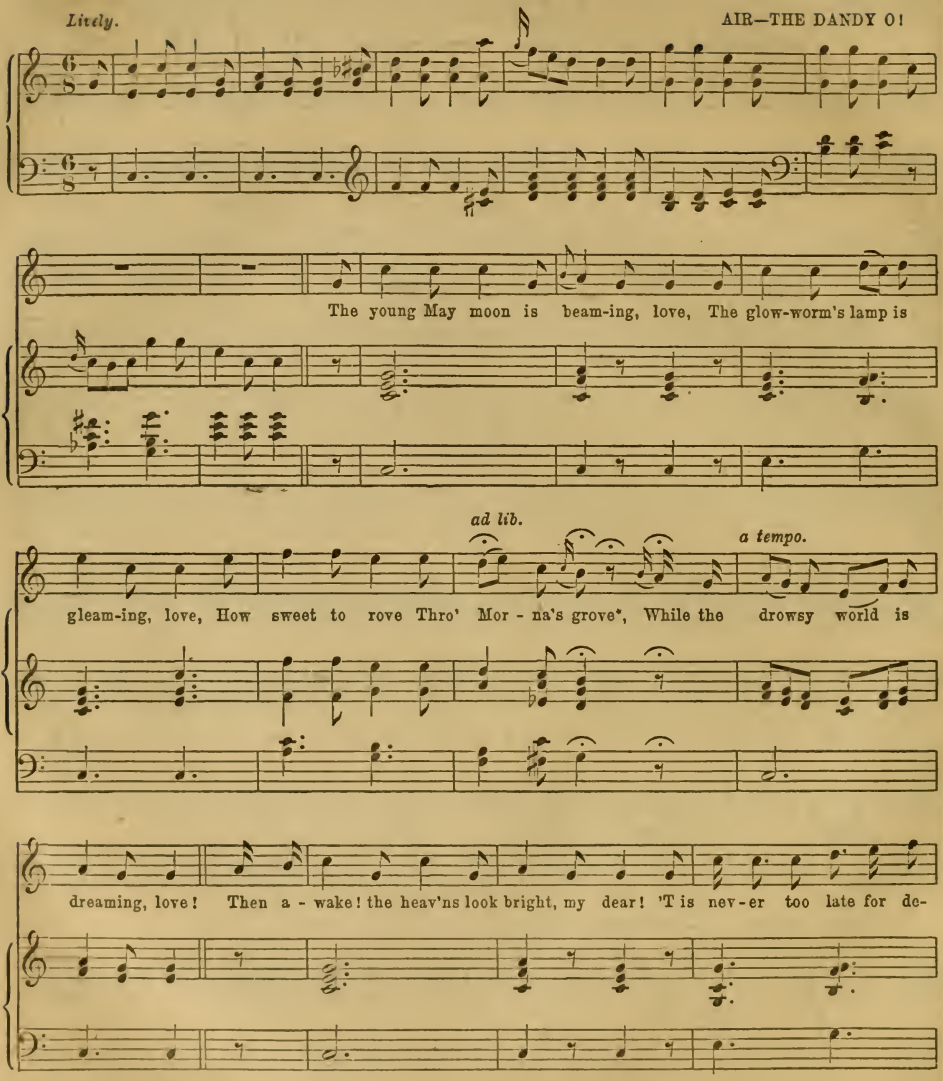
II.

Oh! what was love made for, if 't is not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

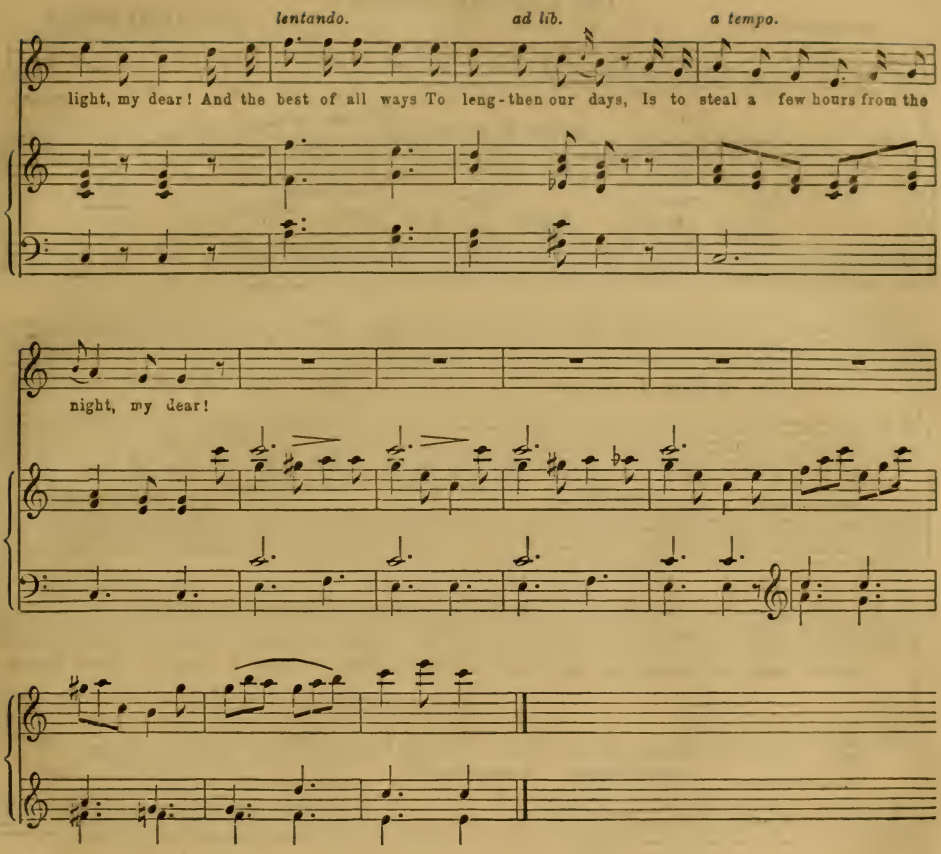
III.

Thou has call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.



* "Steals silently to Morna's grove." See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life has been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

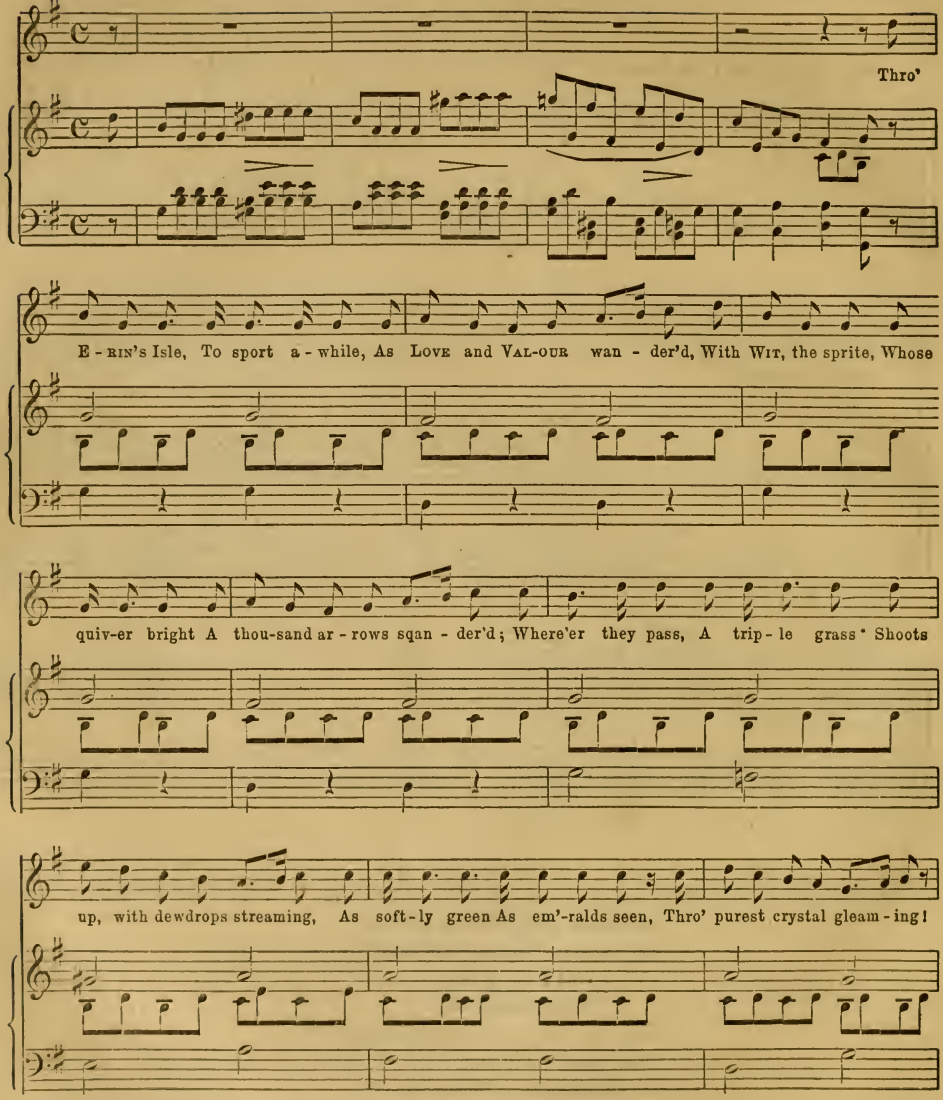


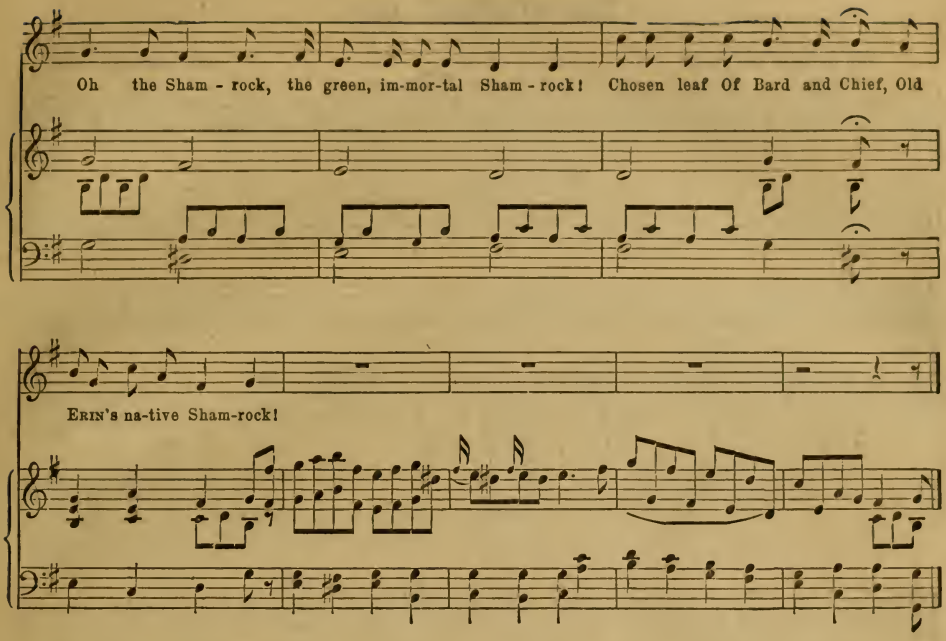
II.

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake! — till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

OH THE SHAMROCK!

In moderate time. AIR—ALLEY CROKER.



* SAINT PATRICK is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. HOPE, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand."

II.

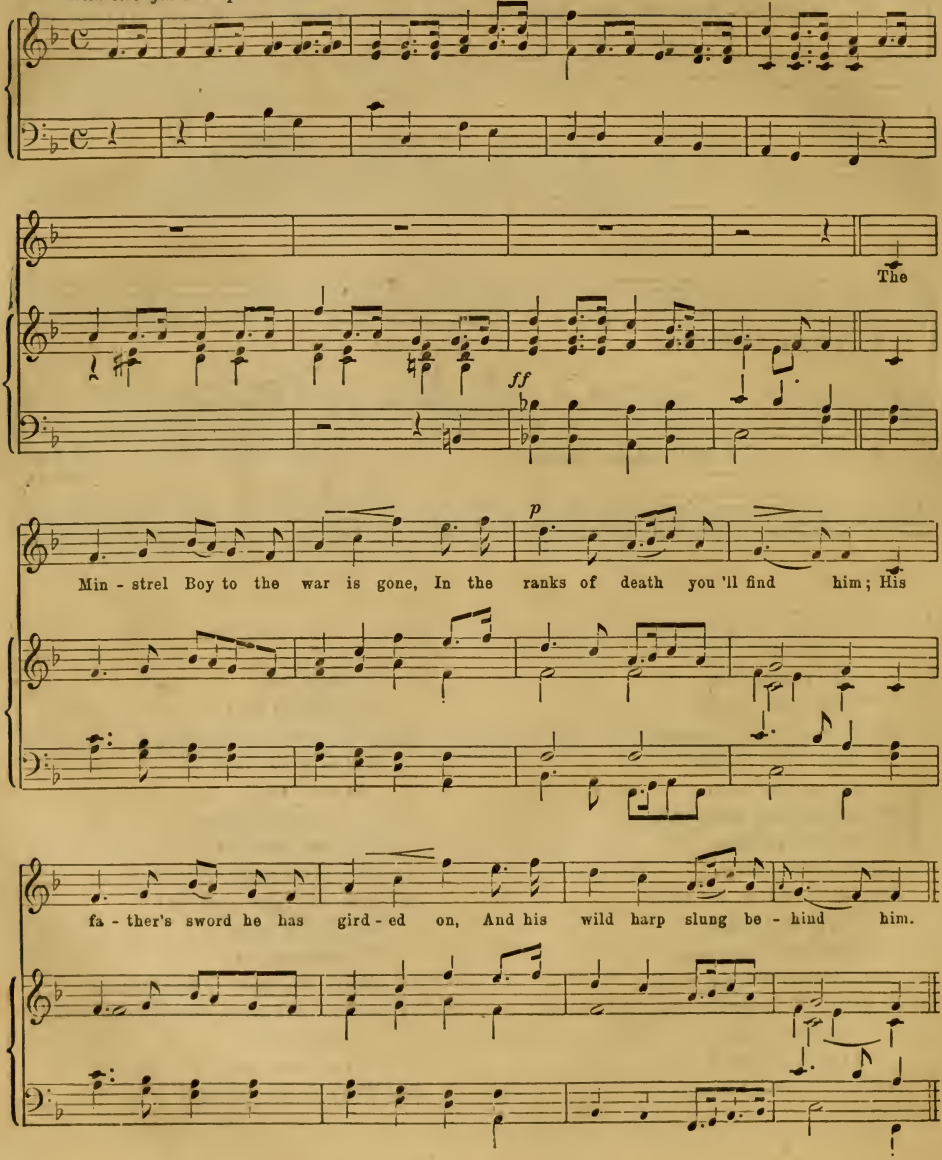
Says Valour, "See,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!" —
Says Love, "No, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning,"
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries, "Oh! do not sever
A type that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valour, Wit, for ever!"
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

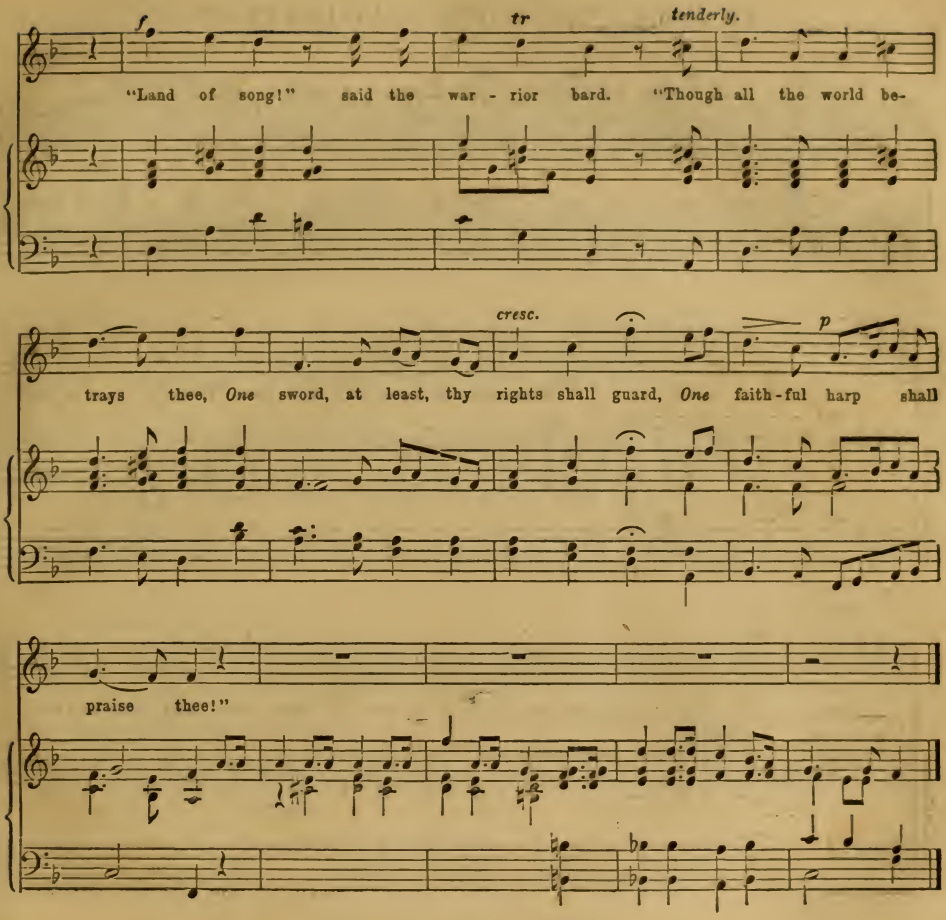
III.

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather!
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

THE MINSTREL BOY.

With strength and spirit. AIR—THE MOREEN.

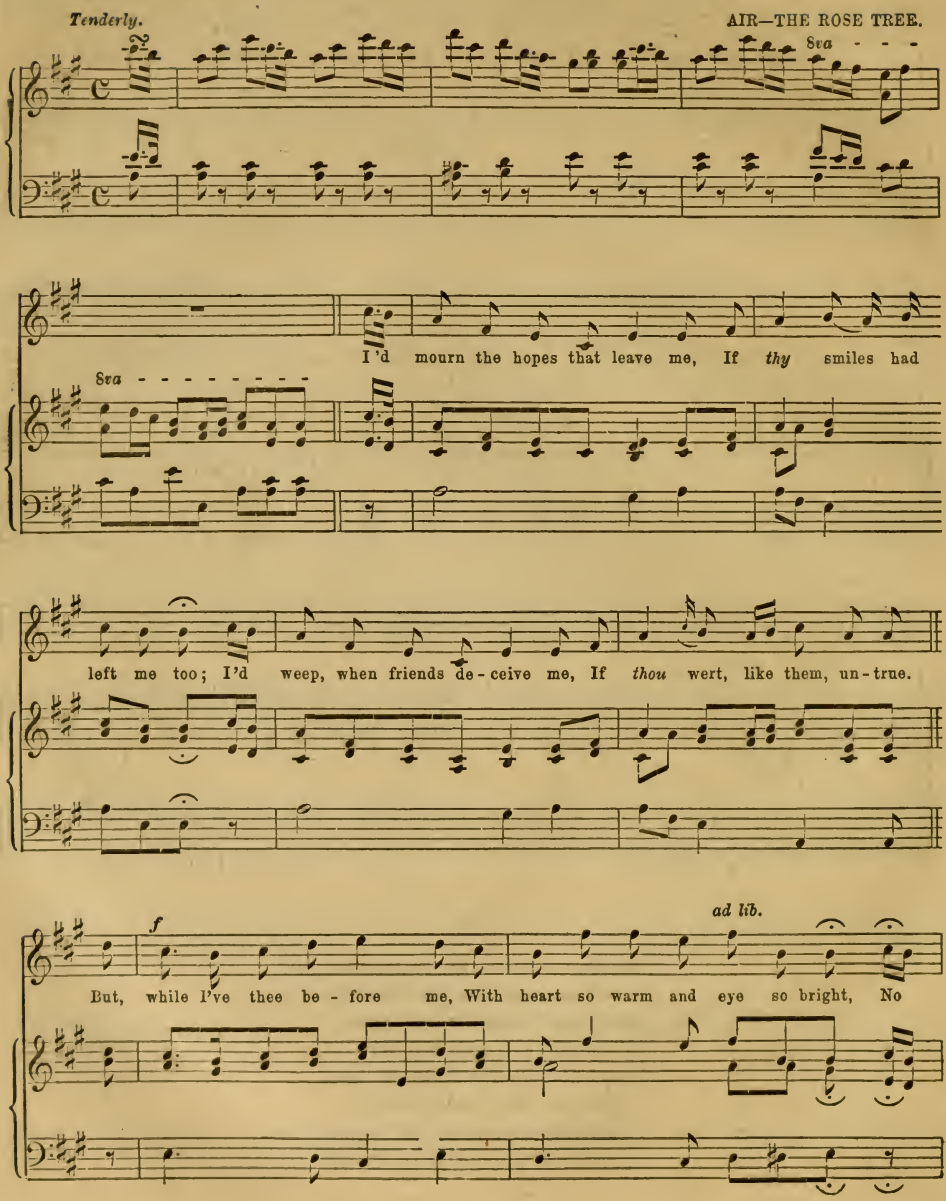


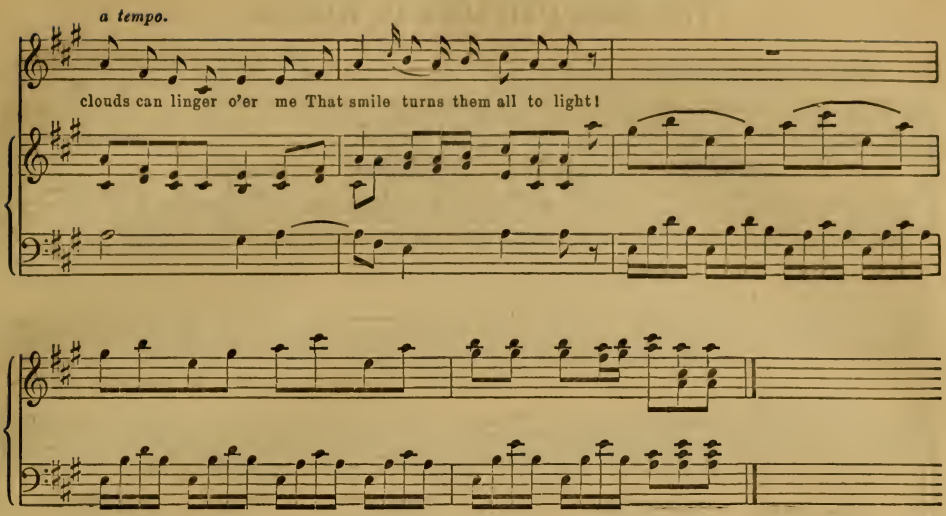


II.

The Minstrel fell! — but the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
"Thou soul of love and bravery!
"Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
"They shall never sound in slavery."

I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.





II.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me,
Unless joy be shared with thee.
One minute's dream about thee,
Were worth a long and endless year
Of waking bliss without thee,
My own love, my only dear!

III.

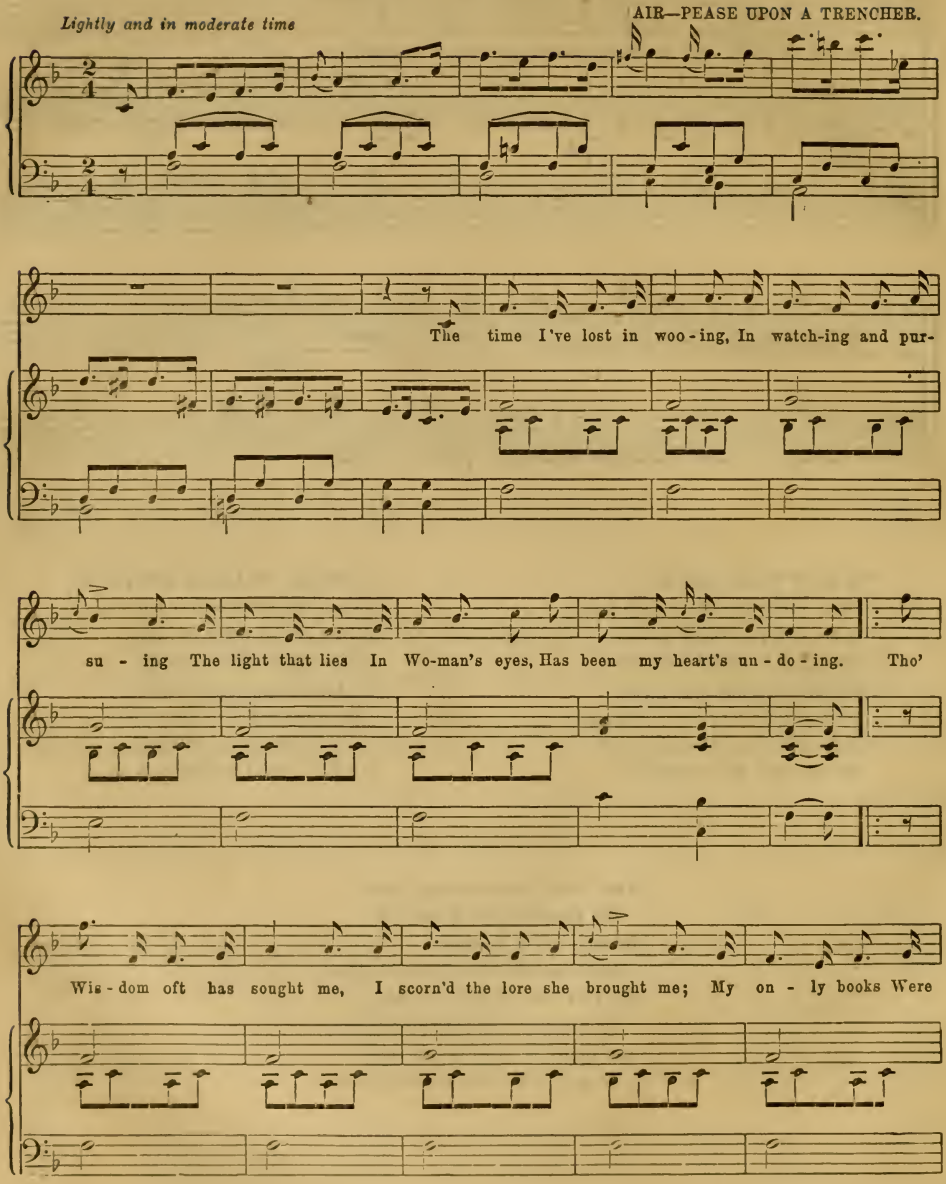
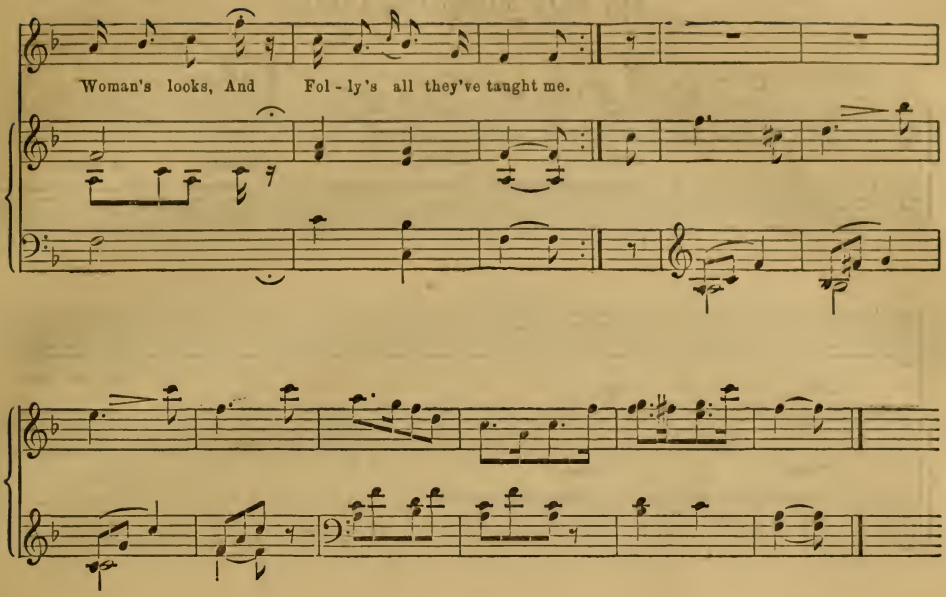
And though the hope be gone, love,
That long sparkled o'er our way,
Oh! we shall journey on, love,
More safely without its ray.
Far better lights shall win me
Along the path I've yet to roam —
The mind that burns within me,
And pure smiles from thee at home.

IV.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller at first goes out,
He feels awhile benighted,
And looks around in fear and doubt.
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless starlight on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds.

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

Lightly and in moderate time

AIR—PEASE UPON A TRENCHER.



II.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him the Sprite*
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me,
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

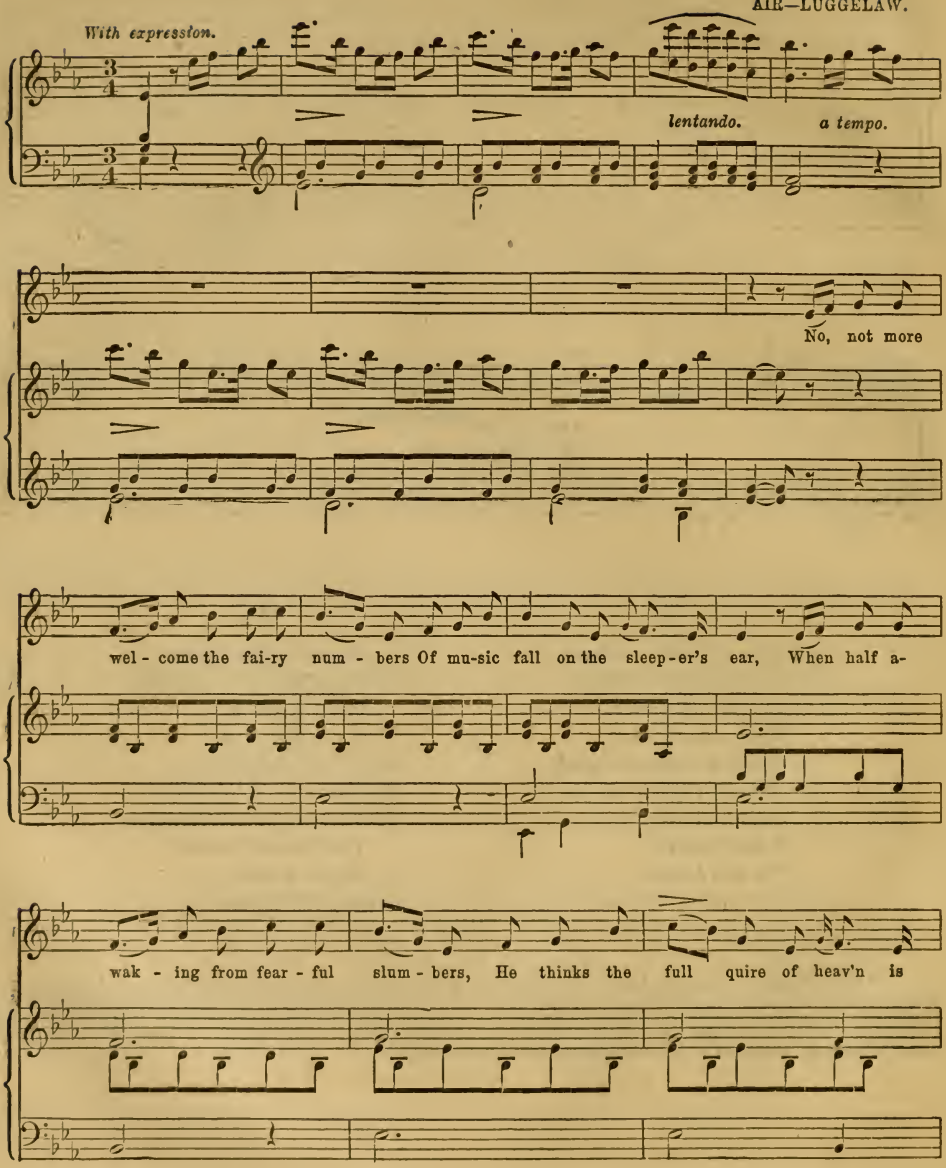
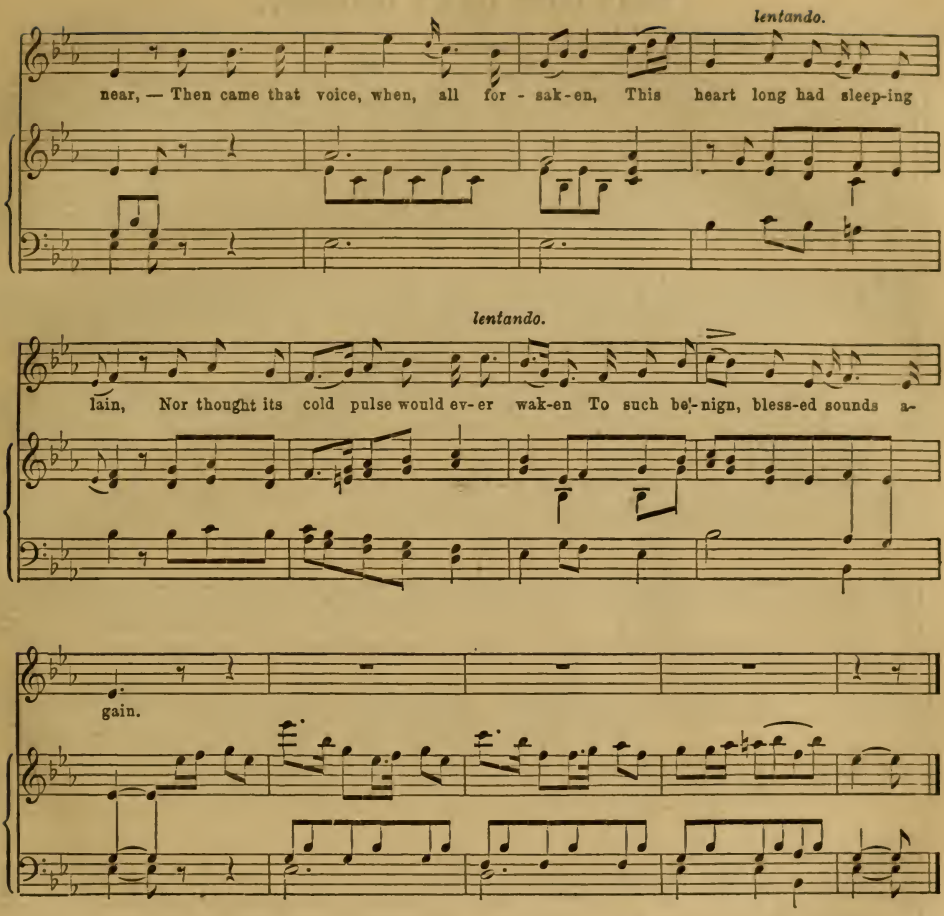
III.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No—vain, alas! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever;—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

* This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields, at dusk; — as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement), he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnel), has given a very different account of that Goblin.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

AIR—LUGGELAW.

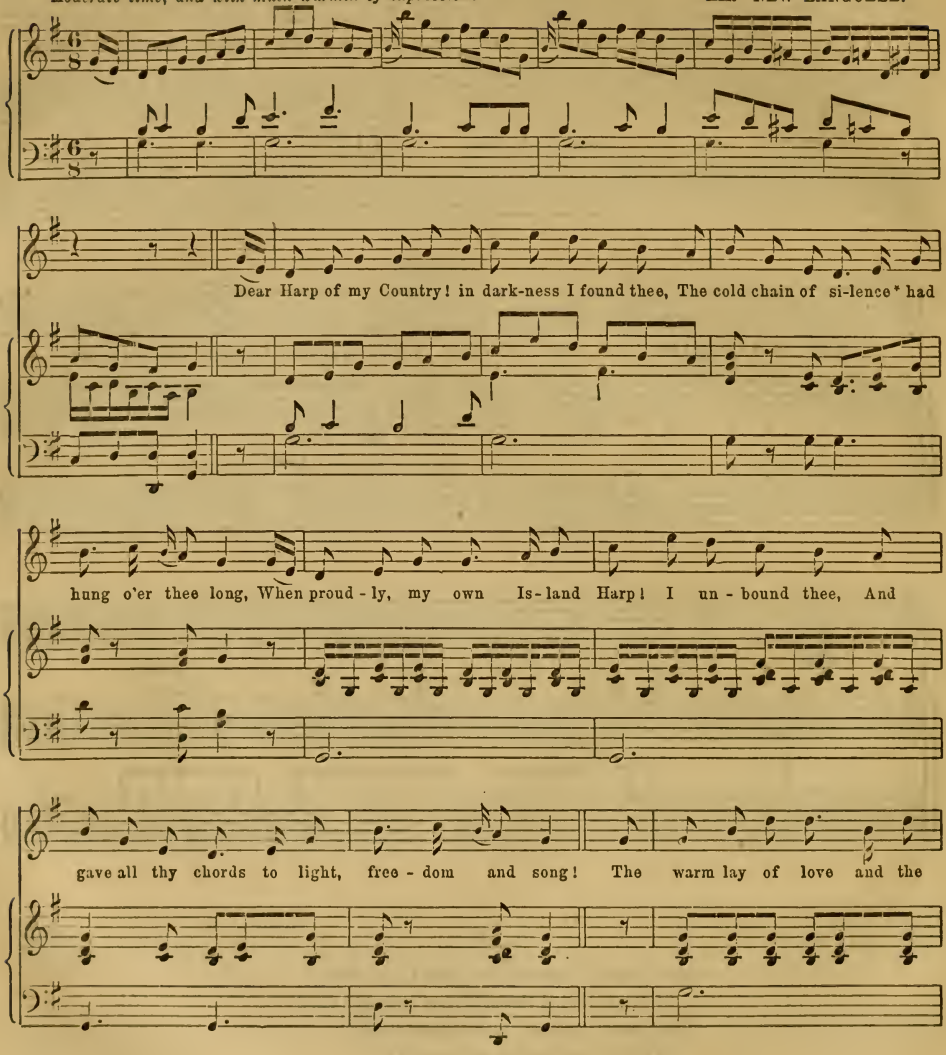


II.

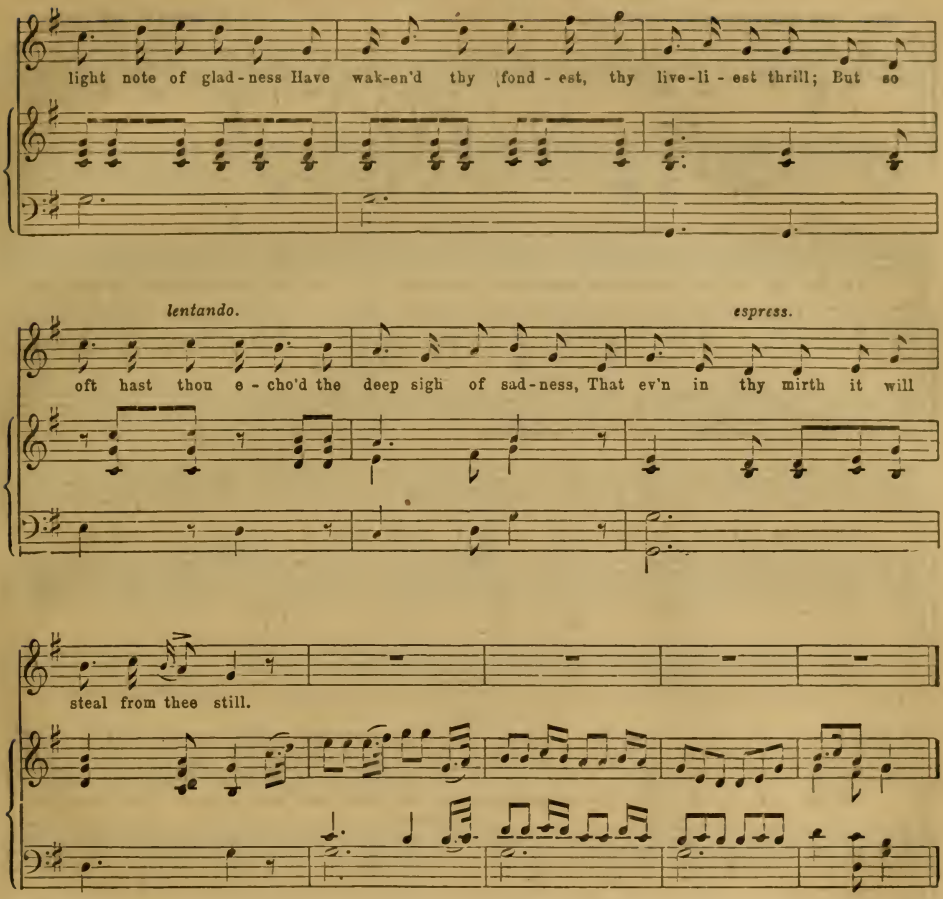
Sweet voice of comfort! 'twas like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathèd shell —
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all my soul echoed to its spell! —
'T was whisper'd balm — 'twas sunshine spoken. —
I'd live years of grief and pain
To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
By such benign, blessed sounds again.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Moderate time, and with much warmth of expression. AIR—NEW LANGOLEE.



* In that rebellious but beautiful song—"When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—
"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep."
The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the Ode to Gaul, the son of Morni, in Miss Brook's *Reliques of Irish Poetry.*

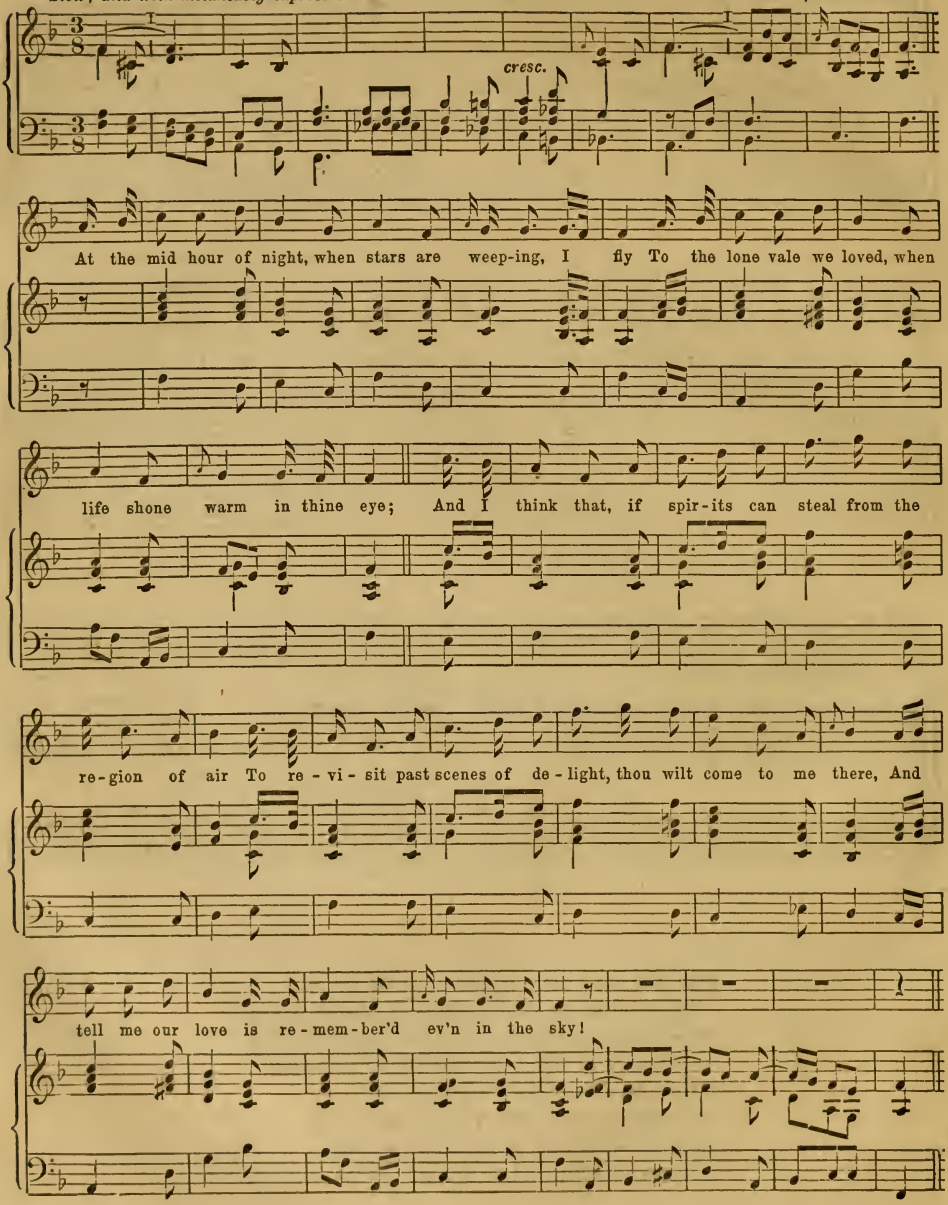


II.

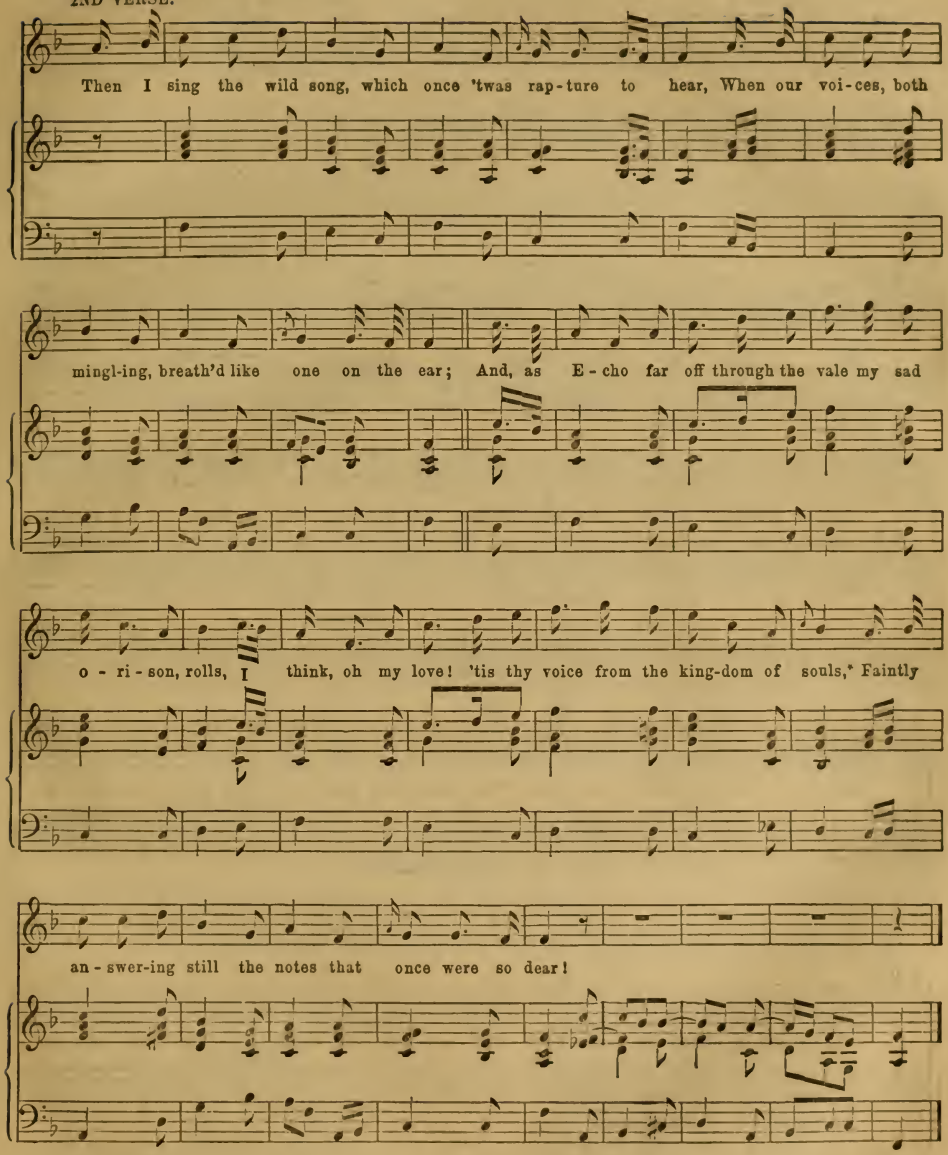
Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go, — sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 't is thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own!

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

Slow, and with melancholy expression. AIR—MOLLY, MY DEAR.



2ND VERSE.

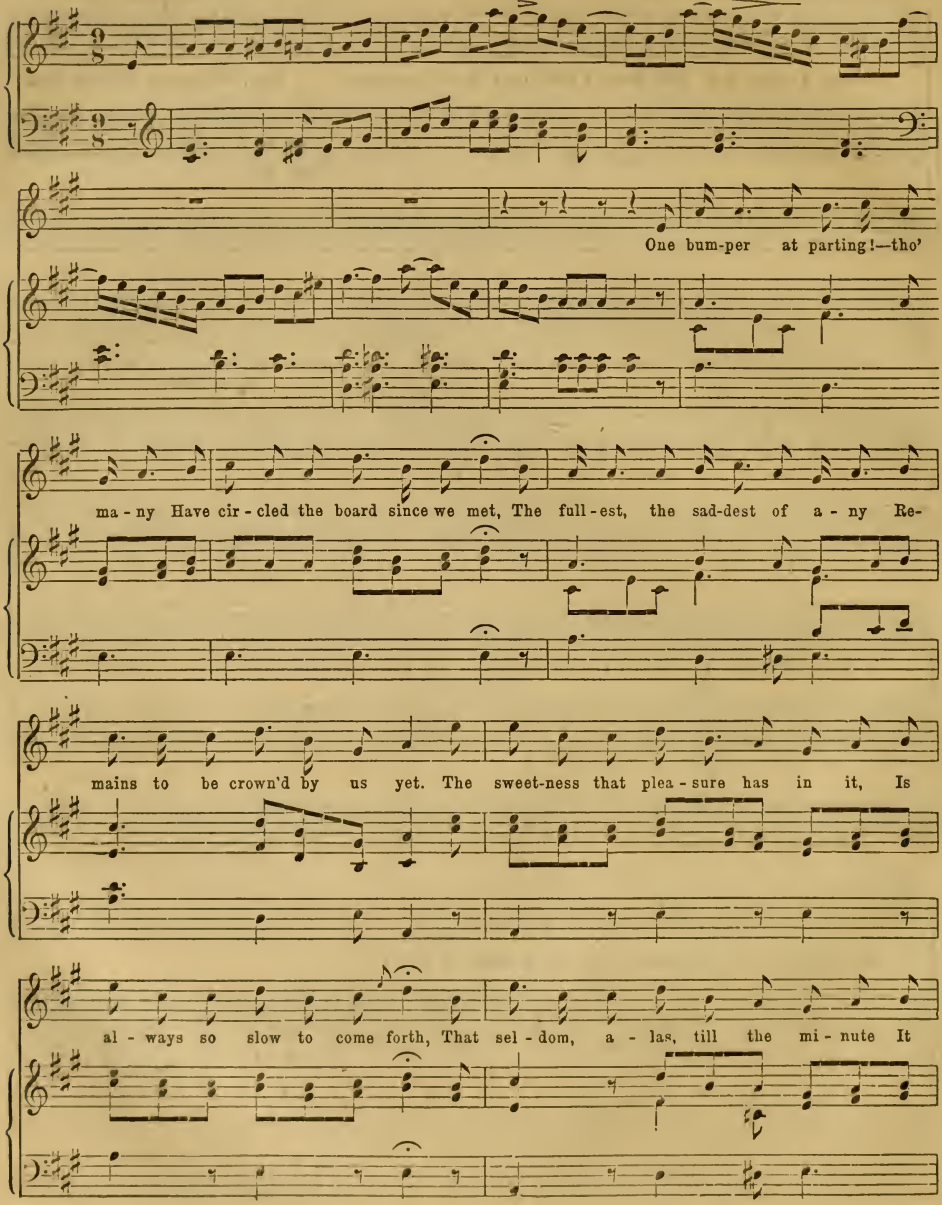


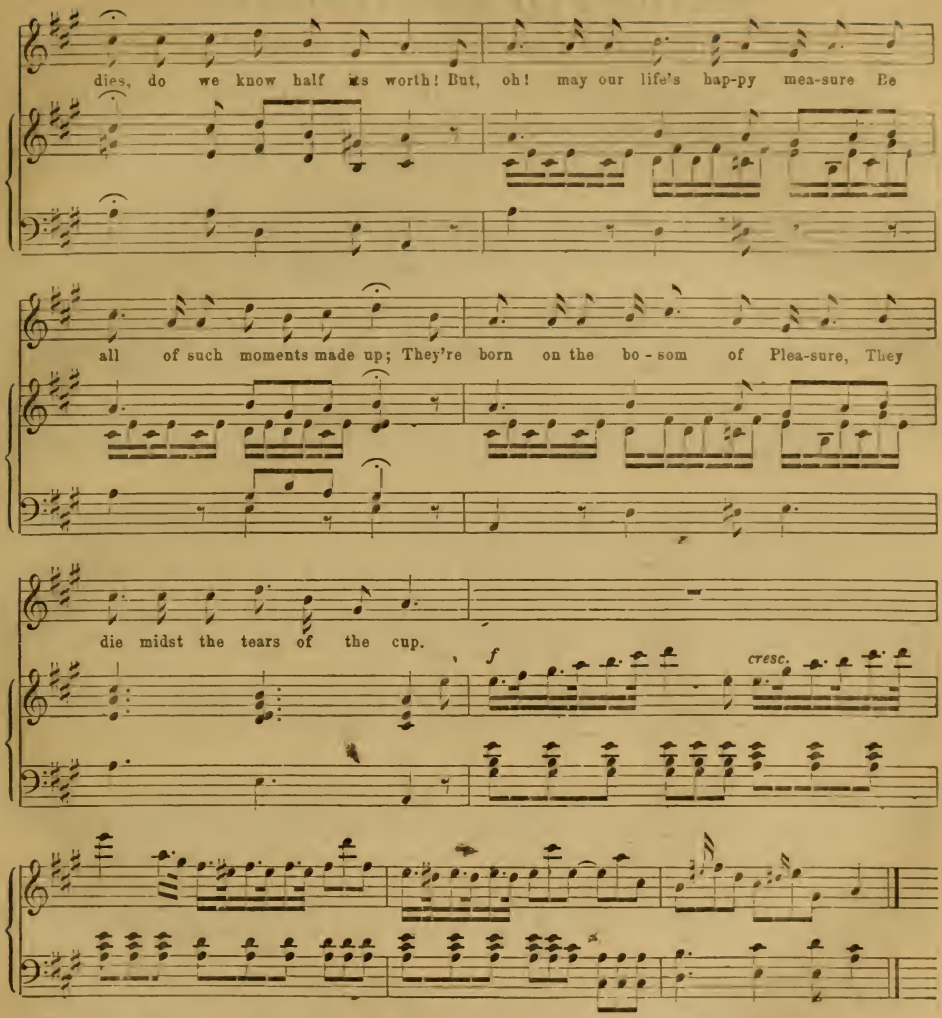
* "There are countries," says MONTAIGNE, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

With animation.

AIR—MOLL ROE IN THE MORNING.





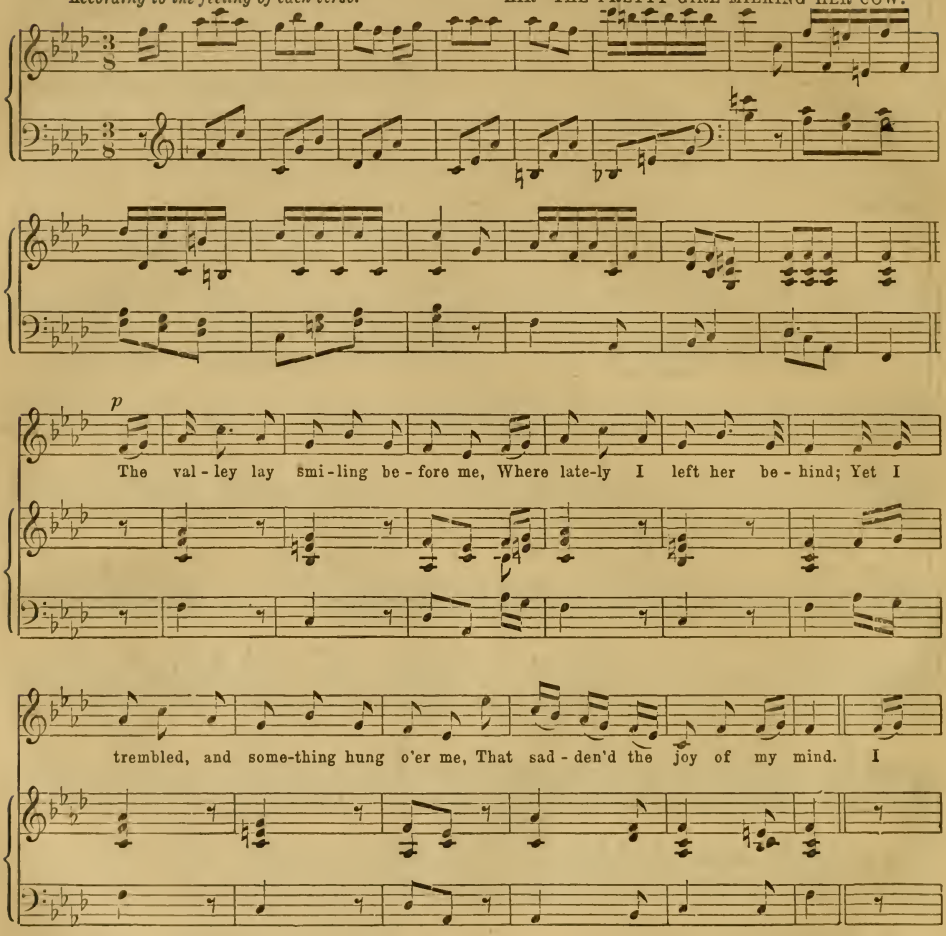
As onward we journey, how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
Those few sunny spots, like the present,
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile!
But time, like a pitiless master,
Cries "Onward!" and spurs the gay hours —
Ah, never doth time travel faster,
Than when his way lies among flowers.
But come—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
The waters beneath him how bright,
And now let our farewell of drinking
Resemble that farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting,
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim
So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full, liquid glory, like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'Twas born in the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

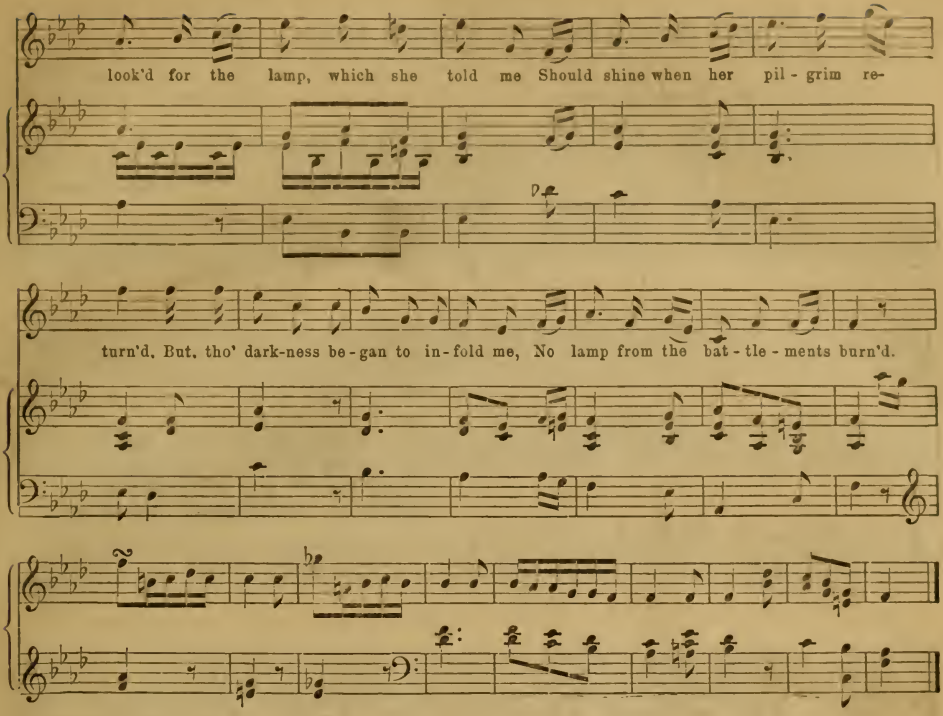
THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.*

According to the feeling of each verse. AIR—THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.



* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran: — "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet could it not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." — The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.



II.

I flew to her chamber — 'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead; —
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so often
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

III.

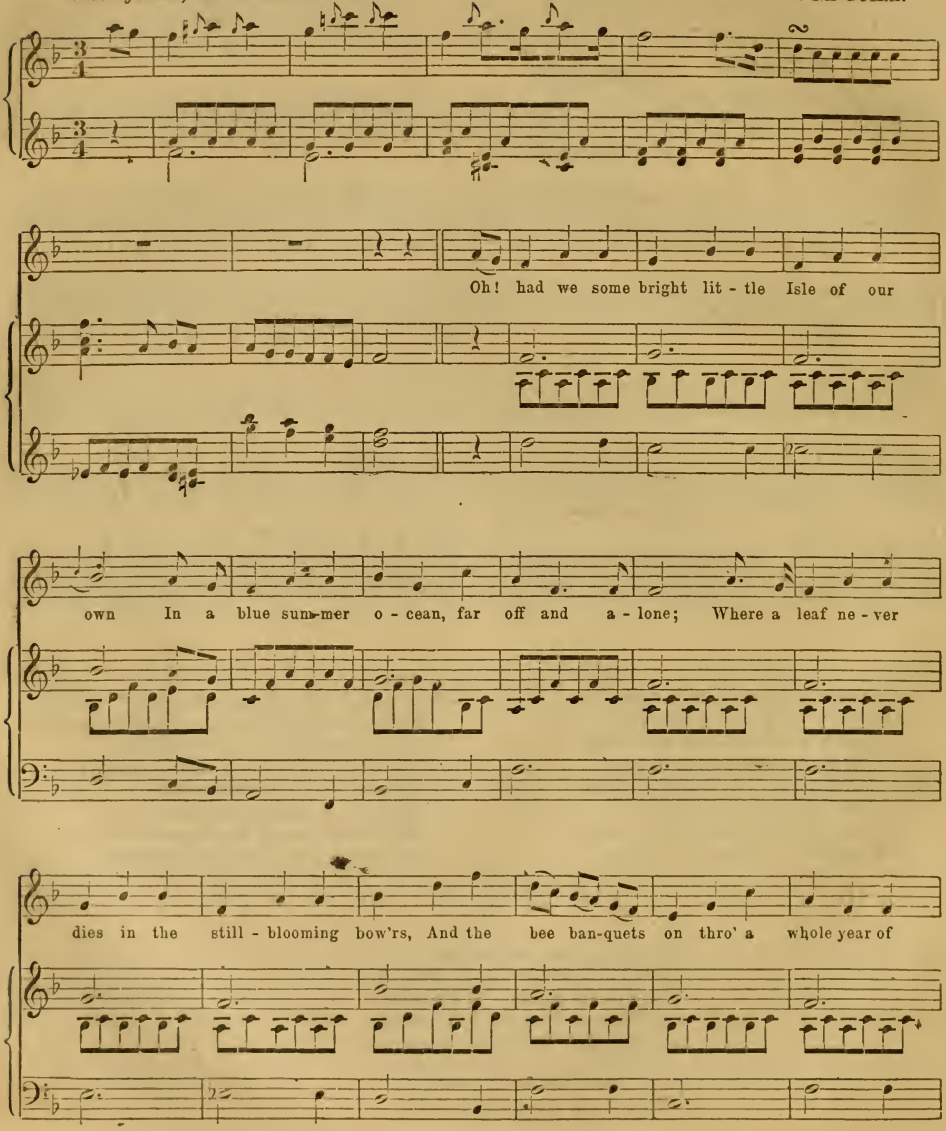
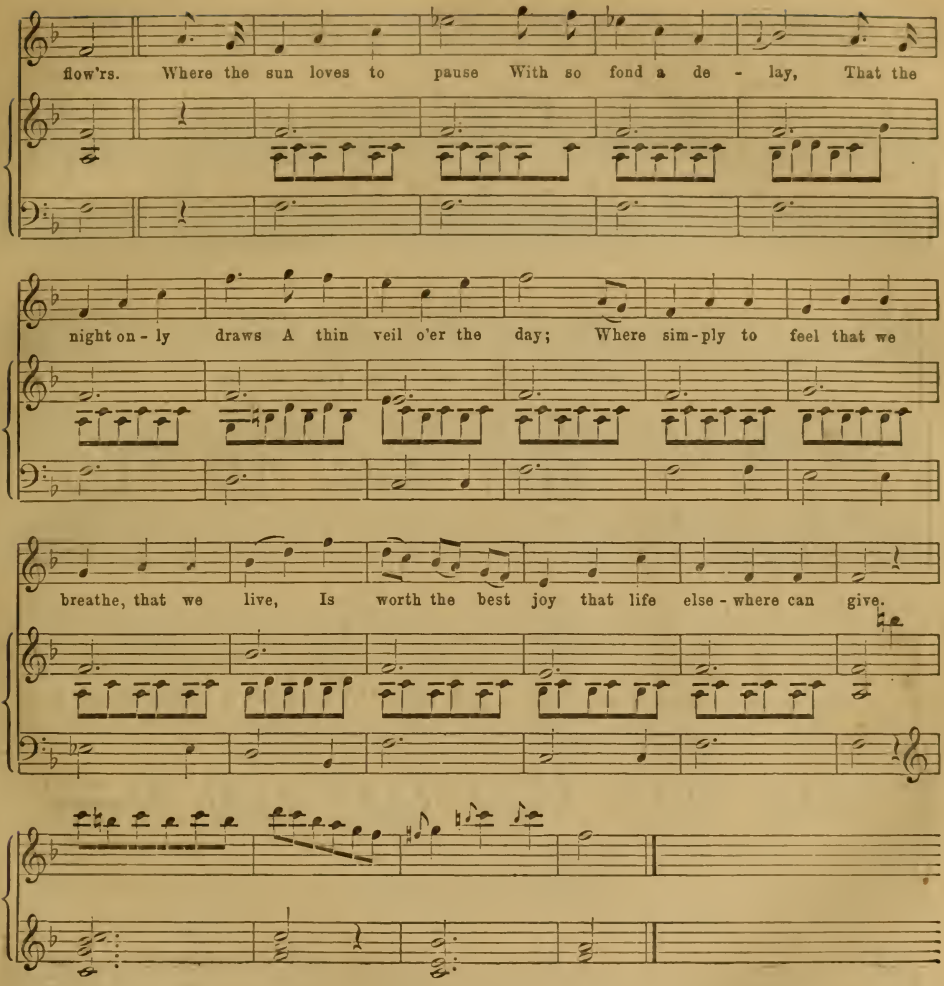
There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee *in thought!*
While now — O degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

IV.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide — to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward! — the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,
On *their's* is the Saxon and guilt.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.

With lightness, and in moderate time. AIR—SHEELA NA GUIRA.

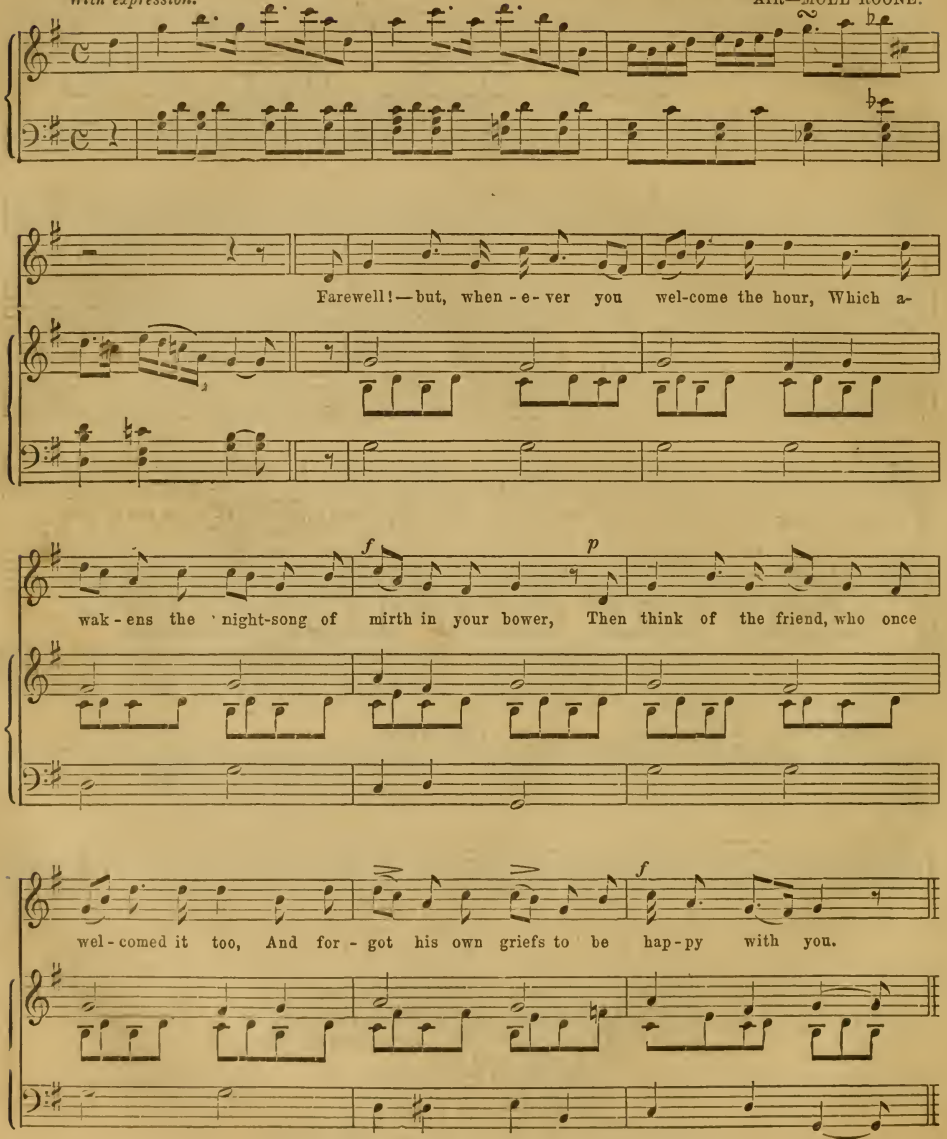


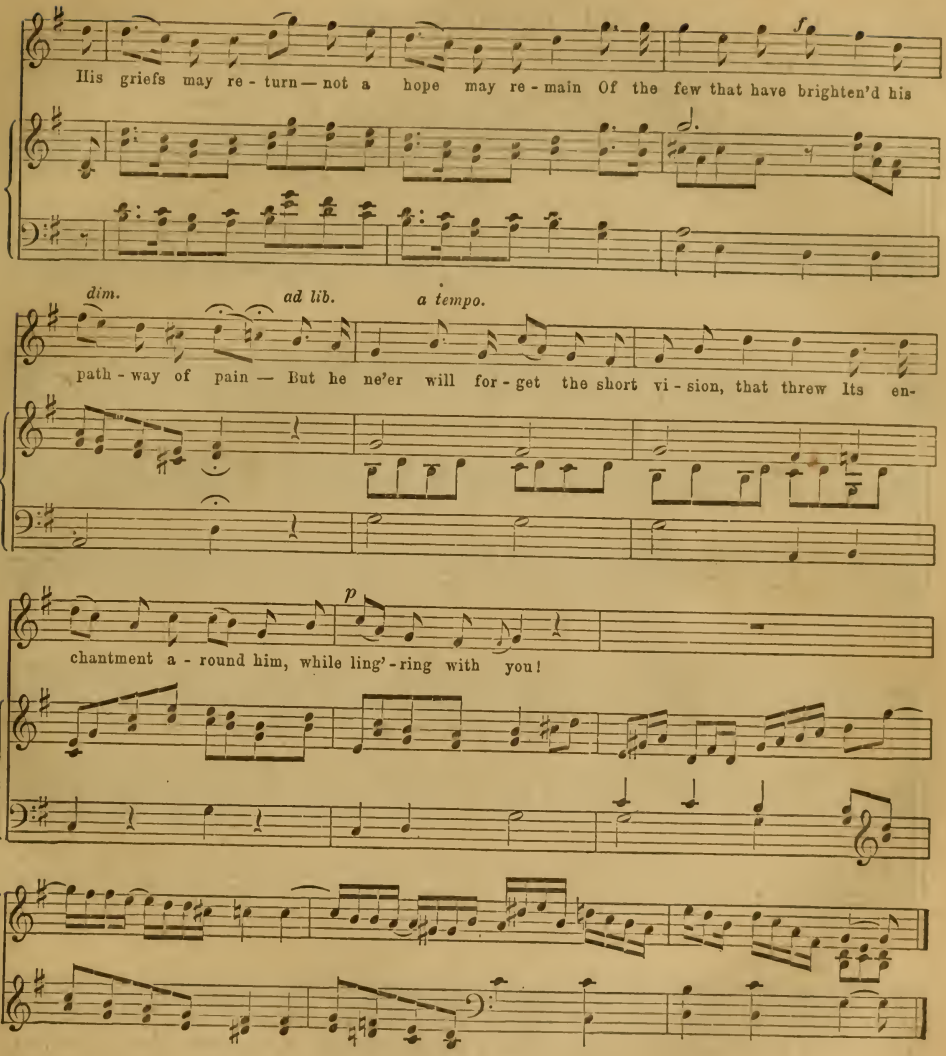
II.

There with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers,
And with hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers,
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

FAREWELL! BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

With expression. AIR—MOLL ROONE.





II.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles —
Too blest, if it tells me, that 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmur'd, "I wish he were here!"

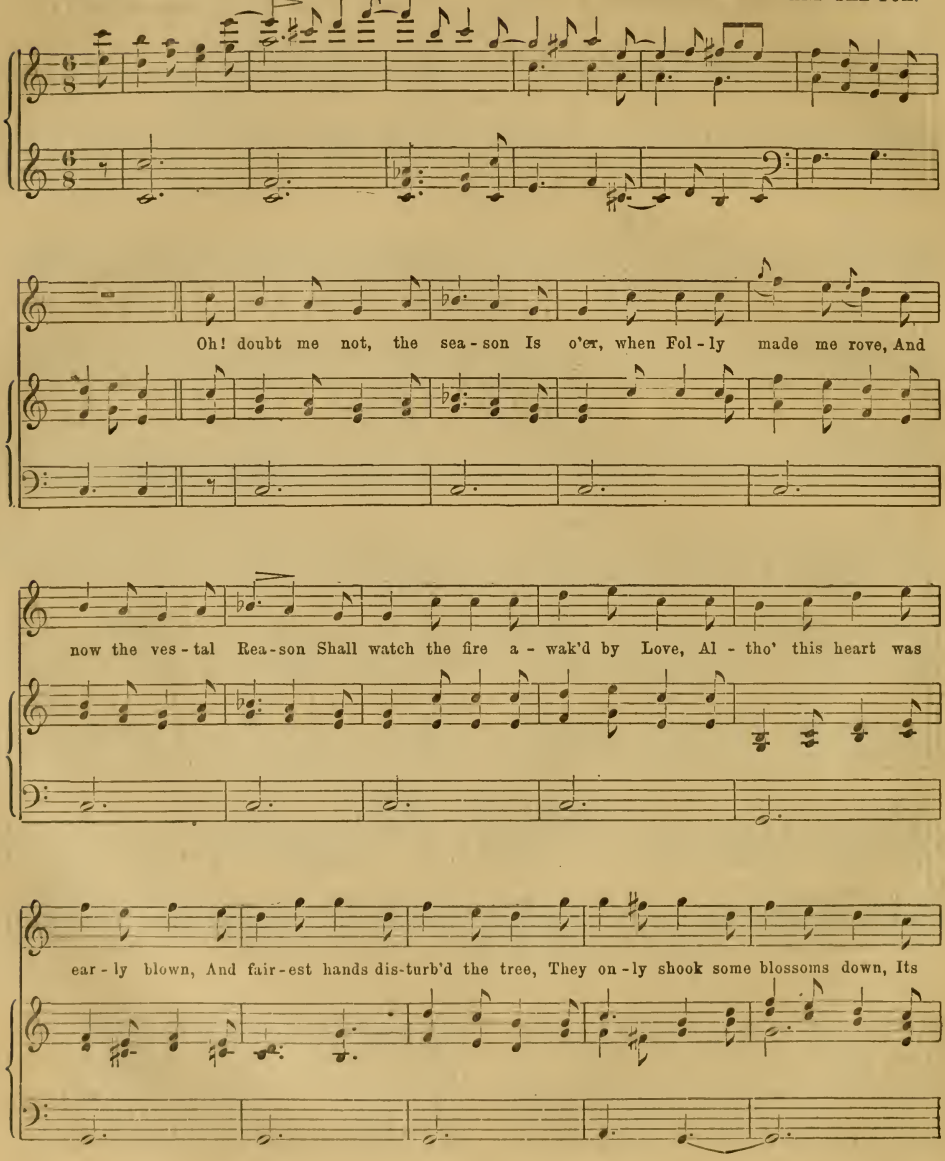
III.

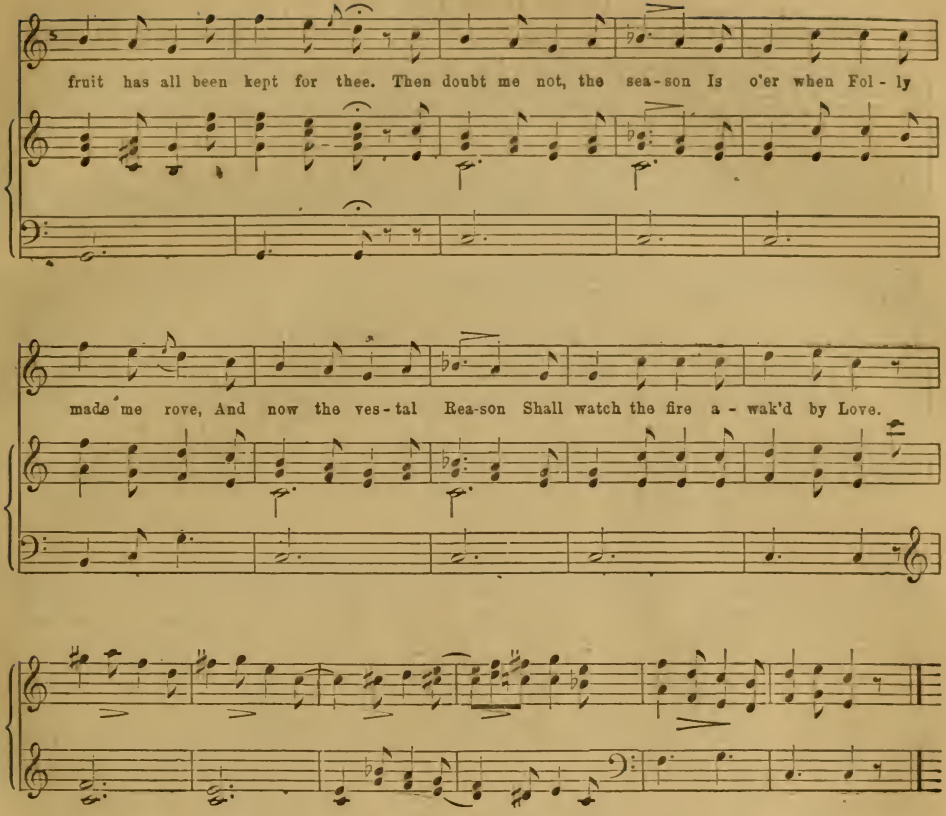
Let Fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distil'd —
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

With feeling and cheerfulness.

AIR - YELLOW WAT AND THE FOX.





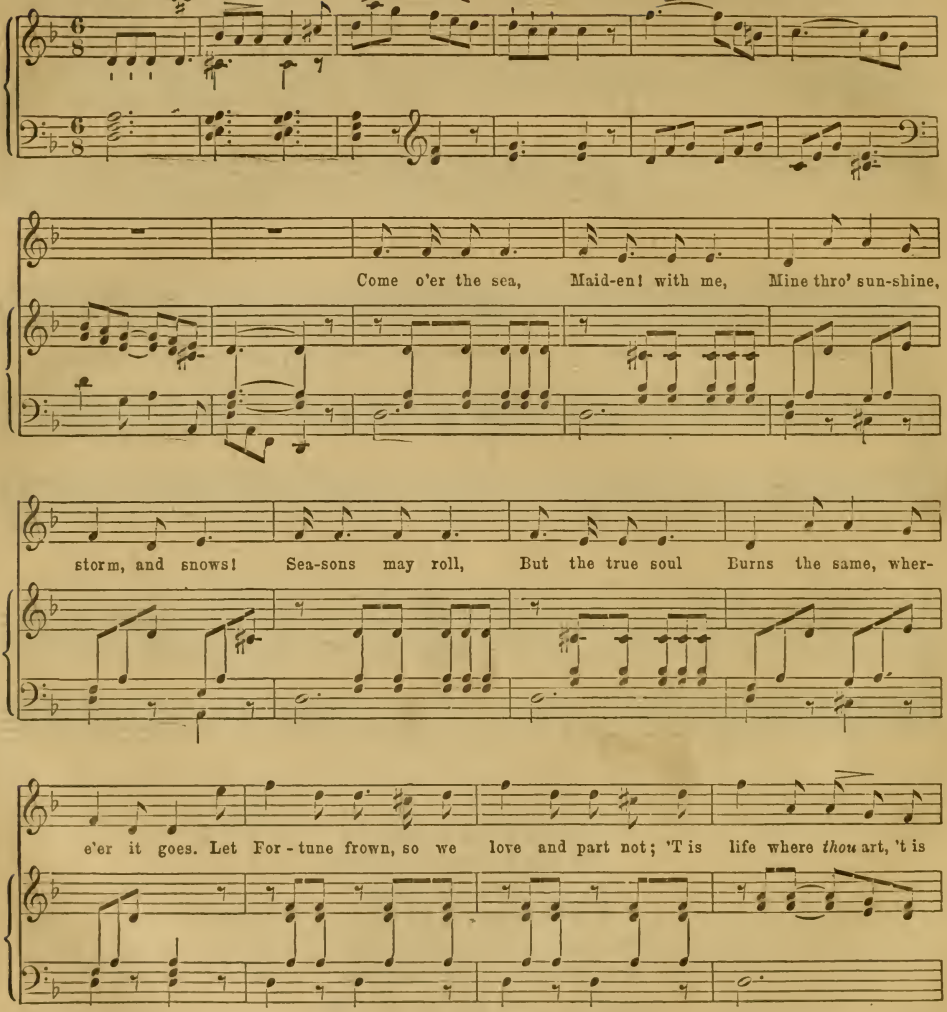
II.

And though my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

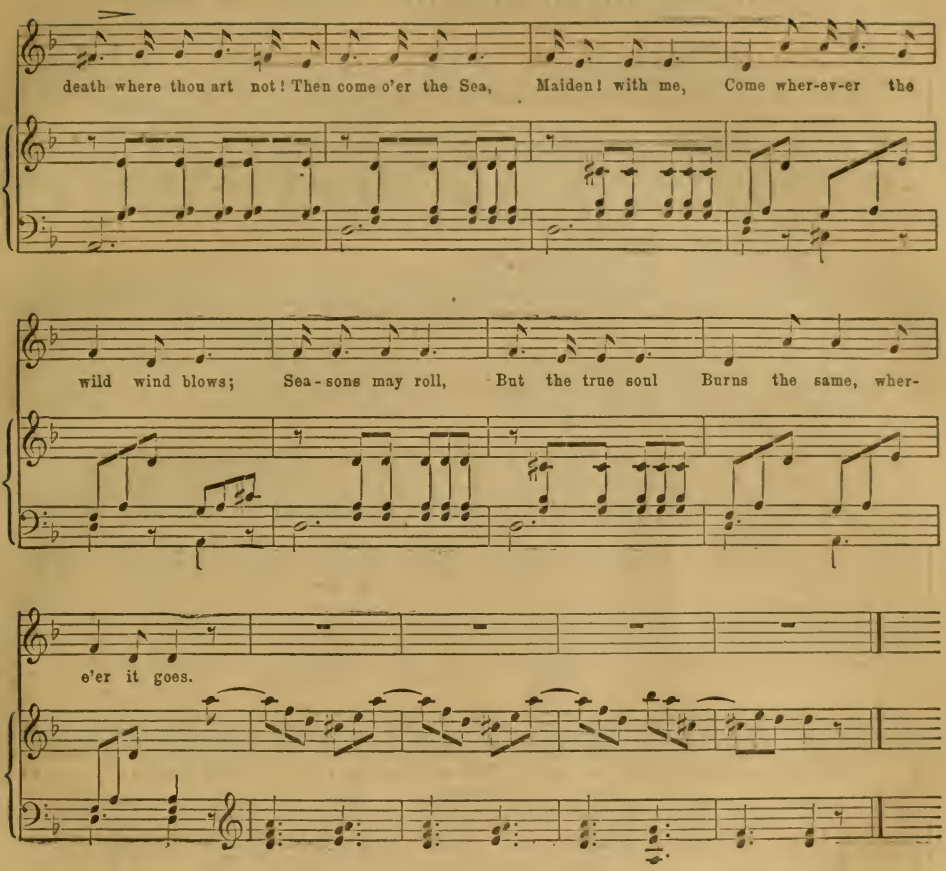
With impassioned melancholy.

AIR—CUSHLA MA CHREE.*



* The following are some of the original words of this wild and singular Air; — they contain rather an odd assortment of grievances.

Cushla ma chree,
Did you but see
How, the rogue, he did serve me; — *Bis.*
He broke my pitcher, he spilt my water,
He kiss'd my wife, and he married my daughter!
O Cushla ma chree! &c.

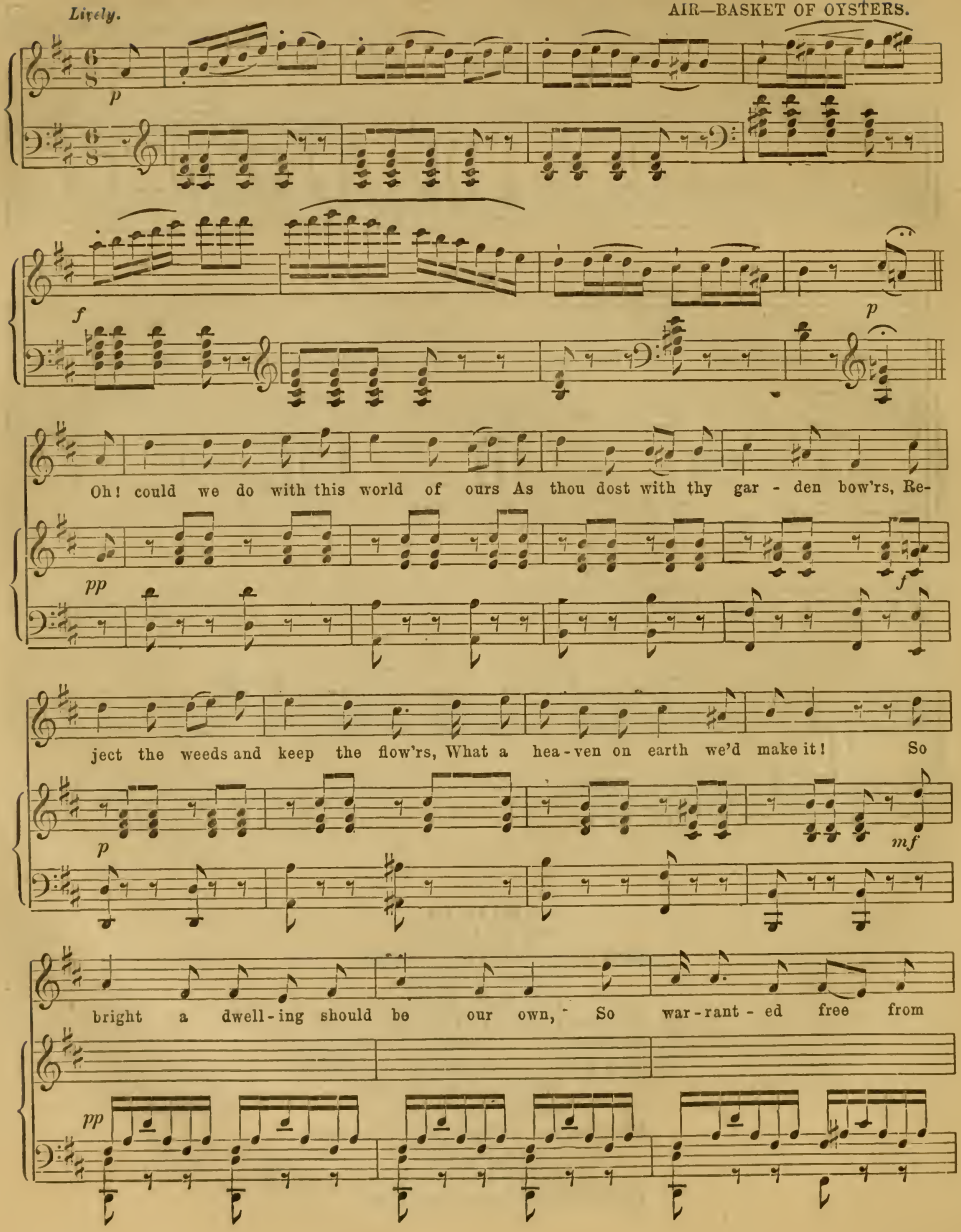


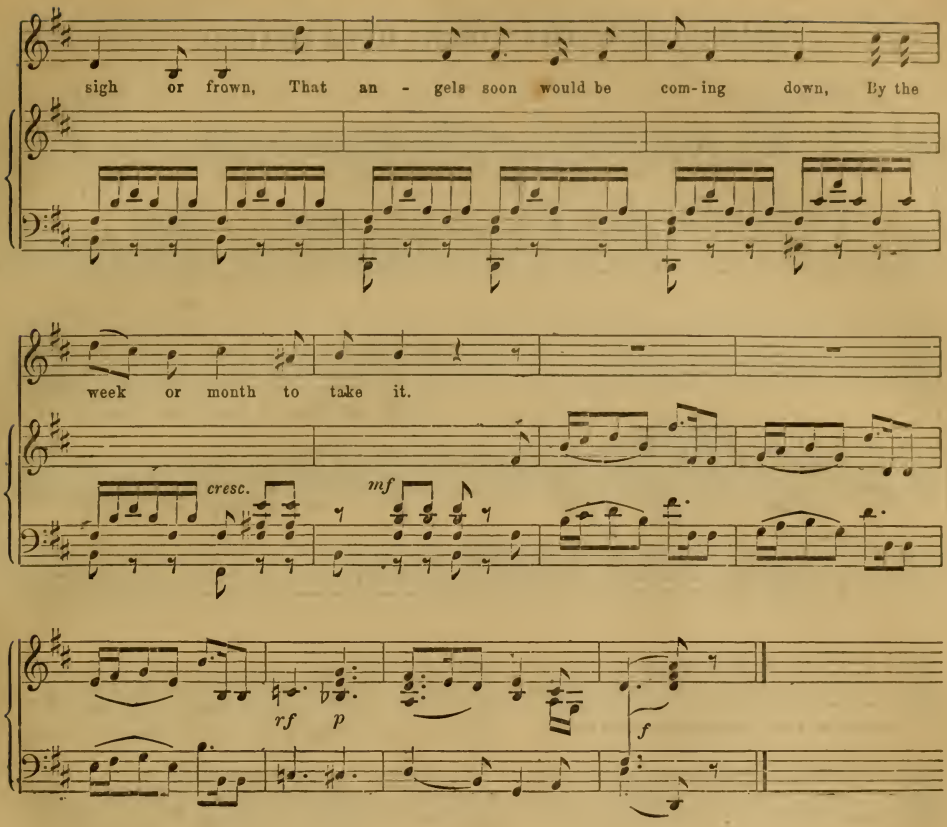
II.

Was not the sea
Made for the Free,
Land for courts and chains alone?
Here we are slaves,
But, on the waves,
Love and liberty's all our own.
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us —
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.

OH! COULD WE DO WITH THIS WORLD OF OURS.

Lively. AIR—BASKET OF OYSTERS.





II.

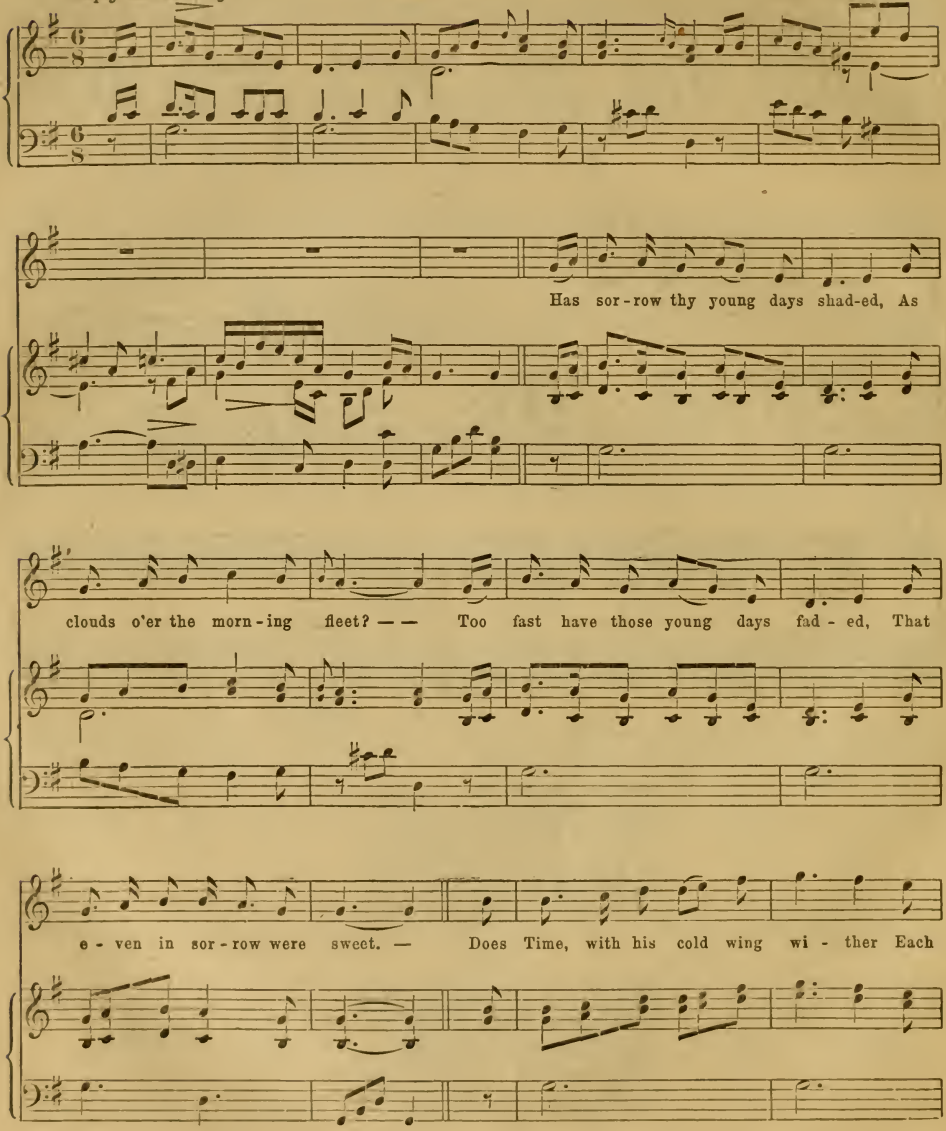
Like those gay flies that wing thro' air,
And in themselves a lustre bear,
A stock of light, still ready there,
  Whenever they wish to use it; —
So, in this world I'd make for thee,
Our hearts should all like fire-flies be,
And the flash of wit or poesy
  Break forth whenever we choose it.

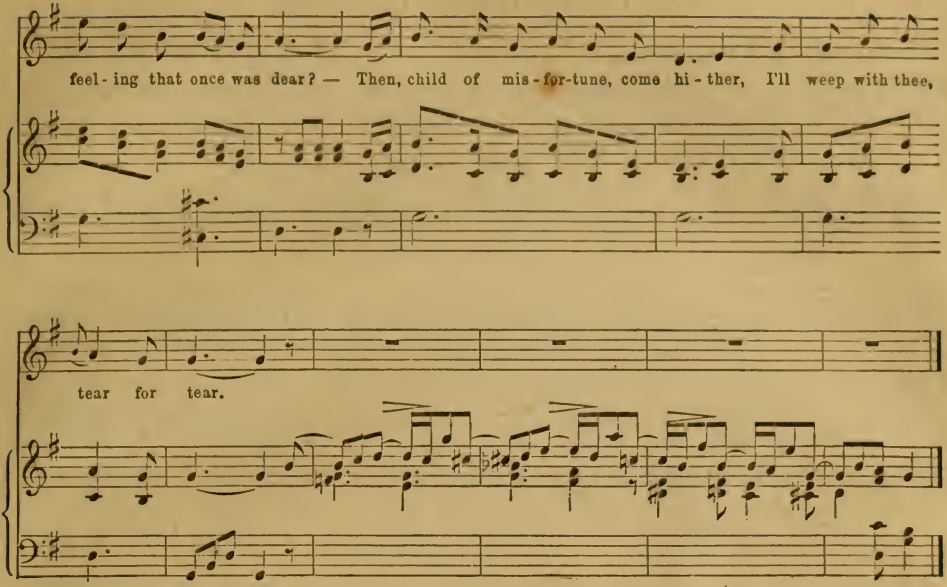
III.

While ev'ry joy that glads our sphere
Hath still some shadow hov'ring near,
In this new world of ours, my dear,
  Such shadows will all be omitted: —
Unless they 're like that graceful one
Which, when thou 'rt dancing in the sun,
Still near thee, leaves a charm upon
  Each spot where it hath flitted.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

Simply and tenderly. AIR—SLY PATRICK.





II.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
Been like a Lagenian mine,*
Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine?
But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

III.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,†
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory —
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display,
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away?

IV.

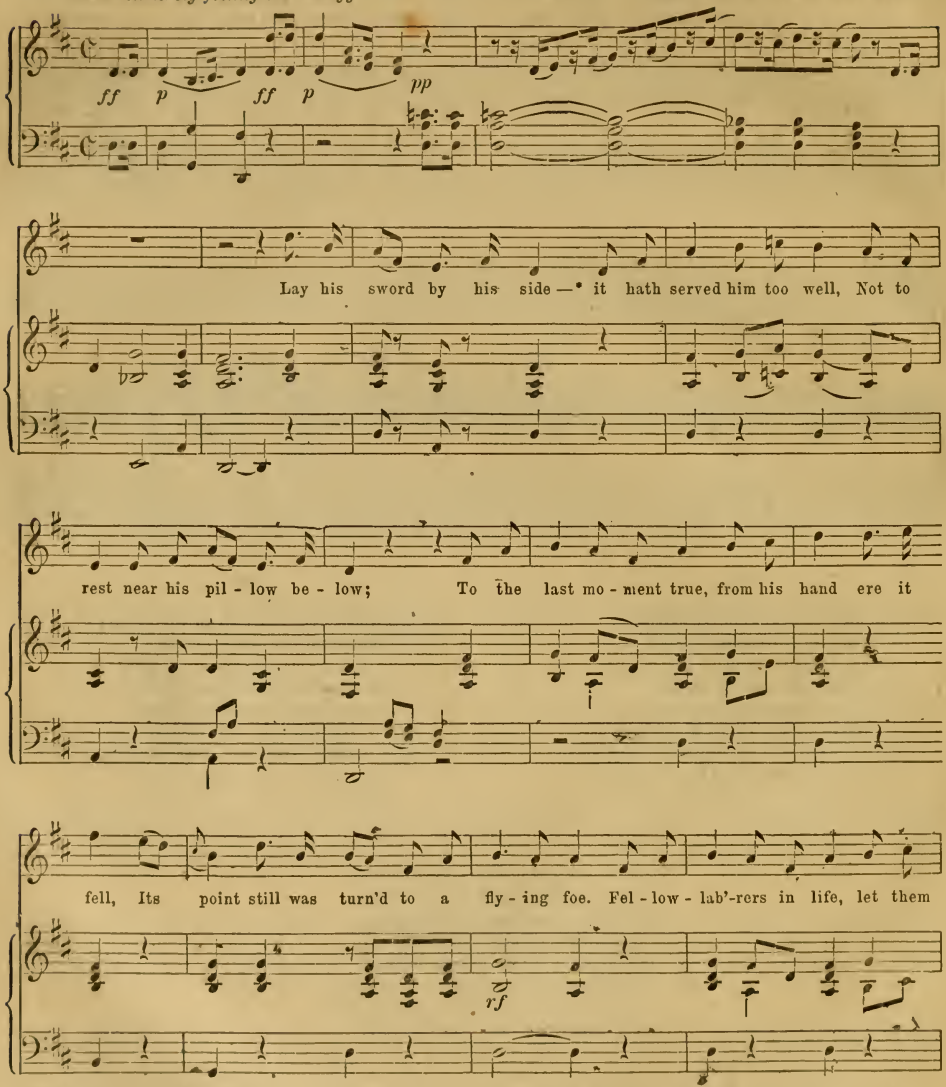
If thus the young hours have fleeted,
When sorrow itself look'd bright;
If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
That led thee along so light;
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear: —
Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

* Our Wicklow gold-mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

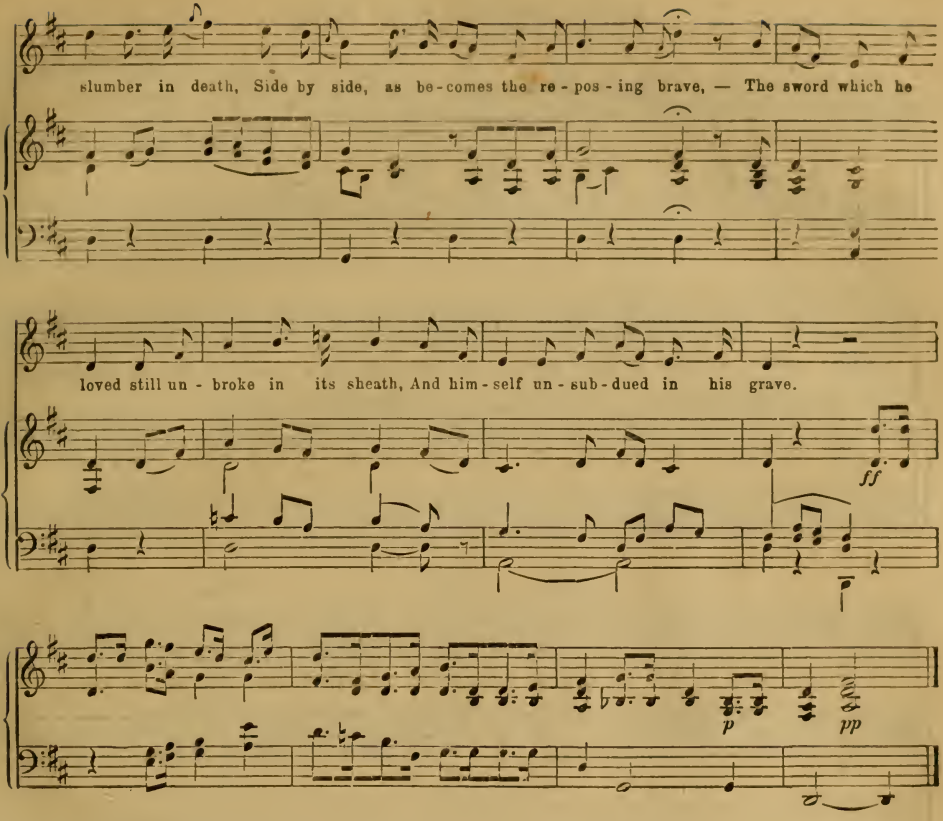
† "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c. — Arabian Nights, Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China

LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

With melancholy feeling and energy. AIR—IF THE SEA WERE INK.



* It was the custom of the ancient Irish, in the manner of the Scythians, to bury the favourite swords of their heroes along with them.



II.

Yet pause — for, in fancy, a still voice I hear,
As if breath'd from his brave heart's remains; —
Faint echo of that which in Slavery's ear
Once sounded the war-word, "Burst your chains!"
And it cries, from the grave where the Hero lies deep,
"Tho' the day of your Chieftain for ever hath set,
Oh leave not his sword thus in-glorious to sleep, —
It hath Victory's life in it yet.

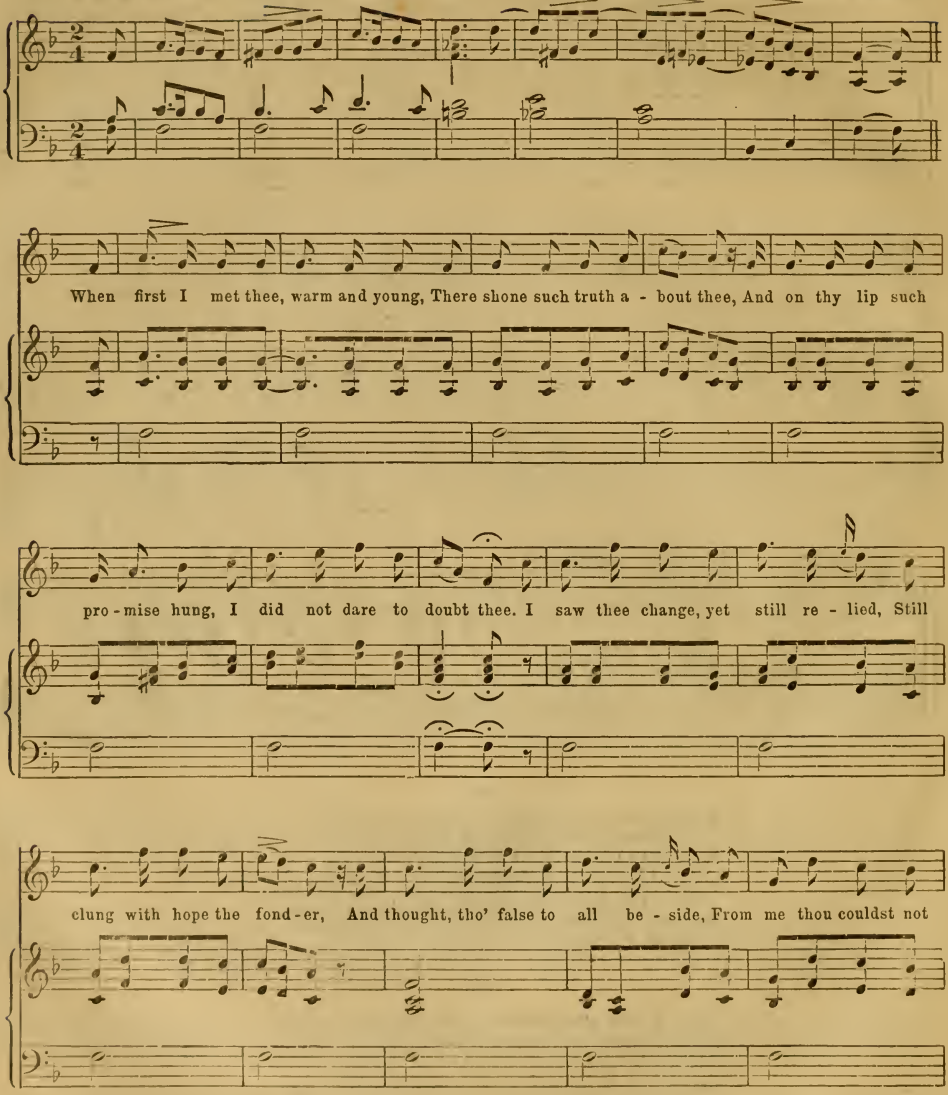
III.

"Should some alien, unworthy such weapon to wield,
Dare to touch thee, my own gallant sword,
Then rest in thy sheath, like a talisman seal'd,
Or return to the grave of thy chainless lord.
But, if grasp'd by a hand that hath known the bright use
Of a falchion, like thee, on the battle plain, —
Then, at Liberty's summons, like lightning let loose,
Leap forth from thy dark sheath again!"

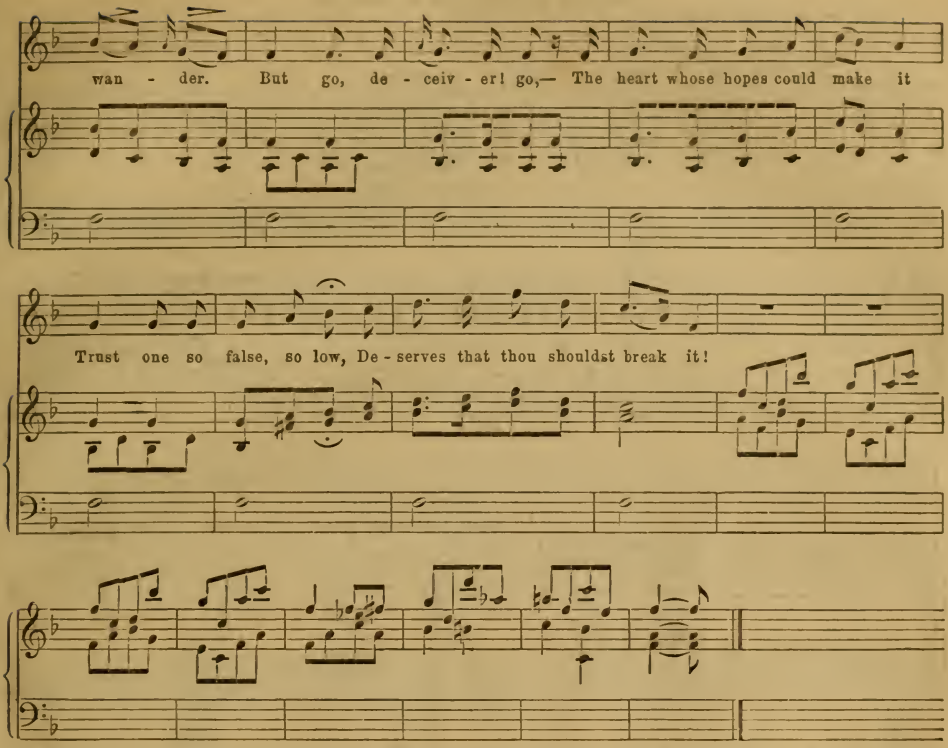
WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

In moderate time.

AIR—O PATRICK, FLY FROM ME.*



* This very beautiful Irish air was sent to me by a gentleman of Oxford. There is much pathos in the original words, and both words and music have all the features of authenticity.



II.

When every tongue thy follies named,
I fled th' unwelcome story;
Or found, in ev'n the faults they blamed,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou 'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

III.

Ev'n now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few, who loved thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!
Go—go—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

IV.

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When ev'n those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou 'st lost for ever!
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still received thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believed thee.
Go—go—'t is vain to curse,
'T is weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

Moderate time with energy.

AIR—PADDY WHACK.

cresc. *p*

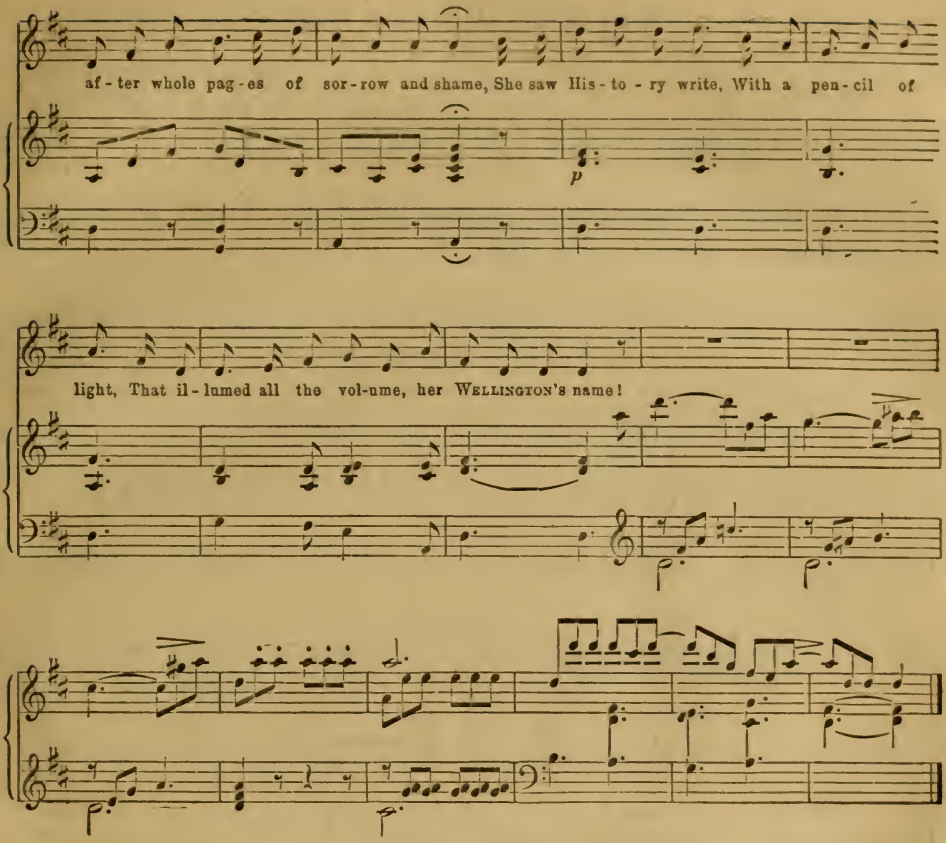
While His-to-ry's Muse the me - mo - rial was keeping Of

p *p*

espress.

all that the dark hand of Des - ti - ny weaves, Be-side her the Ge-nius of E - rin stood weeping, For

hers was the sto-ry that blot-ted the leaves. But, oh! how the tear in her eye-lids grew bright, When,



II.

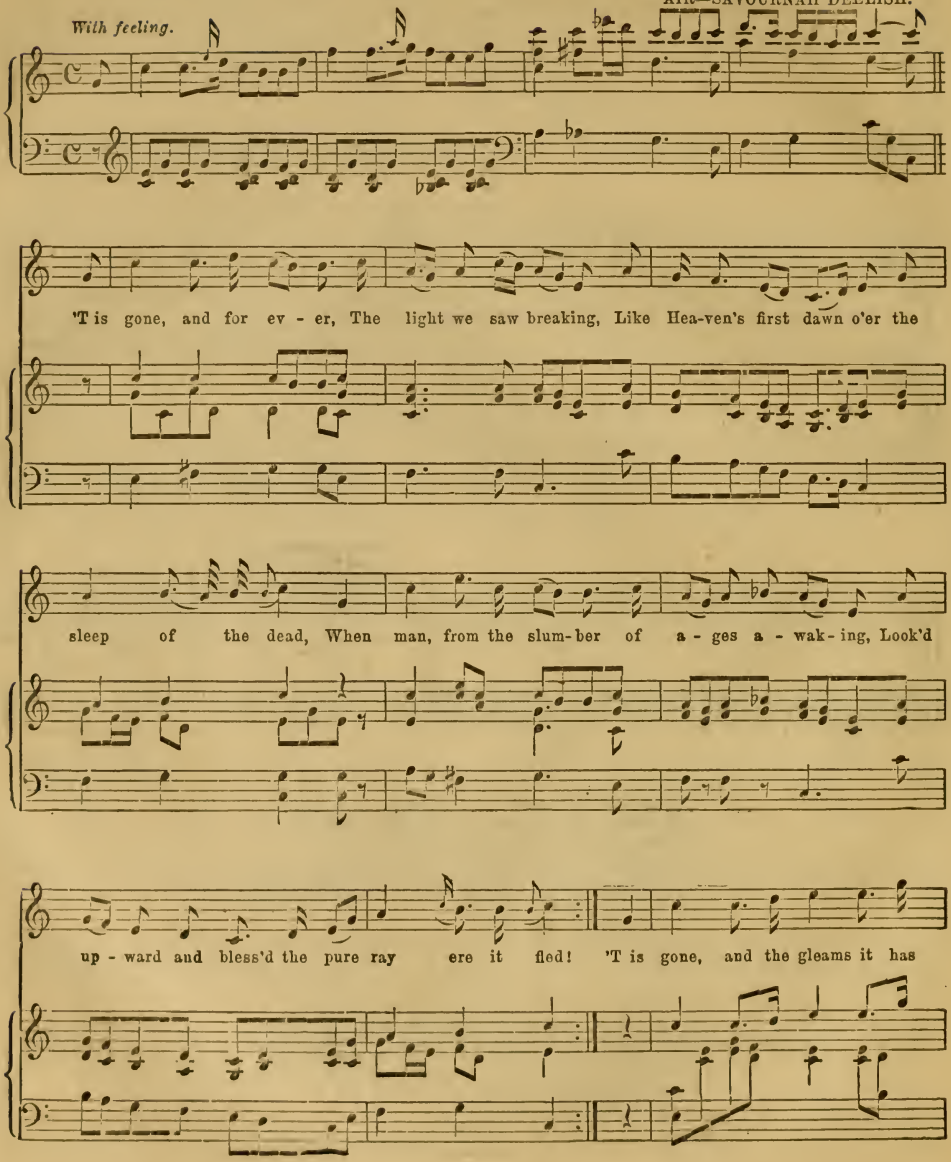
"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With beams such as break from her own dewy skies—
"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
For though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;—
But oh! there is not
One dishonouring blot
On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name?

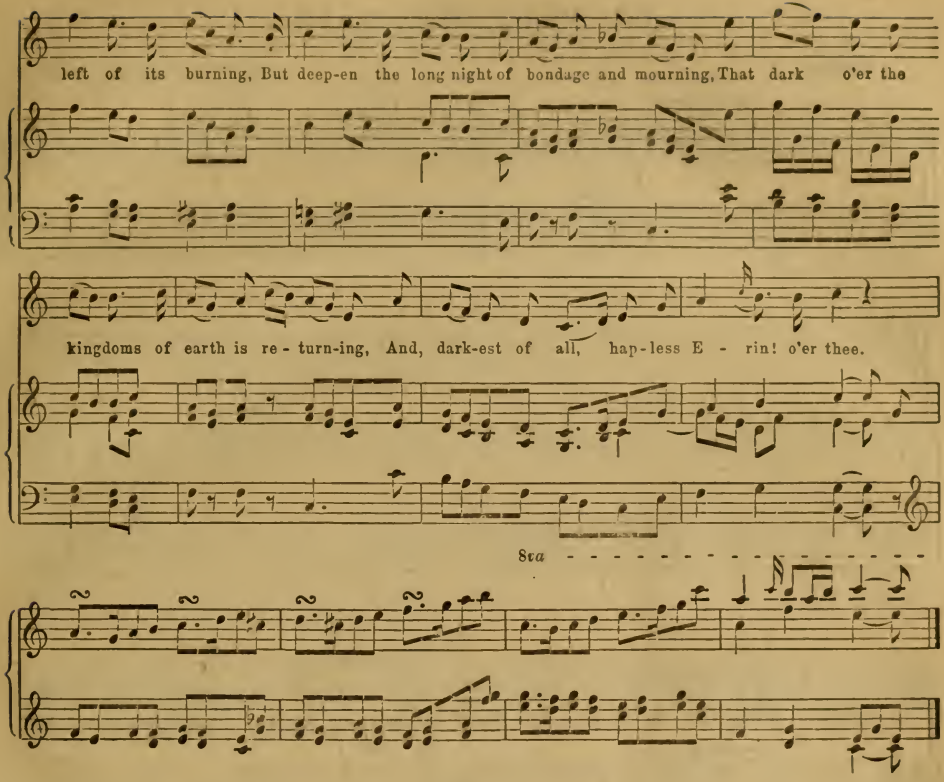
III.

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, even *thou* hast yet known;
Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
And, bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood,
Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name!"

'T IS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

AIR—SAVOURNAH DEELISH.





II.

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
Around thee, through all the gross clouds of the world;
When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
At once, like a sunburst, her banner unfurl'd.
Oh, never shall earth see a moment so splendid!
Then, then, had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
The tongues of all nations, how sweet had ascended
The first note of Liberty, Erin! from thee.

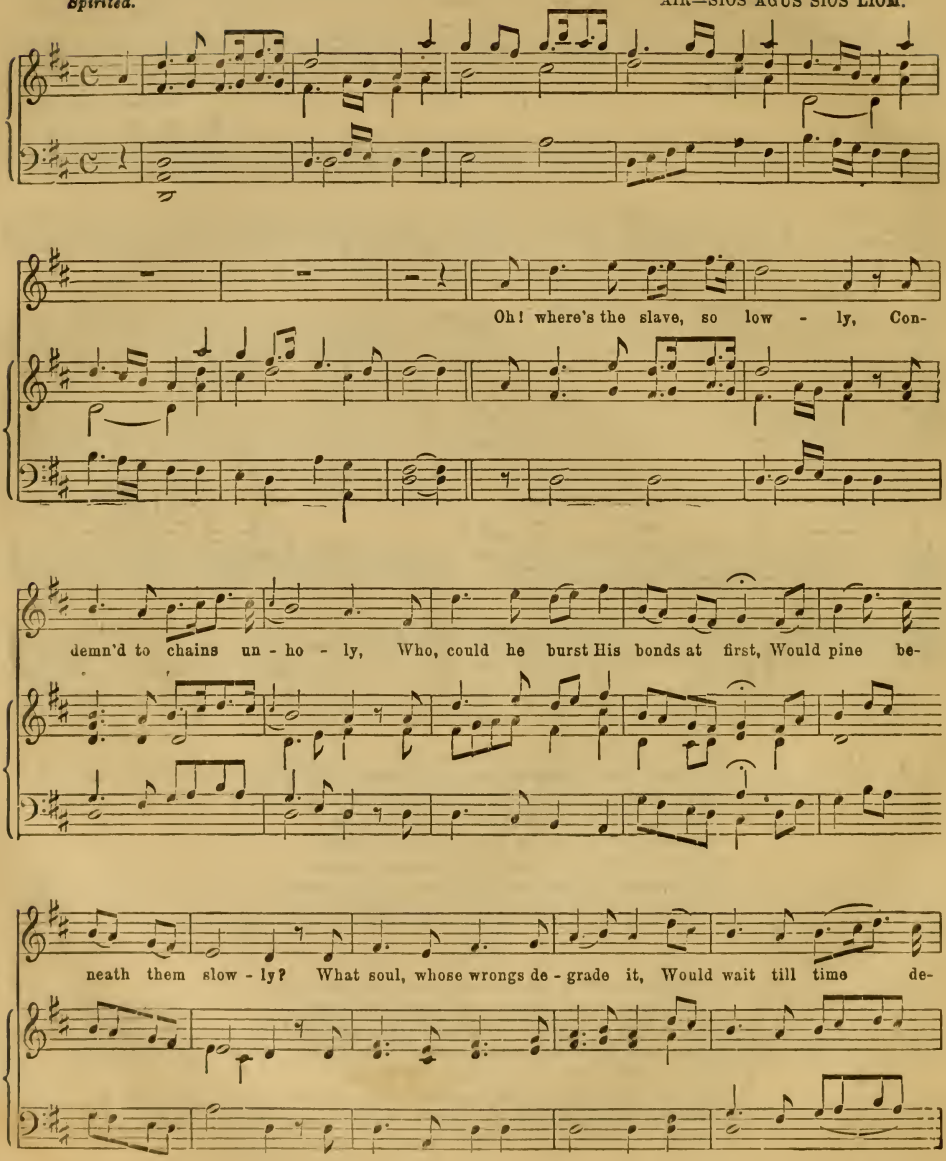
III.

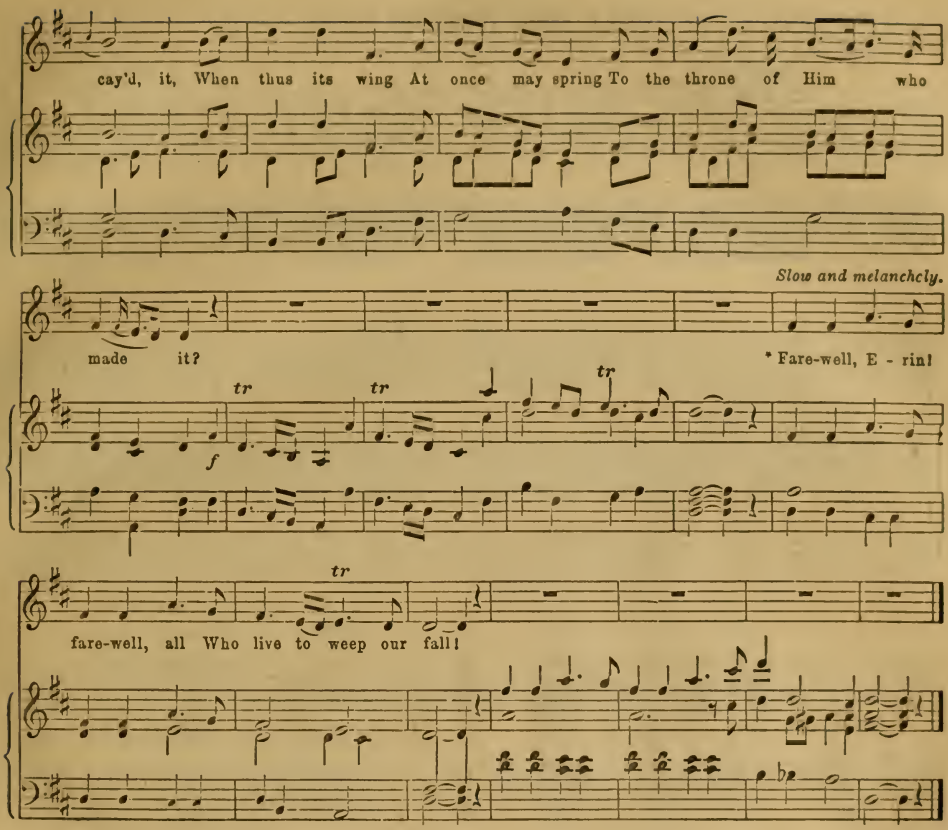
But shame on those tyrants, who envied the blessing!
And shame on the light race, unworthy its good,
Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood.
Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
As first it arose, my lost Erin! on thee.

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

Spirited.

AIR—SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM.





II.

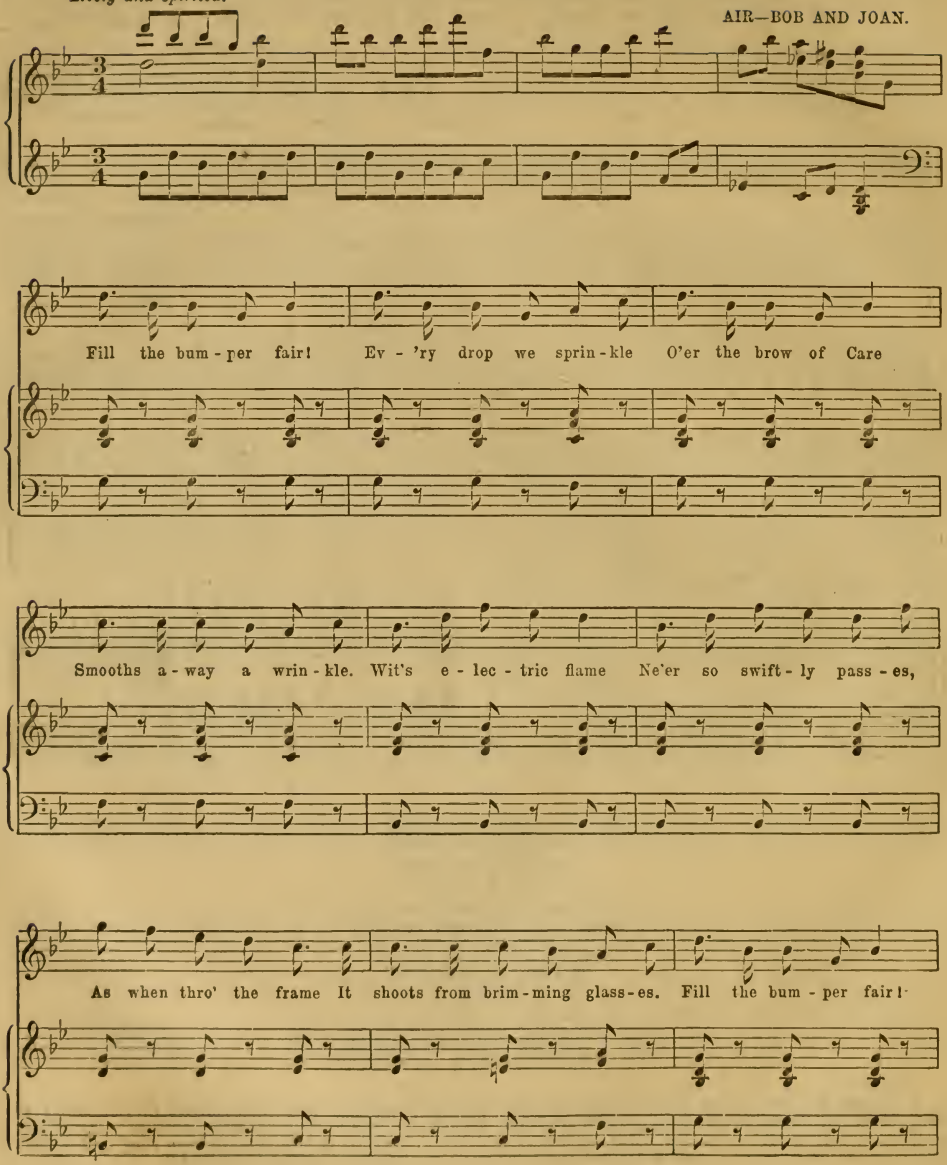
Less dear the laurel growing
Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
Than that whose braid
Is pluck'd to shade
The brows with victory glowing.
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
The friends we've tried
Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.
Farewell, Erin, — farewell, all
Who live to weep our fall.

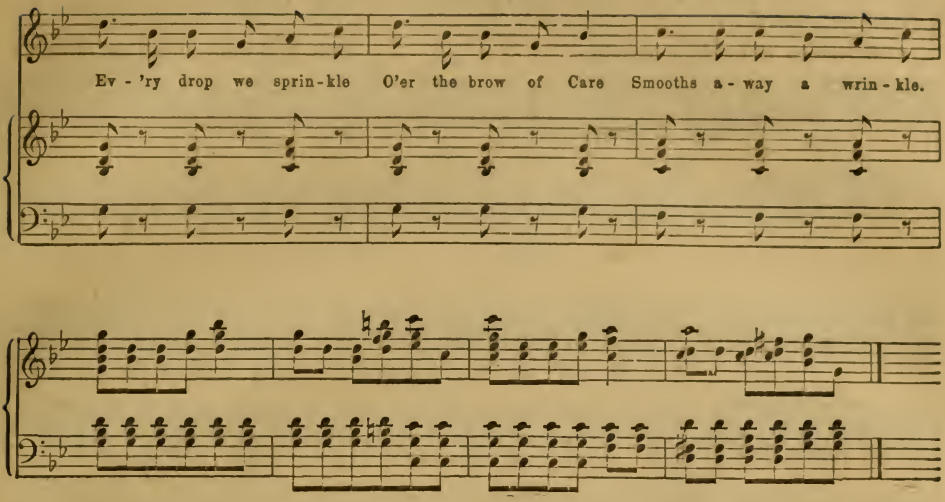
* The few bars which I have here taken the liberty of connecting with this spirited Air, form one of those melancholy strains of our Music, which are called *Dumps*. I found it in a collection entitled "The Hibernian Muse," and we are told in the Essay prefixed to that Work, that "it is said to have been sung by the Irish Women on the field of battle, after a terrible slaughter made by Cromwell's troops in Ireland."

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Lively and spirited.

AIR—BOB AND JOAN.





II.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starr'd dominions: —
So we, Sages, sit
And 'mid bumpers brightening,
From the heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning.
Fill the bumper, &c.

III.

Wouldst thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us.
Fill the bumper, &c.

IV.

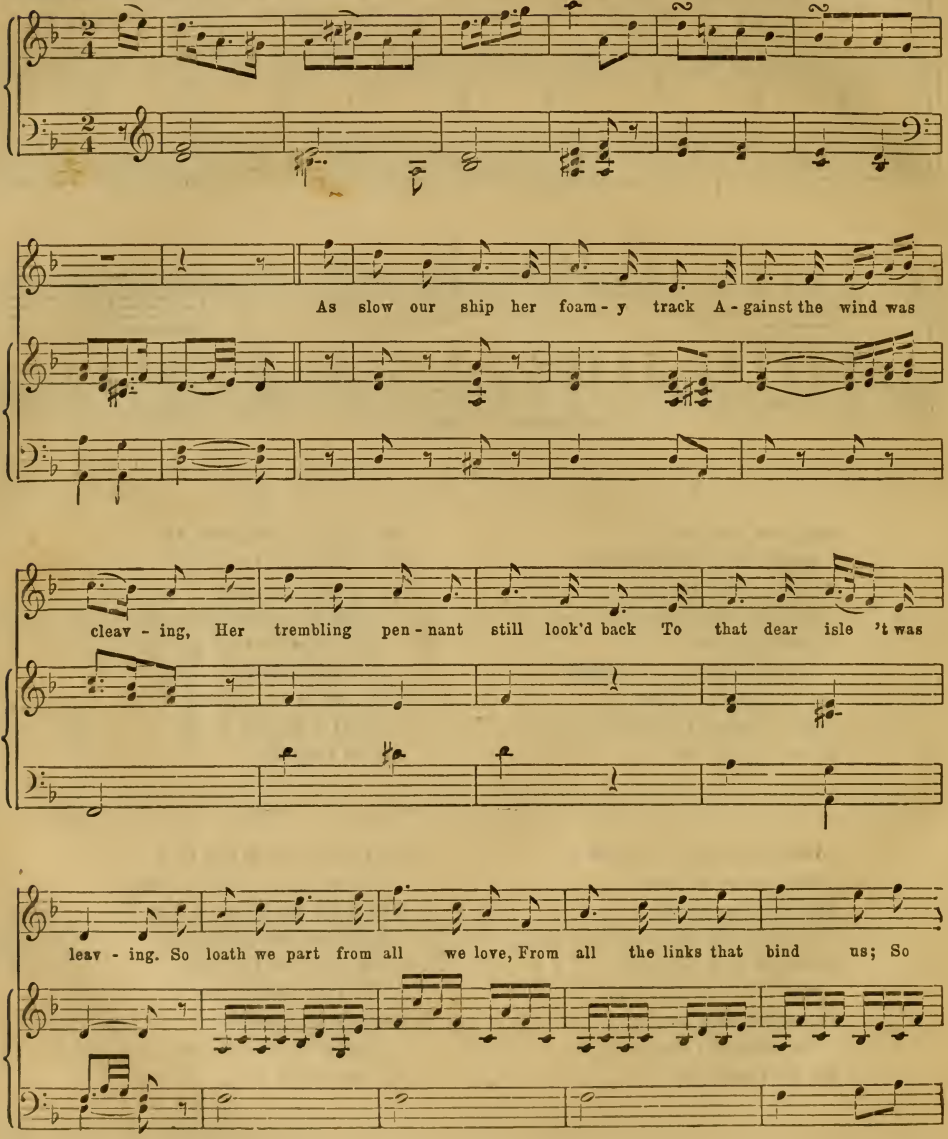
The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in. —
But oh, his joy! when, round
The halls of heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.
Fill the bumper, &c.

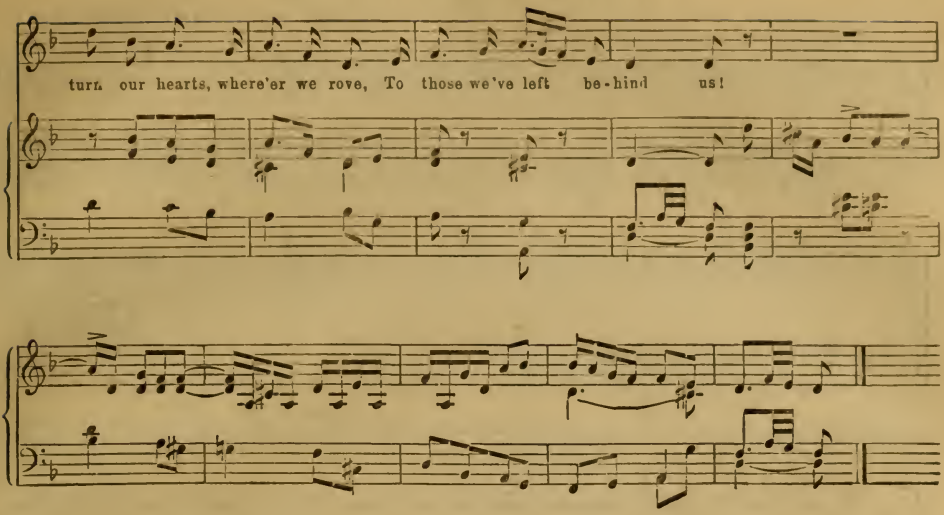
V.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure
With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper, &c

AS SLOW OUR SHIP HER FOAMY TRACK.

In moderate time and with expression. AIR—THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.





II.

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming,
And smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh sweet 's the cup that circles then
To those we 've left behind us!

III.

And, when in other climes we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heaven had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we 've left behind us!

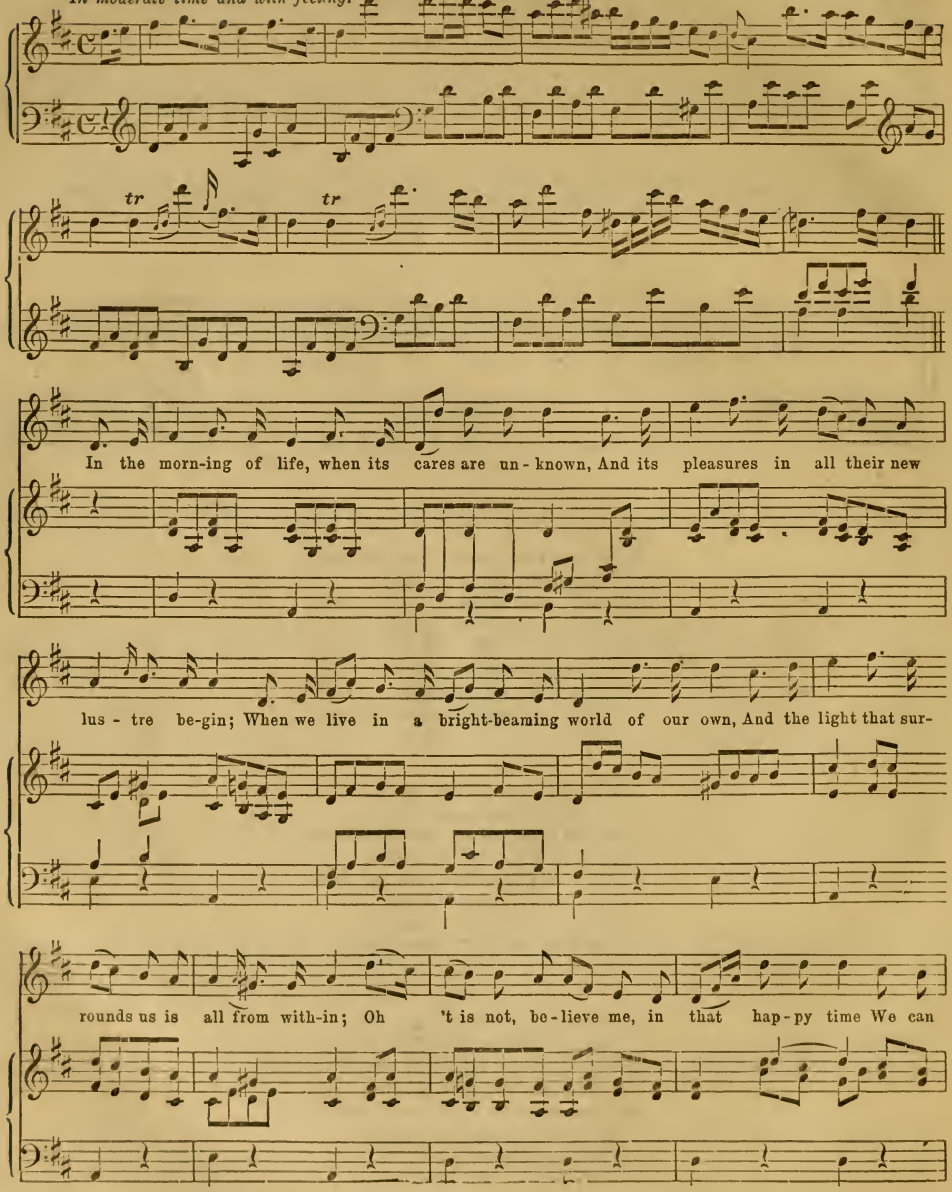
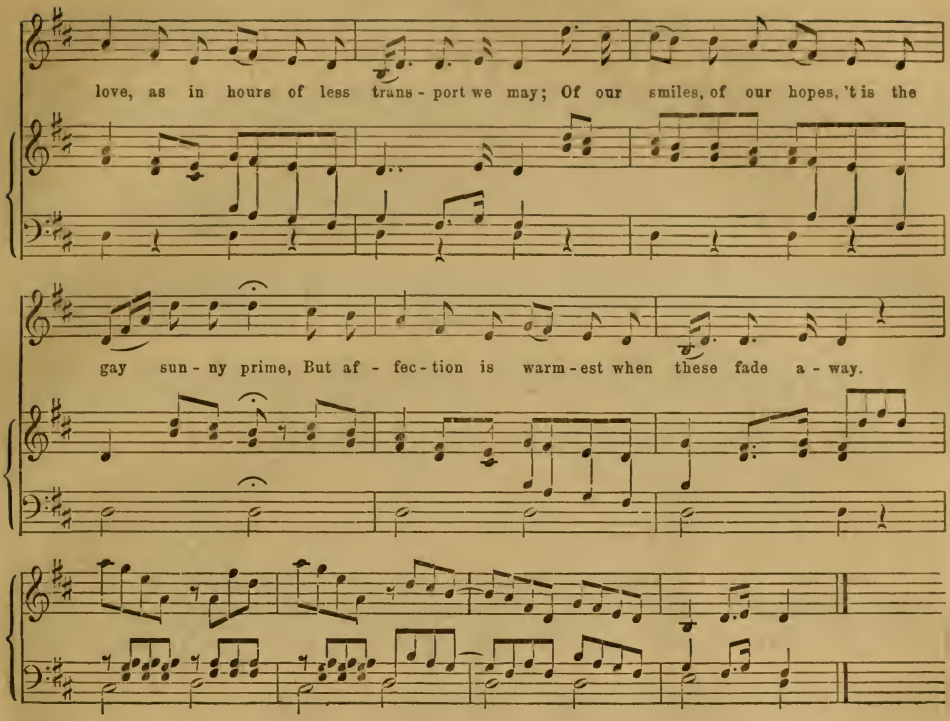
IV.

As trav'llers oft look back, at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing, —
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that 's left behind us.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

AIR—THE LITTLE HALVEST ROSE.

In moderate time and with feeling.



II.

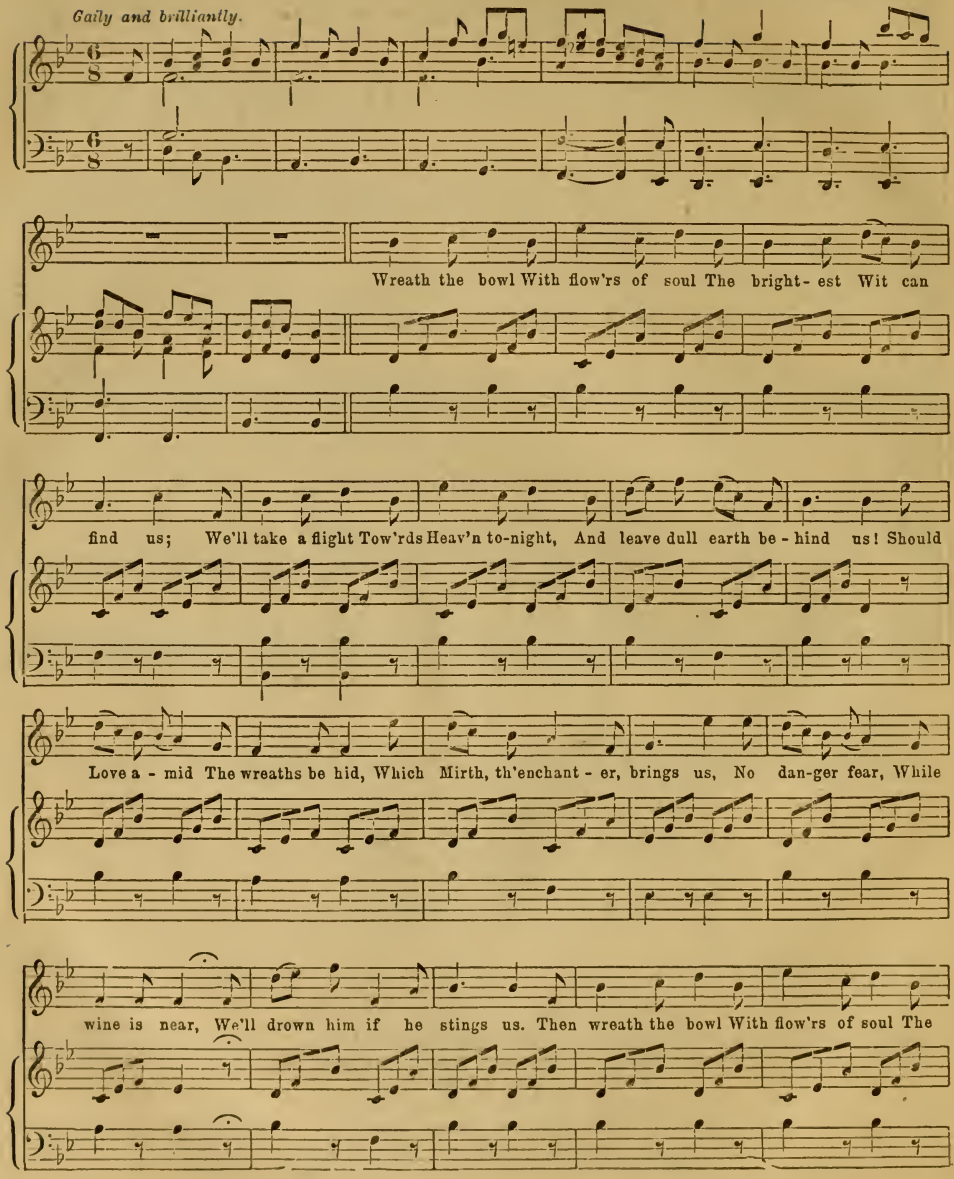
When we see the first charm of our youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
Now tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the moment affection can sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the Love, born of Sorrow, like Sorrow is true!

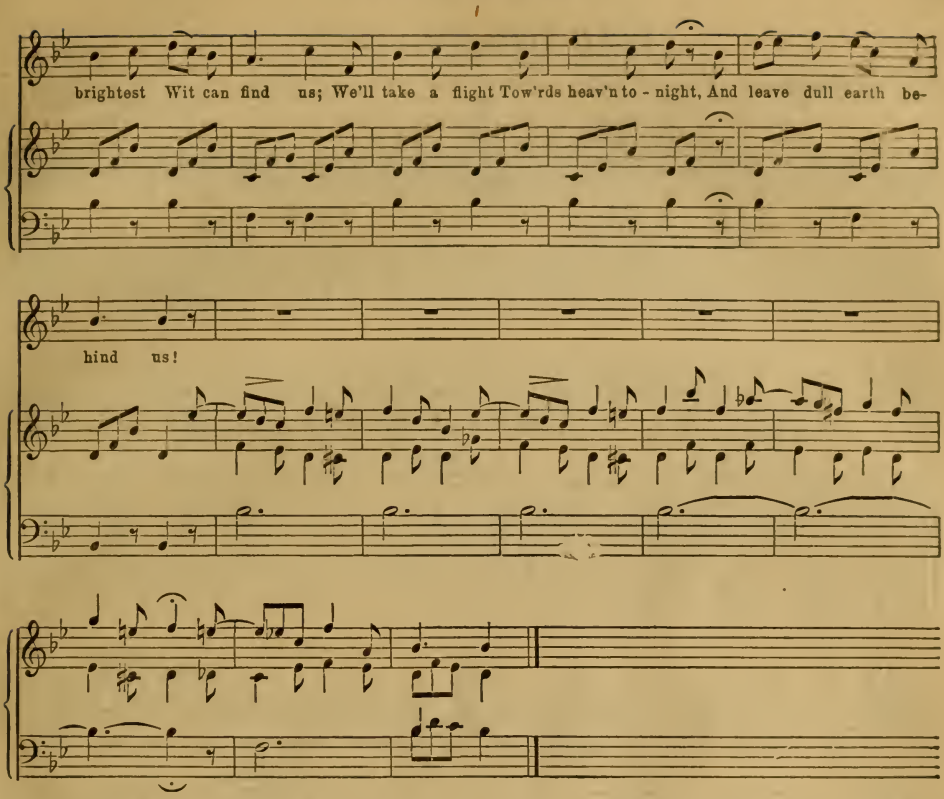
III

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
Yet faint is the odour the flowers shed about;
'T is the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies,
That call their full spirit of fragrancy out.
So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
But 't is only in grief true affection appears; —
To the magic of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears!

WREATH THE BOWL.

AIR—NORAN KITSA.





II.

'T was nectar fed,
Of old, 't is said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And Man may brew
His nectar too,
The rich receipt's as follows: —
Take wine like this,
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended,
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So wreath the bowl, &c.

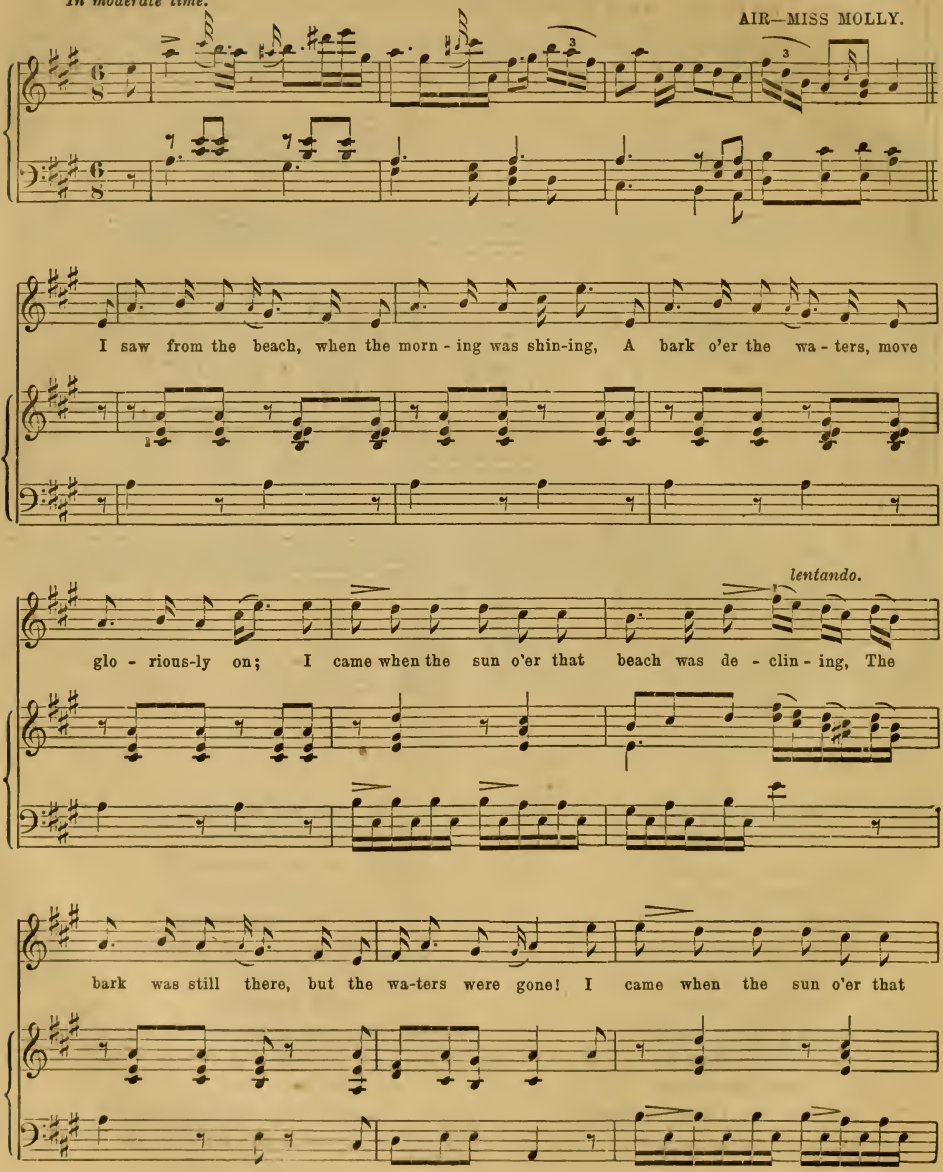
III.

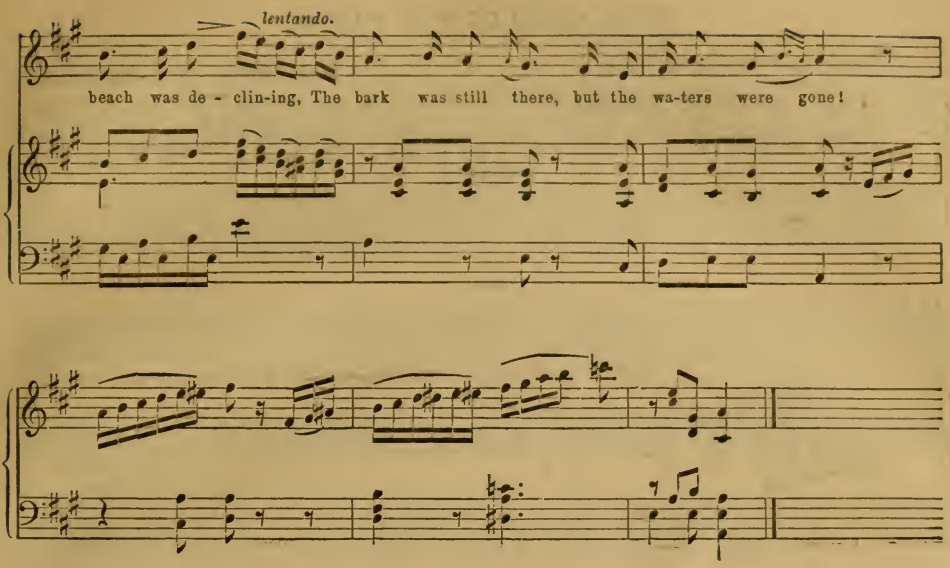
Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly.
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreath the bowl, &c.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

In moderate time.

AIR—MISS MOLLY.





II.

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

III.

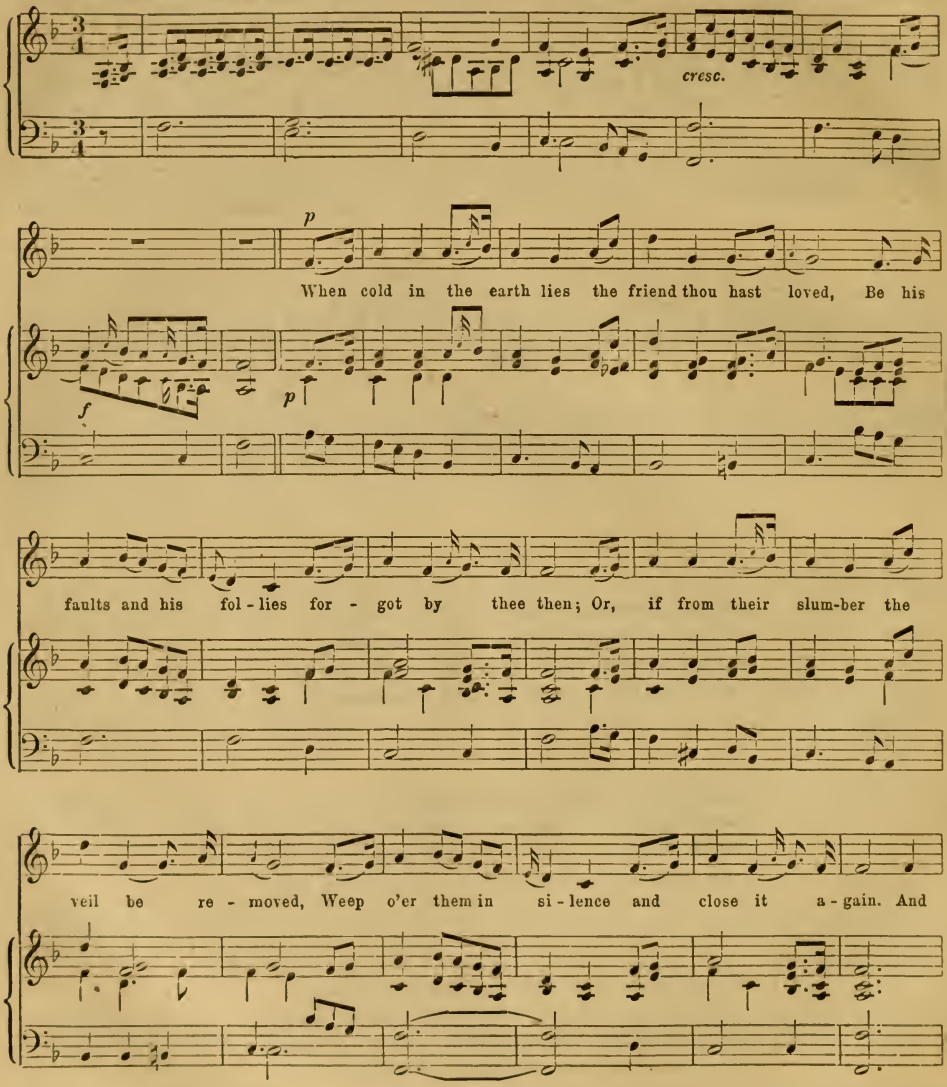
Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night; —
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth Ev'ning's best light.

IV.

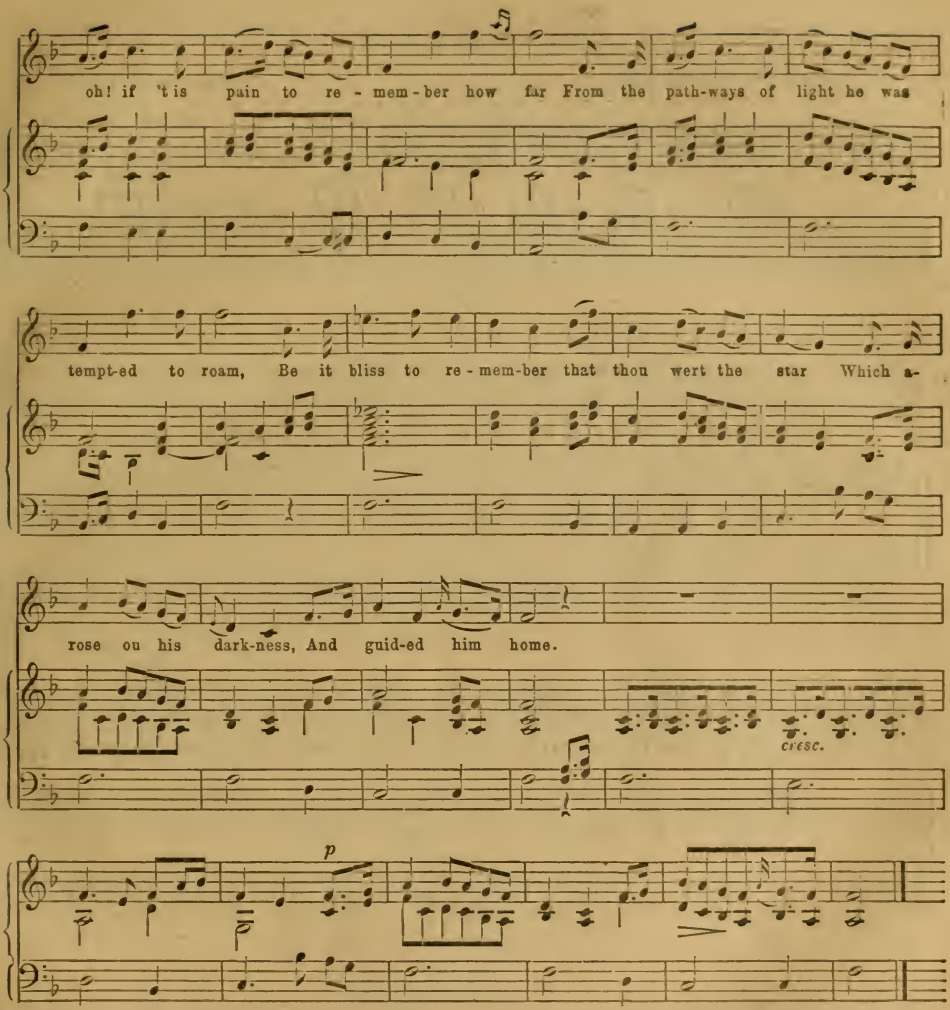
Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite flame!

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

Slow and with melancholy expression. AIR—LIMERICK'S LAMENTATION.*



* Our right to this fine Air (the "Lochaber" of the Scotch) will, I fear, be disputed; but, as it has been long conne ted with Irish words, and is confidently claimed for us by Mr. Bunting and others, I thought I should not be authorized in leaving it out of this collection.



II.

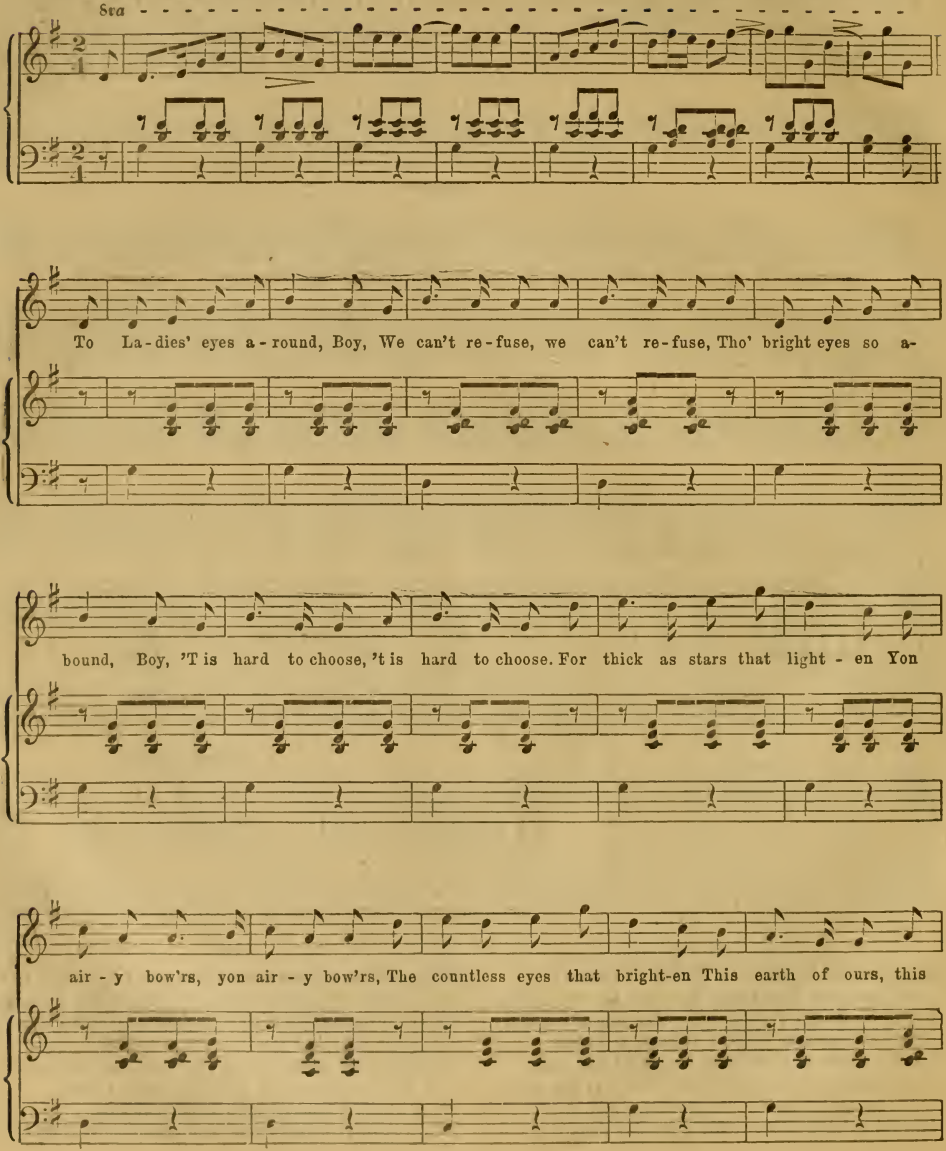
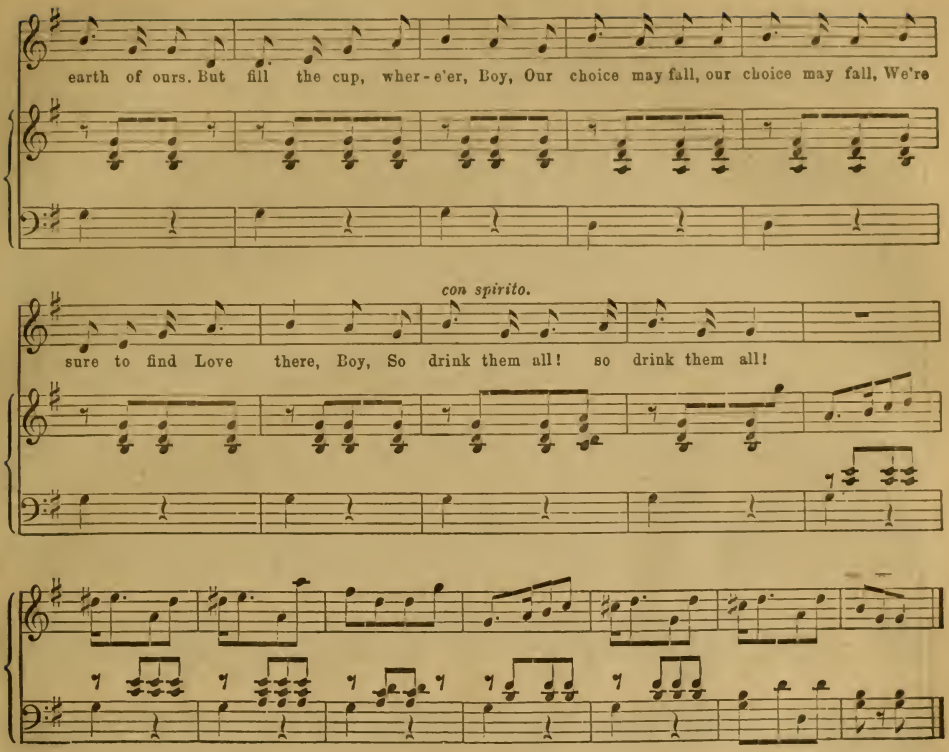
From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
The revealings that taught him true Love to adore,
To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
From the idols he darkly had kuelt to before.
O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
Thou cam'st, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
On his ev'ning horizon, the light was from thee.

III.

And though sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
And though falsehood again would allure him to stray,
He but turn'd to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanish'd away.
As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there!

TO LADIES' EYES.

In moderate time and with spirit. AIR—FAGUE A BALLAGH.



II.

Some eyes there are, so holy,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n,
As splendid beacons, solely,
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n!
While some—oh! ne'er believe them—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them!)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup, &c.

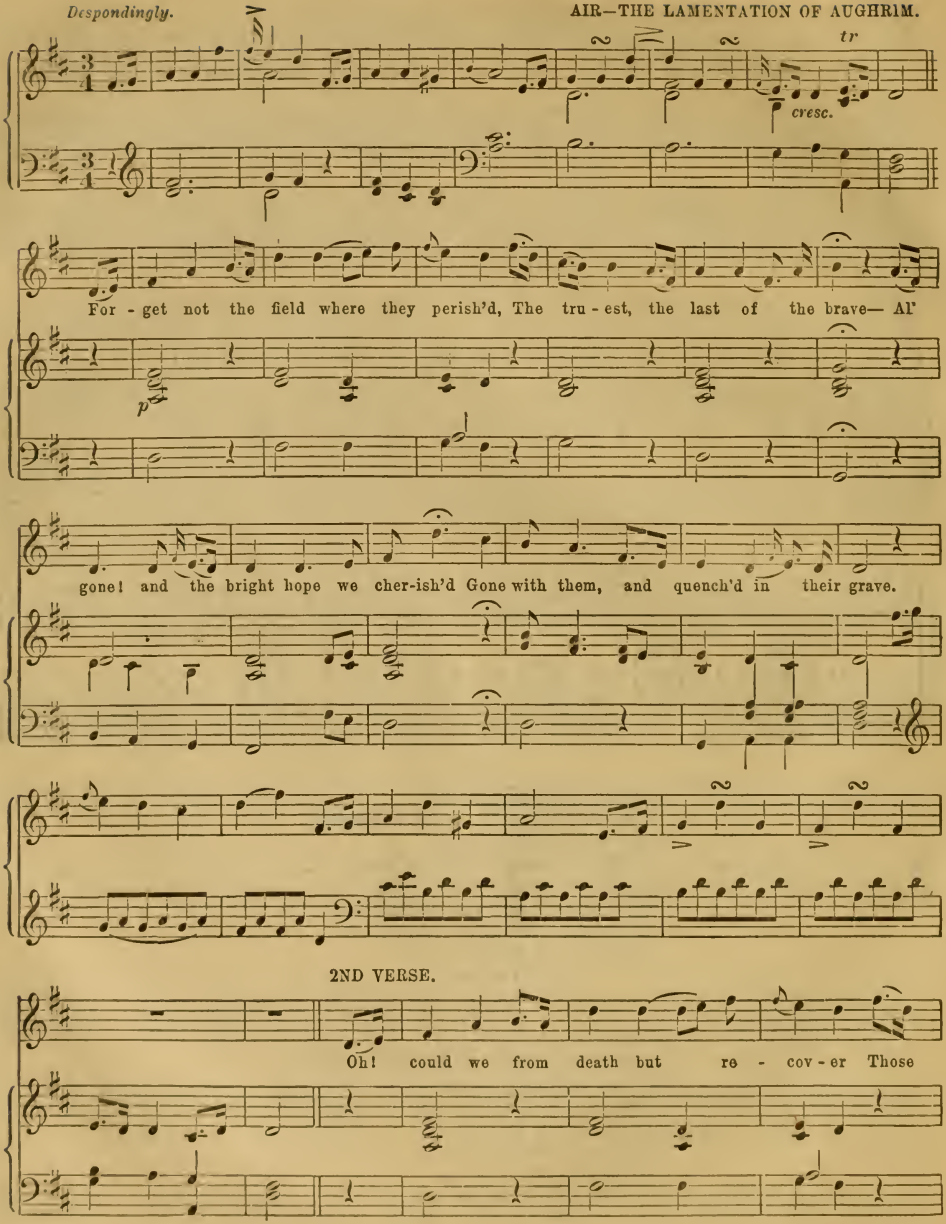
III.

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems portray'd, Love seems portray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
'T is but his shade, 't is but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling,
So here they go! so here they go!
Fill up, fill up, &c.

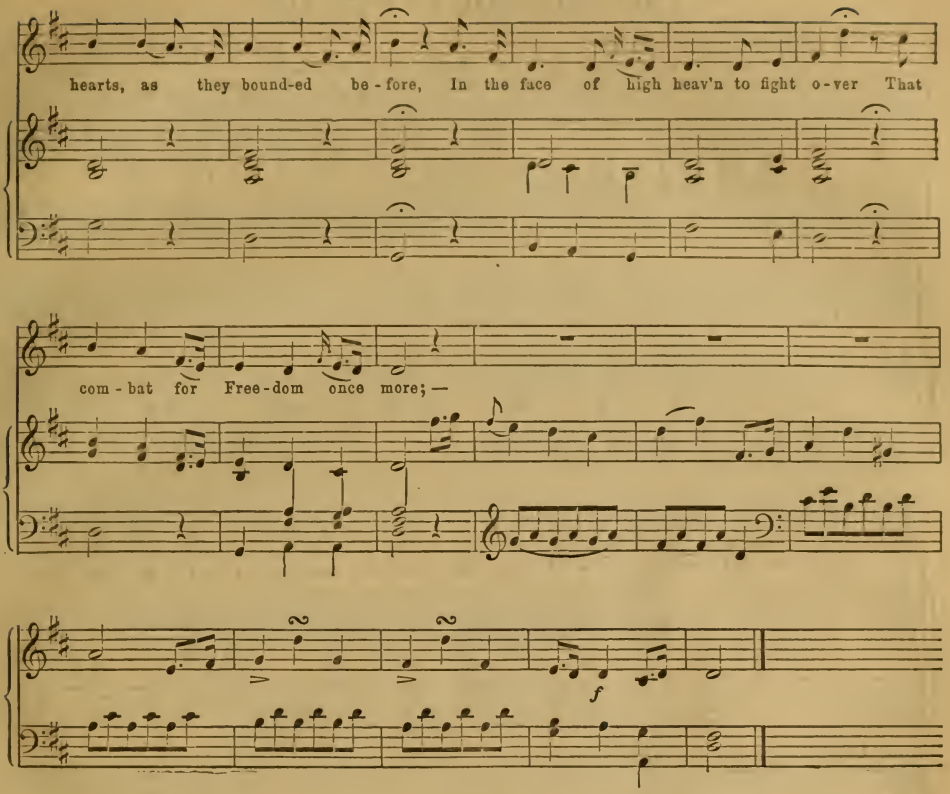
FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

Despondingly.

AIR—THE LAMENTATION OF AUGHRIM.



2ND VERSE.



III.

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 't is not in Man nor in Heav'n
To let Tyranny bind it again!

IV.

But 't is past—and though blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

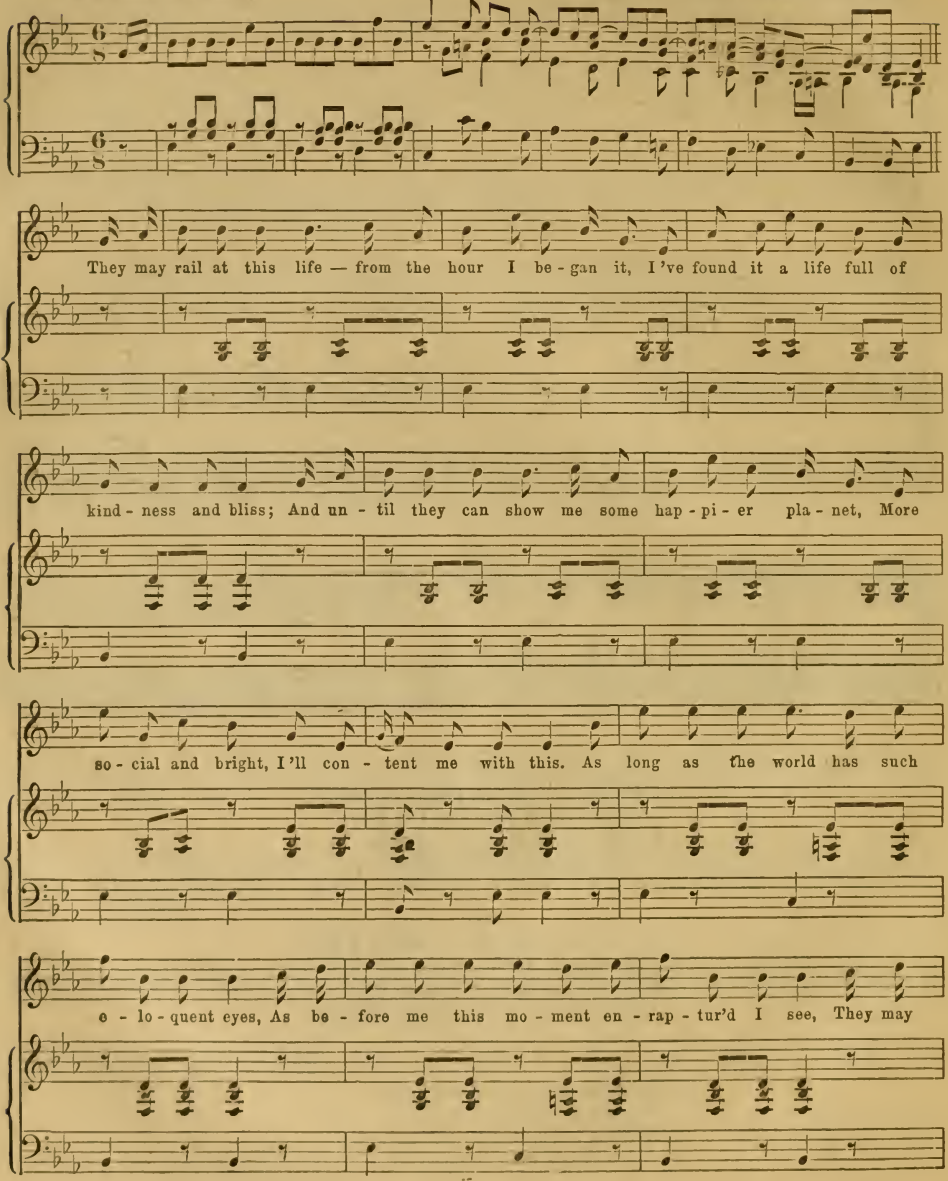
V.

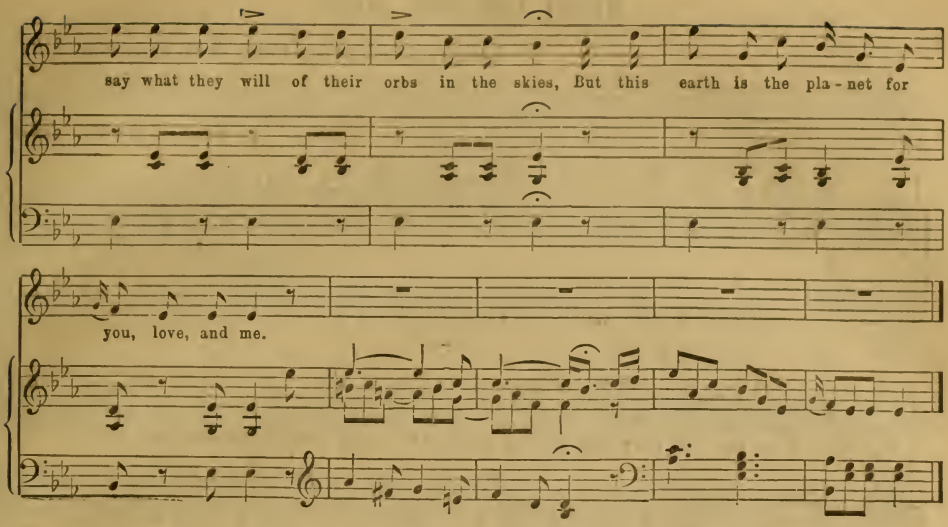
Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

With gaiety and feeling.

AIR—NOCH BONIN SHIN DOE.





II.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Tho' the Nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,
They 've none, even there, more enamour'd than I.
And, as long as this harp can be waken'd to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

III.

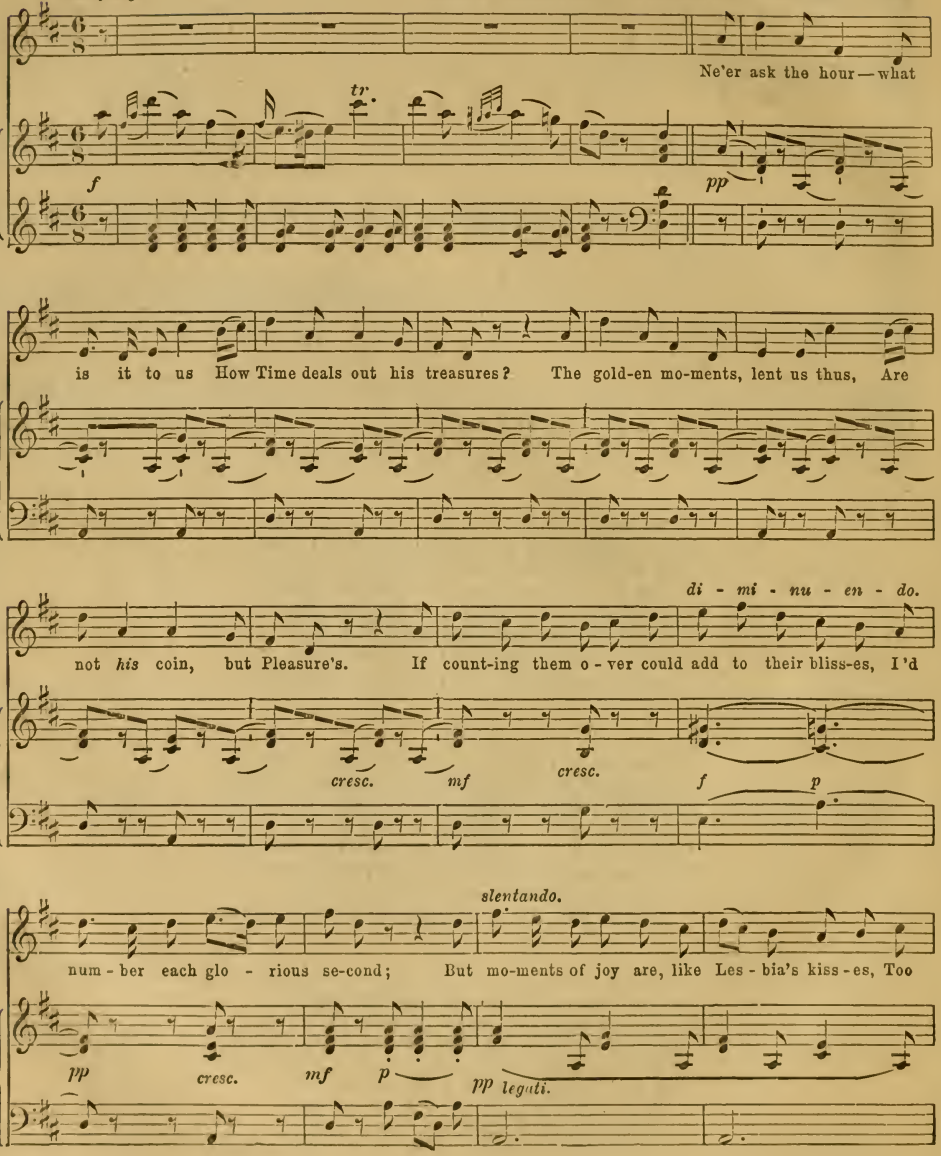
In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour,
At twilight so often we 've roam'd through the dew,
There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.
But, though they were even more bright than the queen
Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
As I never these fair young celestials have seen,
Why, — this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

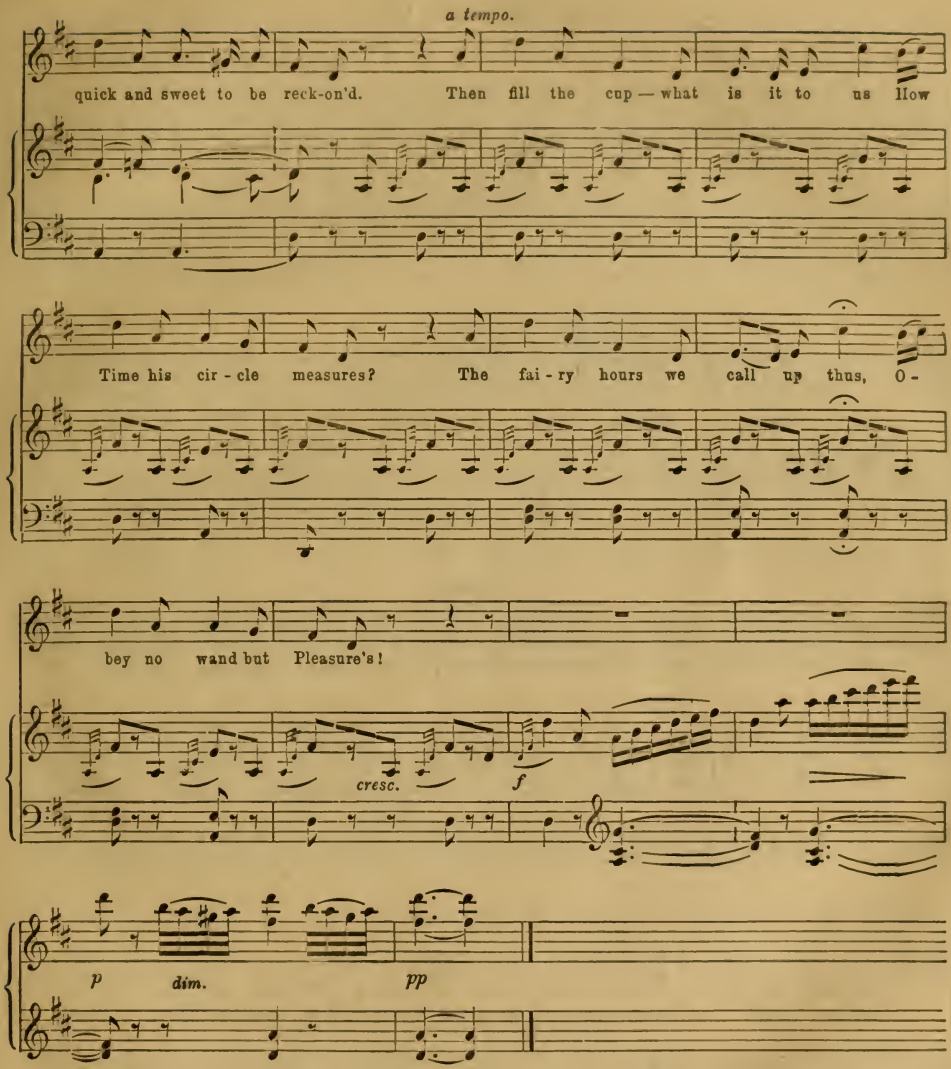
IV.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
Heaven knows, we have plenty on earth we could spare.
Oh think what a world we should have of it here,
If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

Cheerfully. AIR—MY HUSBAND'S A JOURNEY TO PORTUGAL GONE.

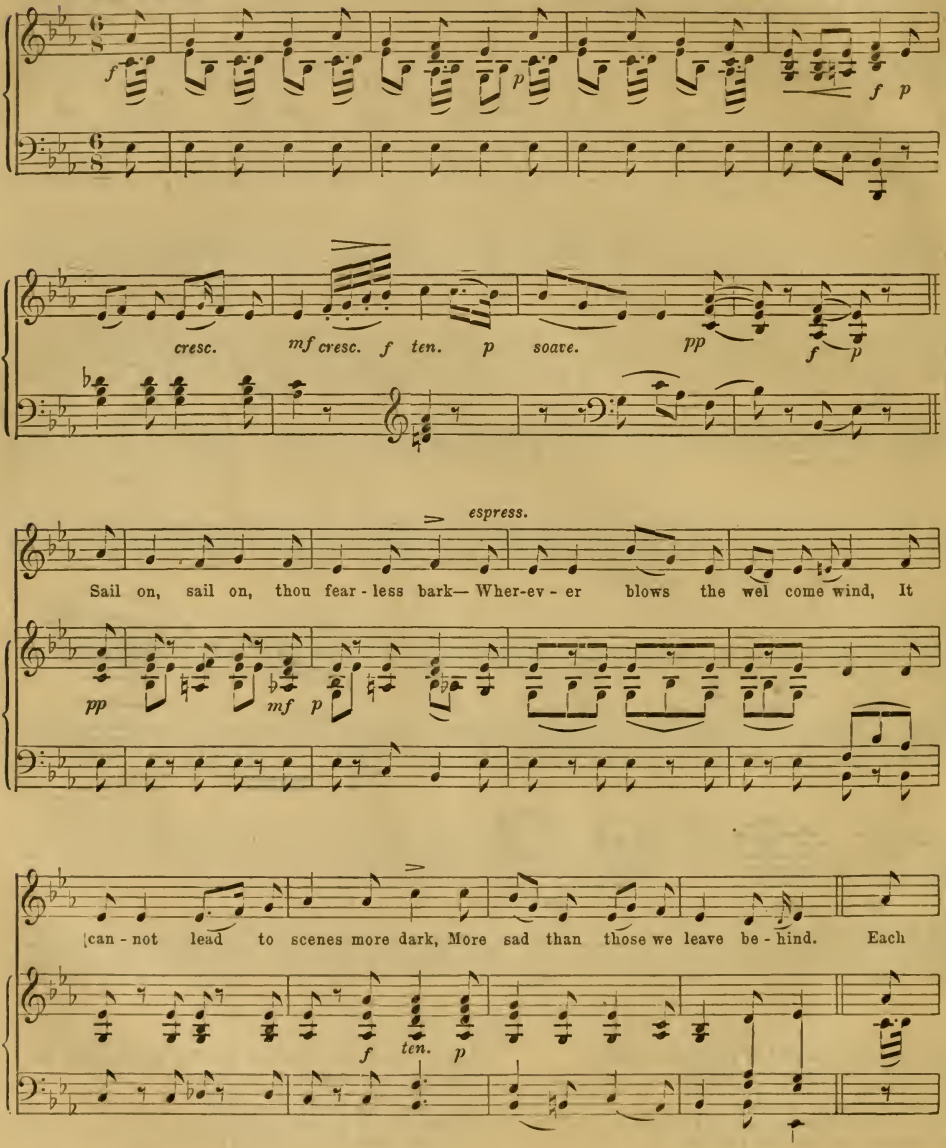
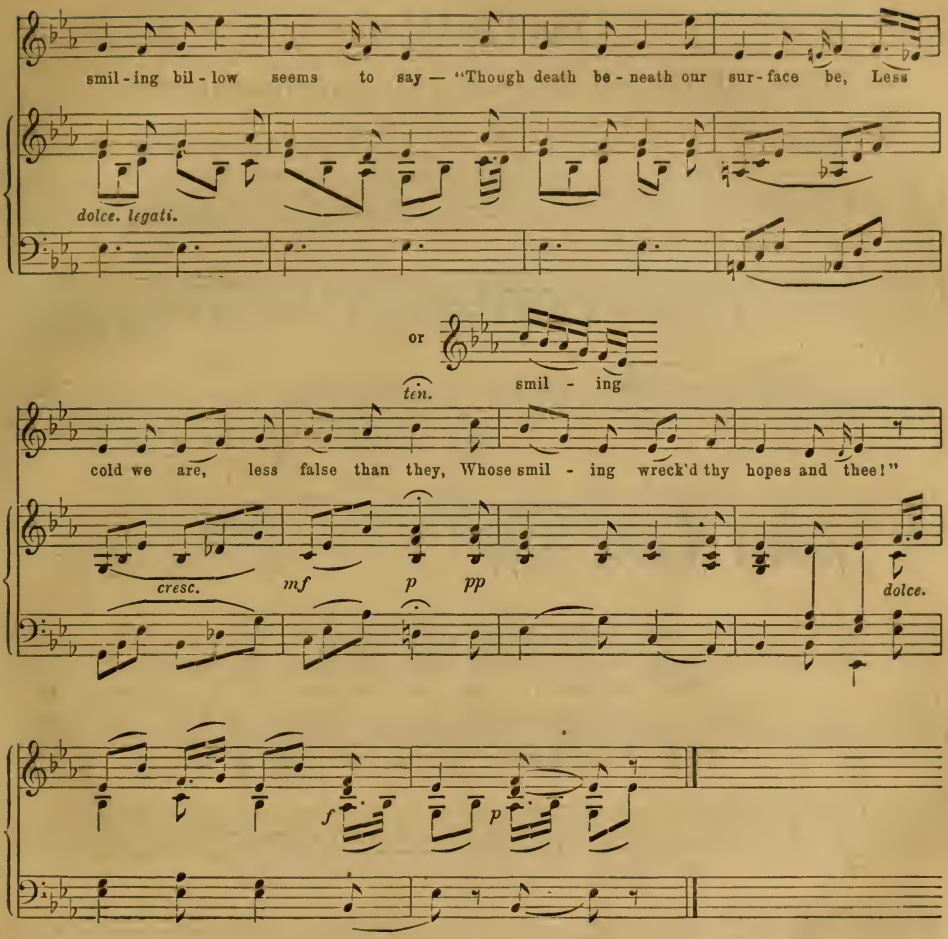




II.

Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours,
Till Care, one summer's morning,
Set up, among his smiling flowers,
A dial, by way of warning.
But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun,
As long as its light was glowing,
Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole on,
And how fast that light was going.
So fill the cup — what is it to us
How Time his circle measures?
The fairy hours we call up thus,
Obey no wand but Pleasure's!

SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

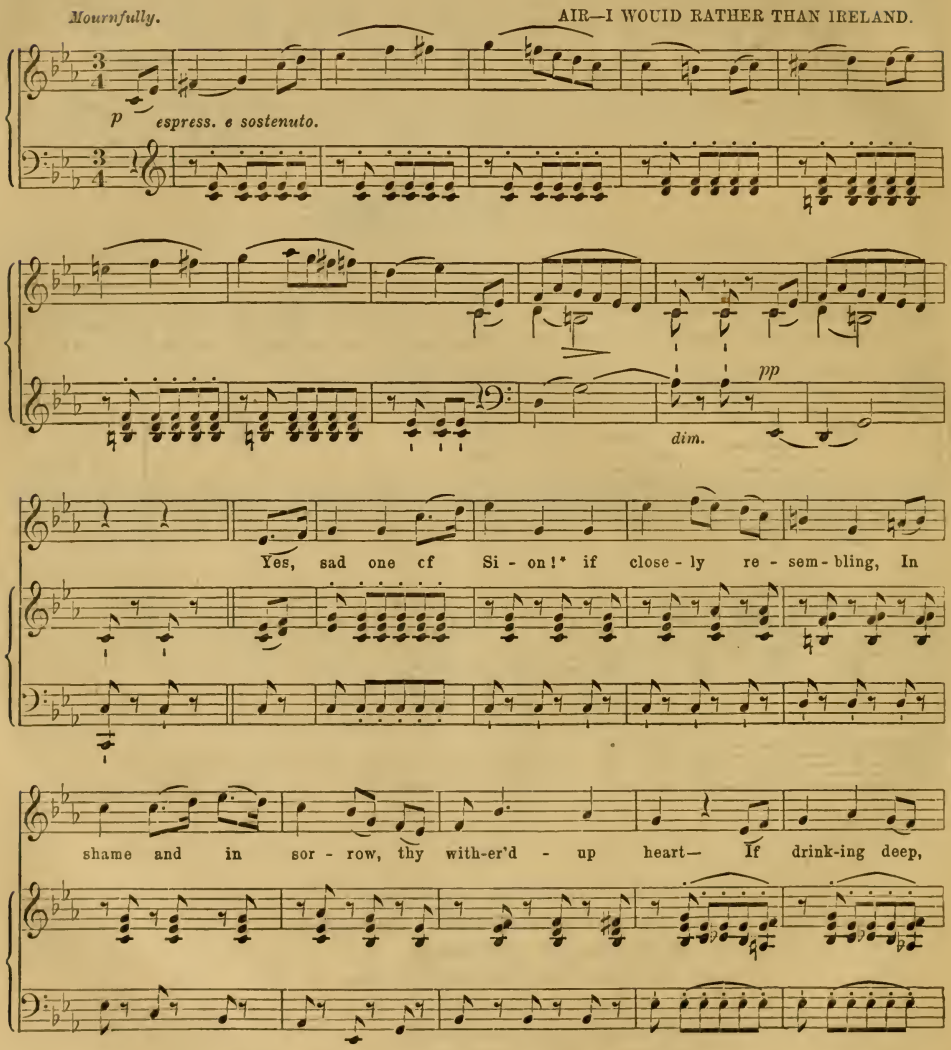
With mournful defiance. AIR—THE HUMMING OF THE BAN.



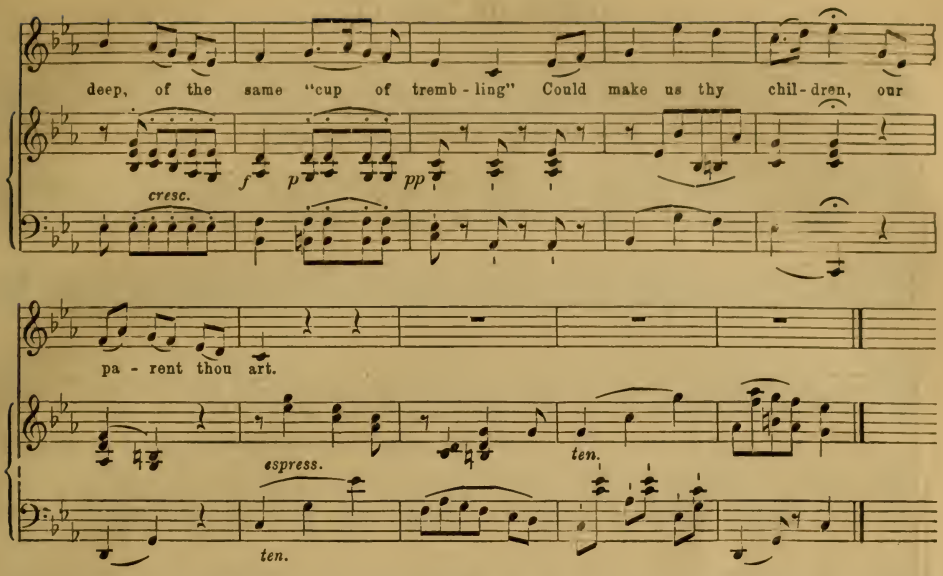
II.

Sail on, sail on, through endless space,
Through calm, through tempest, stop no more,
The stormiest sea's a resting-place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or, if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world, that else were sweet,
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

THE PARALLEL.

YES, SAD ONE OF ZION! IF CLOSELY RESEMBLING.



* These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews.

II.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquer'd and broken,
And fall'n from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
And, "while it is day, yet her sun hath gone down."

III.

Like thine doth her exile, mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old!

IV.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the Forsaken,"
Her boldest are vanquish'd, her proudest are slaves;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves!

V.

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow,
That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night,
When the sceptre, that smote thee with slavery and sorrow,
Was shiver'd at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

VI.

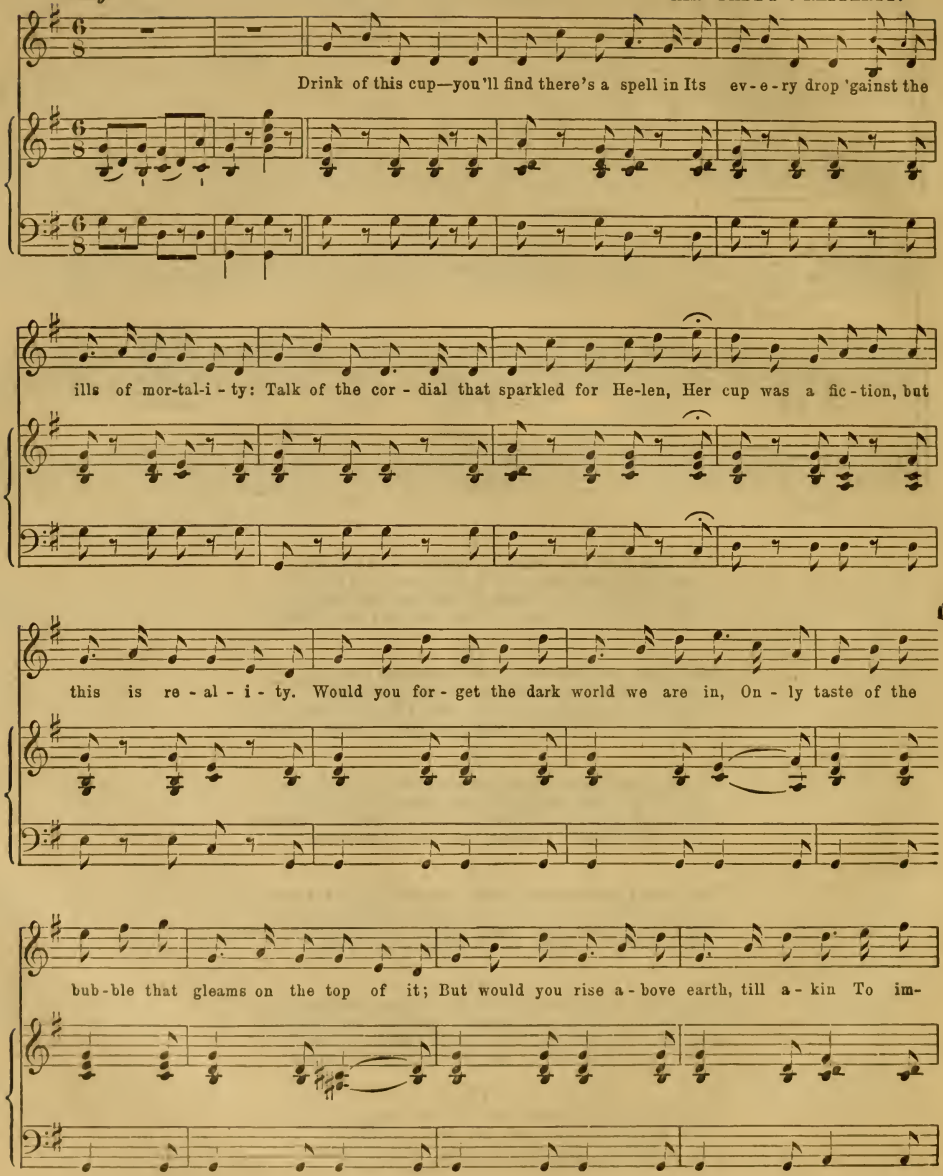
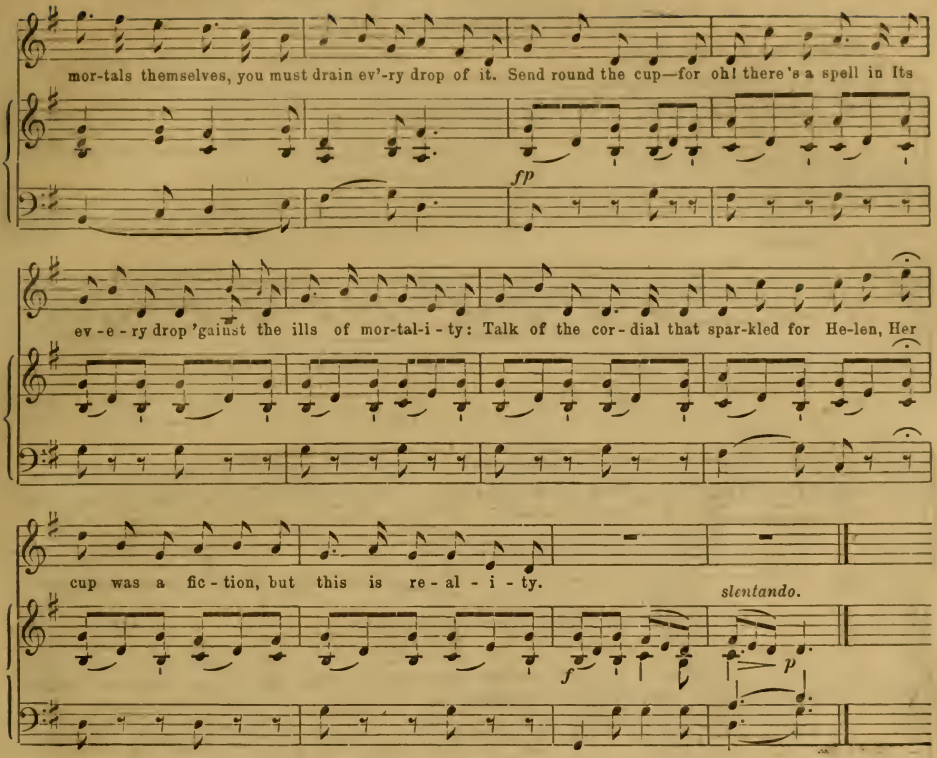
When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City
Had brimm'd full of bitterness, drench'd her own lips,
And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls and the cry from her ships.

VII.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over,
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And—a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover,—
The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

Gaily. AIR—PADDY O'RAFFERTY.



II.

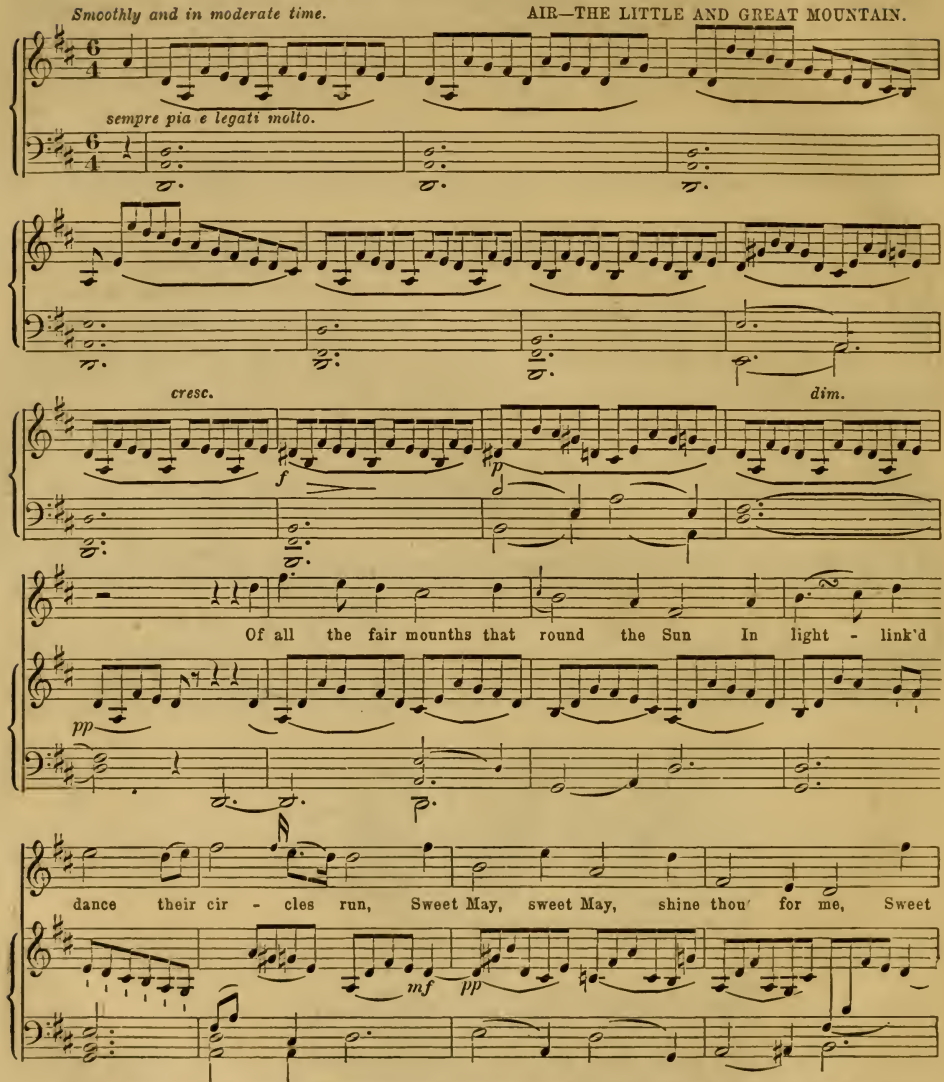
Never was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing;
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
There having, by nature's enchantment, been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindliest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd,
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together!
Then drink of the cup—you 'll find there 's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality:
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

III.

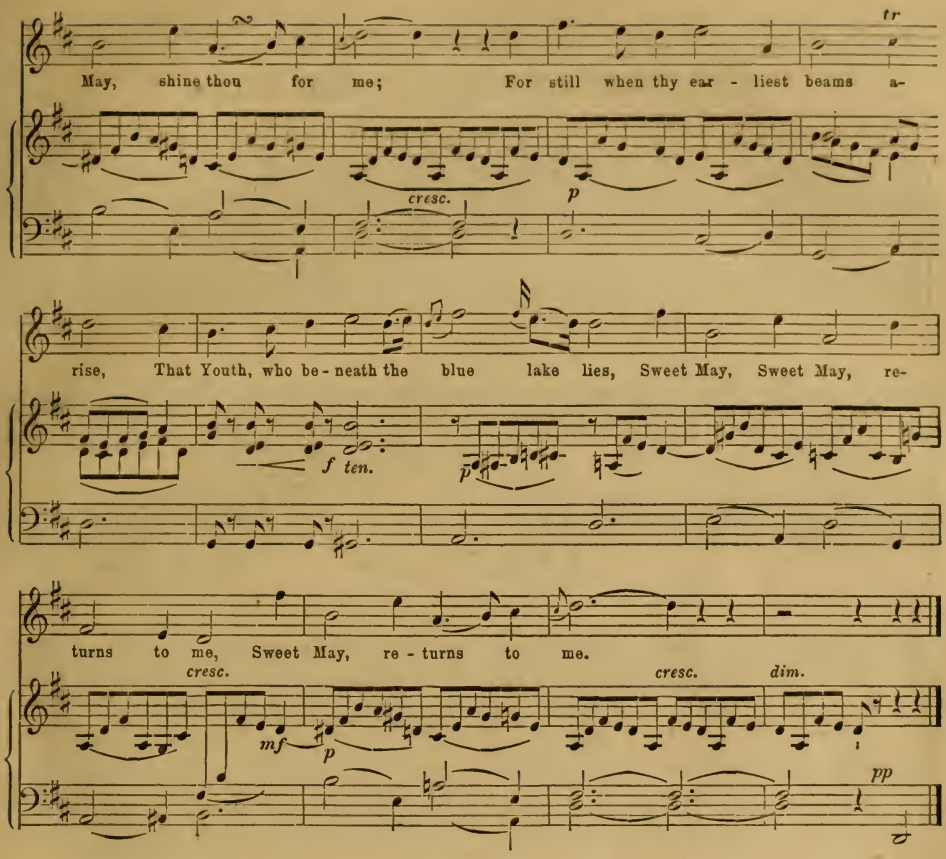
And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
Like caldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful,
In secret this philter was first taught to flow on,
Yet—'t is n't less potent for being unlawful.
What, though it may taste of the smoke of that flame,
Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden —
Fill up—there 's a fire in some hearts I could name,
Which may work too its charm, though now lawless and hidden.
So drink of the cup—for oh there 's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality:
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for HELEN,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

OF ALL THE FAIR MONTHS, THAT ROUND THE SUN.

SONG OF O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.*



* The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or, more fully detailed, in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen, on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring-flowers in his path. Among other stories connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning, threw herself into the Lake.



II.

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight leaves,
Its lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair Lake, fair Lake, thou 'rt dearest to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
Who dwells, who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

III.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
White Steed, white Steed, most joy to thee,
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring
My love, my love, my chief, to me.

IV.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane* curls,
Fair Steed, fair Steed, as white and free;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Fair Steed, around my love and thee.

V.

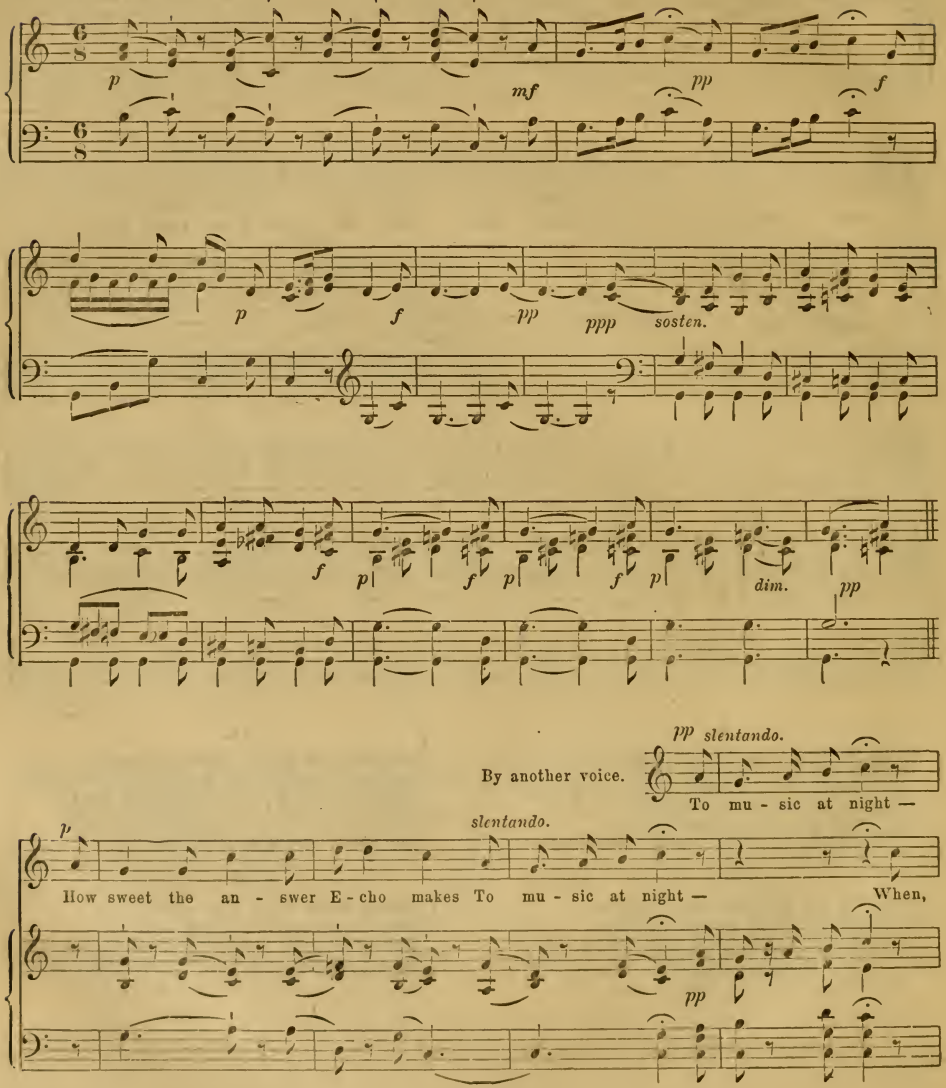
Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be,
Which, under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, dear love, I 'll die for thee.

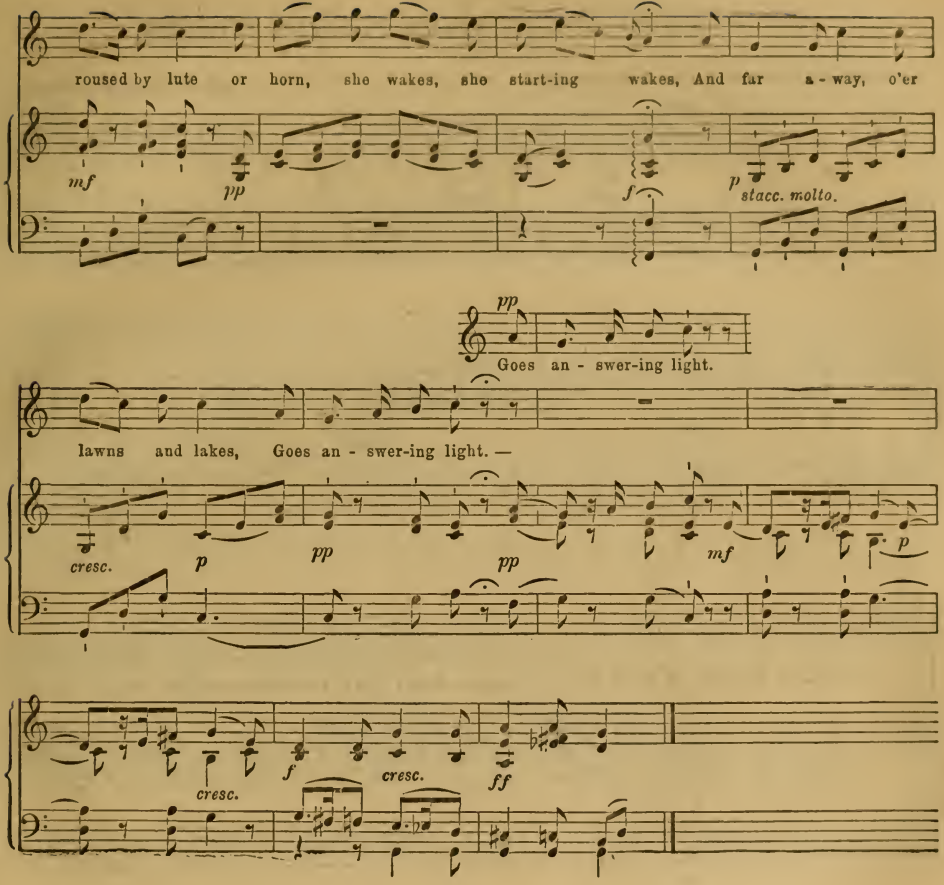
* The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, "O'Donohue's white horses."

ECHO.

HOW SWEET THE ANSWER ECHO MAKES.

In moderate time. AIR—THE WREN.





II.

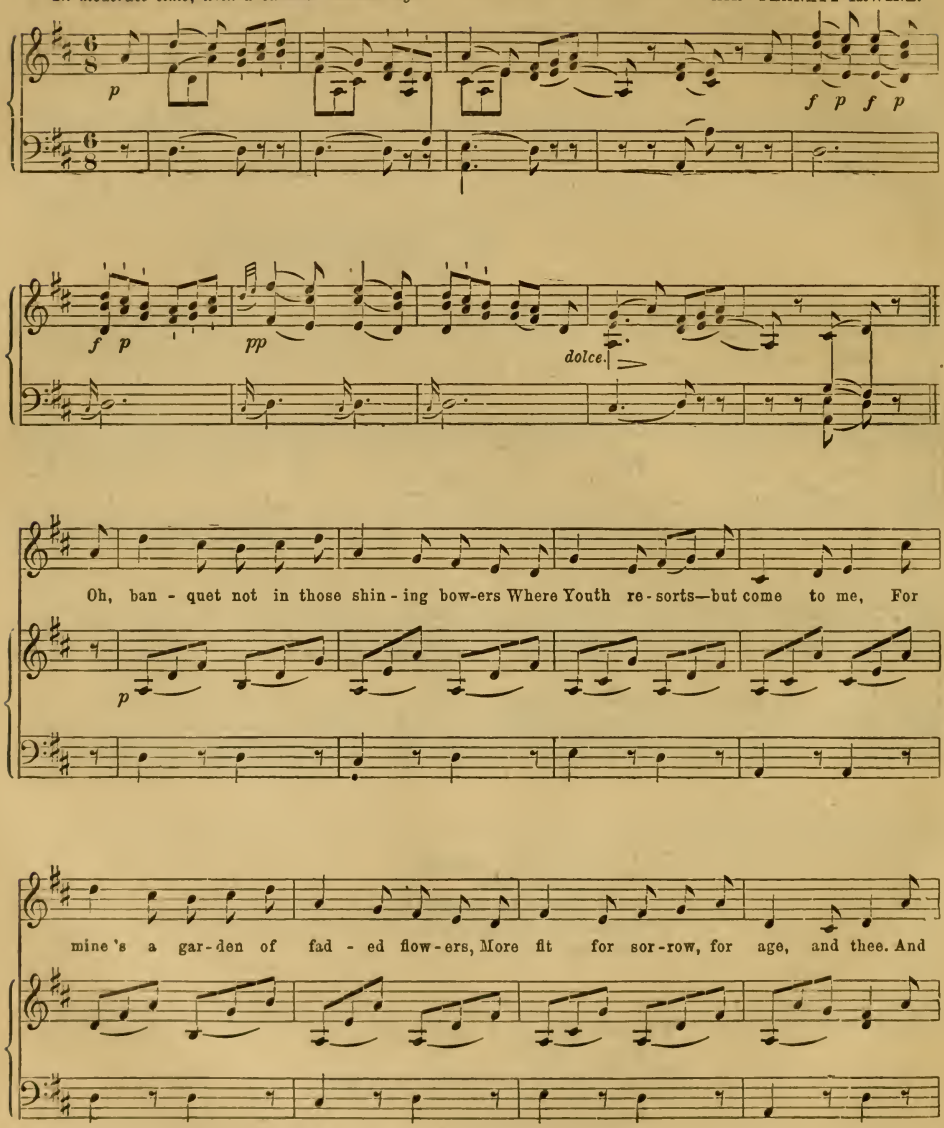
Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

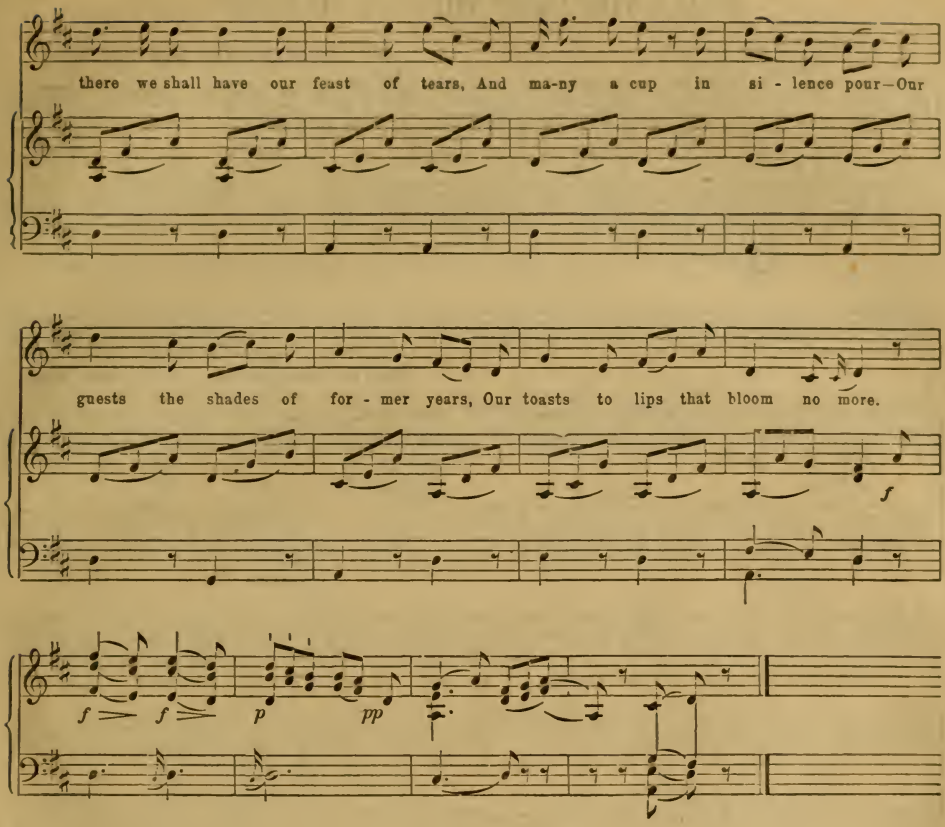
III.

'T is when the sigh, in youth sincere,
And only then —
The sigh, that 's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again.

OH, BANQUET NOT IN THOSE SHINING BOWERS.

In moderate time, with a careless melancholy. AIR—PLANXTY IRWINE.



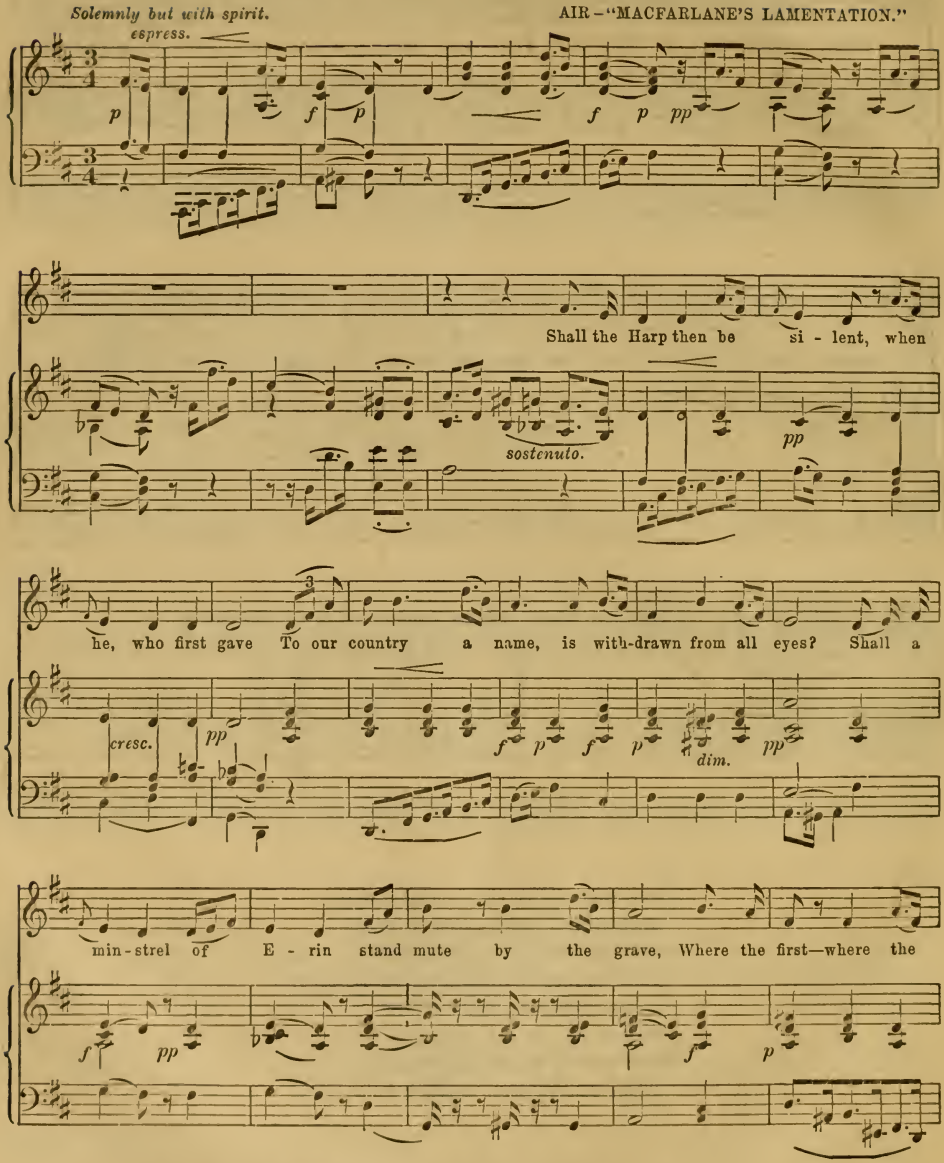


II.

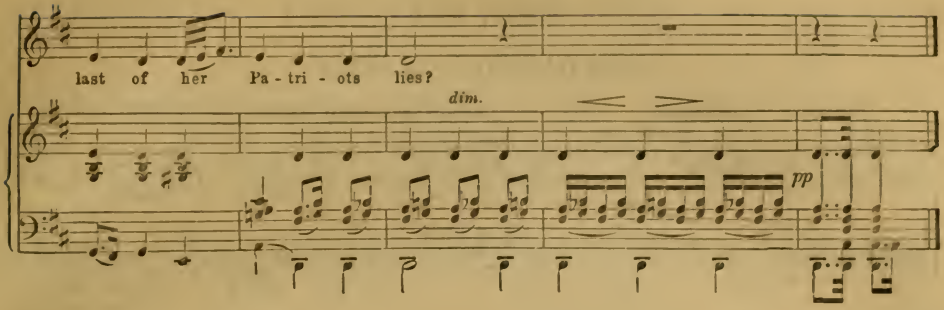
There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We 'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead!
Or, as some blighted laurel waves
Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
We 'll drink to those neglected graves,
Where Valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot!

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?*

Solemnly but with spirit. AIR—"MACFARLANE'S LAMENTATION."



* It is only the two first verses that are either fitted or intended to be sung.



II.

What a union of all the affections and powers,
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind!

III.

Oh, who that loves Erin—or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
Like a pyramid, raised in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time!—

IV.

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul,
A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
And, for *one* sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal!

V.

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drunk at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring the fire, and the force,
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown—

VI.

An eloquence rich—wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant—with thoughts that shone through,
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too!

VII.

Who, that ever approach'd him, when, free from the crowd
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had given, and which bow'd,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

VIII.

That home, where—like him, who, as fable hath told,*
Put the rays from his brow, that his child might come near—
Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear!

IX.

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life,
But at distance observed him—through glory, through blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same—

X.

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
Of the sweetness we love and the greatness we praise,
As that type of simplicity blended with power,
A child with a thunderbolt only portrays.—

XI.

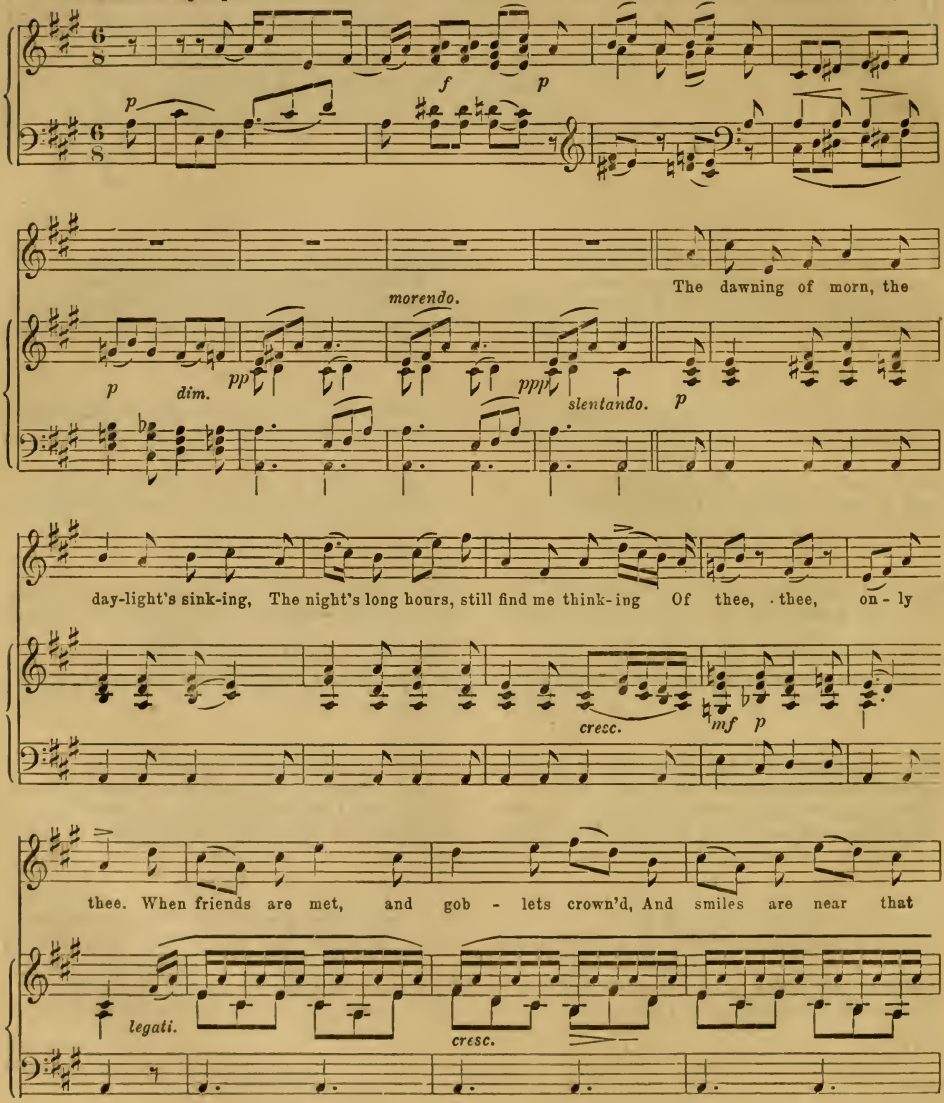
Oh no—not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns,
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrined—
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

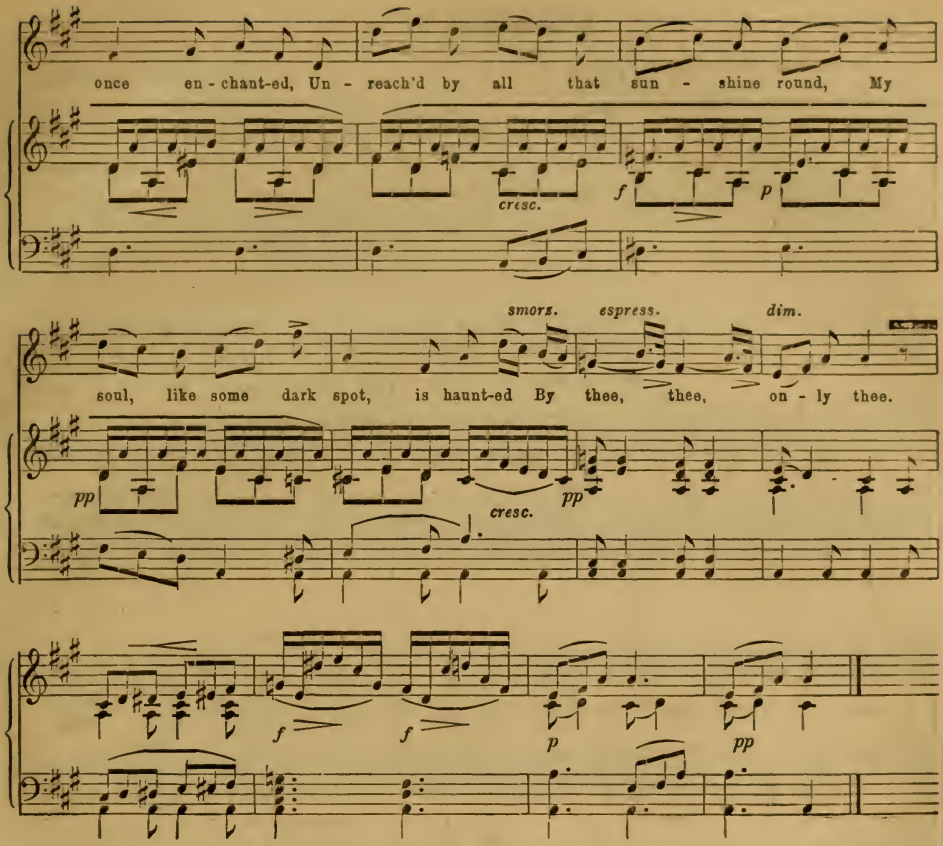
* Apollo, in his interview with Phaëton, as described by Ovid: — "*Deposuit radios, propiùsque accedere jussit.*"

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE!

THE DAWNING OF MORN.

With melancholy expression. AIR—STACA AN MHARAGA (THE MARKET-STAKE).





II.

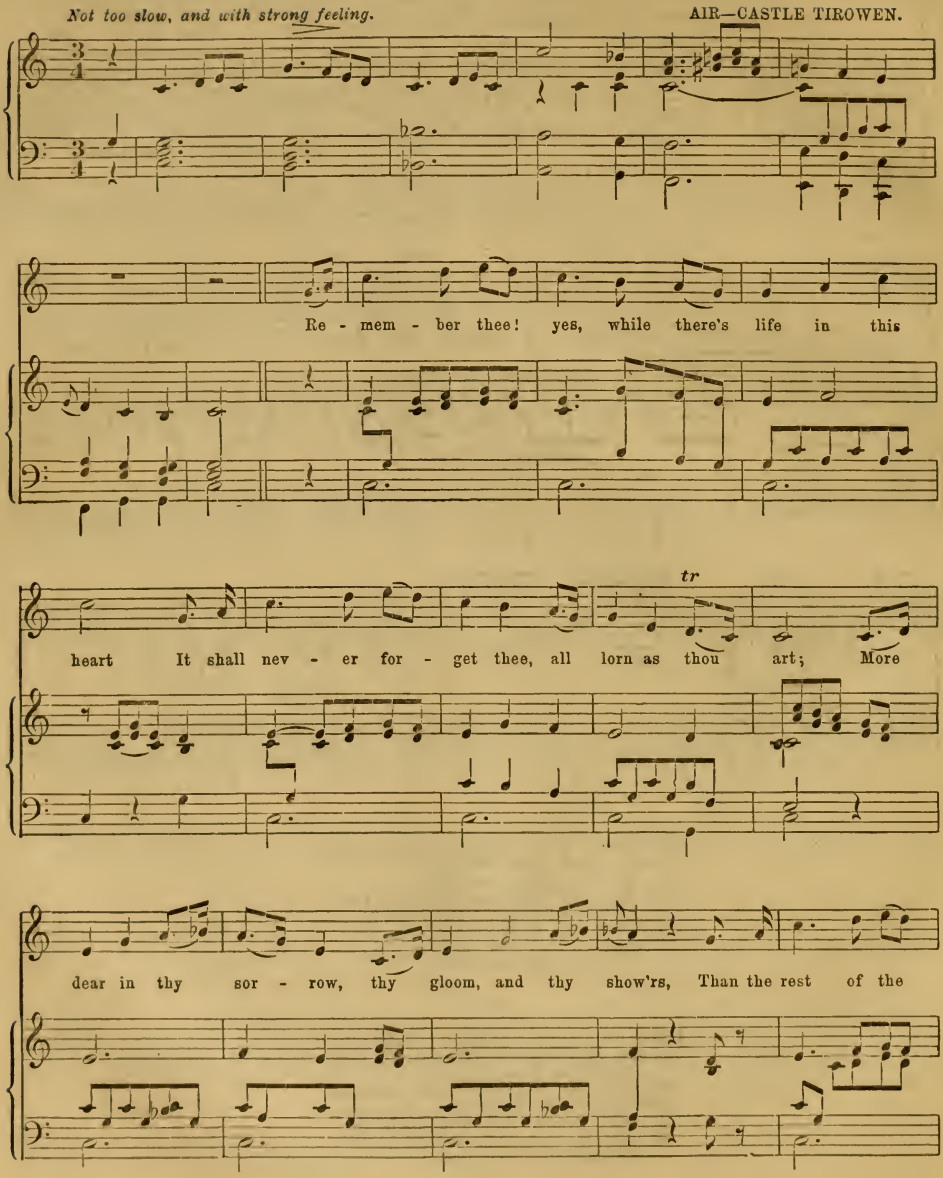
Whatever in fame's high path could waken
My spirit once is now forsaken
For thee, thee, only thee.
Like shores by which some headlong bark
To the ocean hurries, resting never,
Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark
I know not, heed not, hastening ever
To thee, thee, only thee.

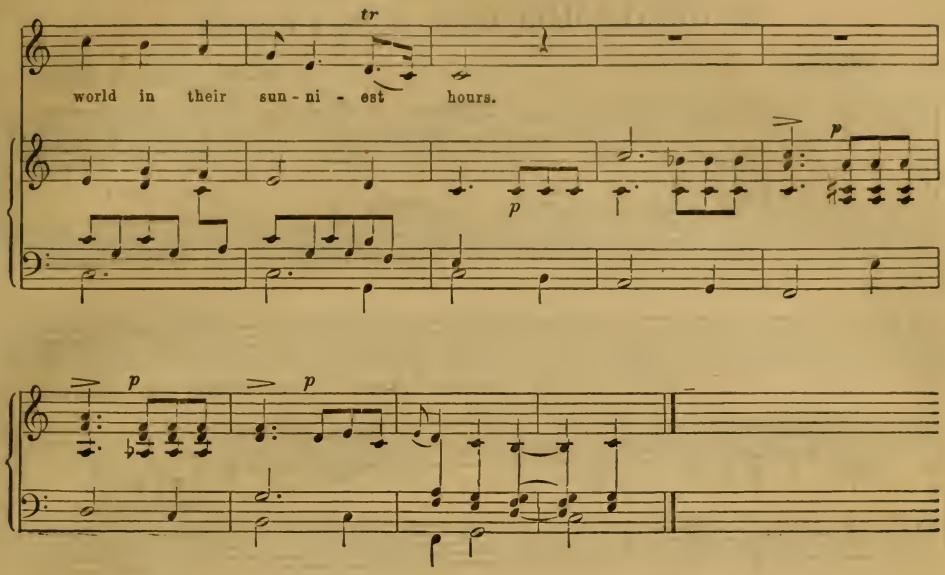
III.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
And pain itself seems sweet when springing
From thee, thee, only thee.
Like spells that nought on earth can break,
Till lips that know the charm have spoken
This heart, howe'er the world may wake
Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
By thee, thee, only thee.

REMEMBER THEE!

Not too slow, and with strong feeling. AIR—CASTLE TIROWEN.





II.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,
I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
But oh! could I love thee moore deeply than now?

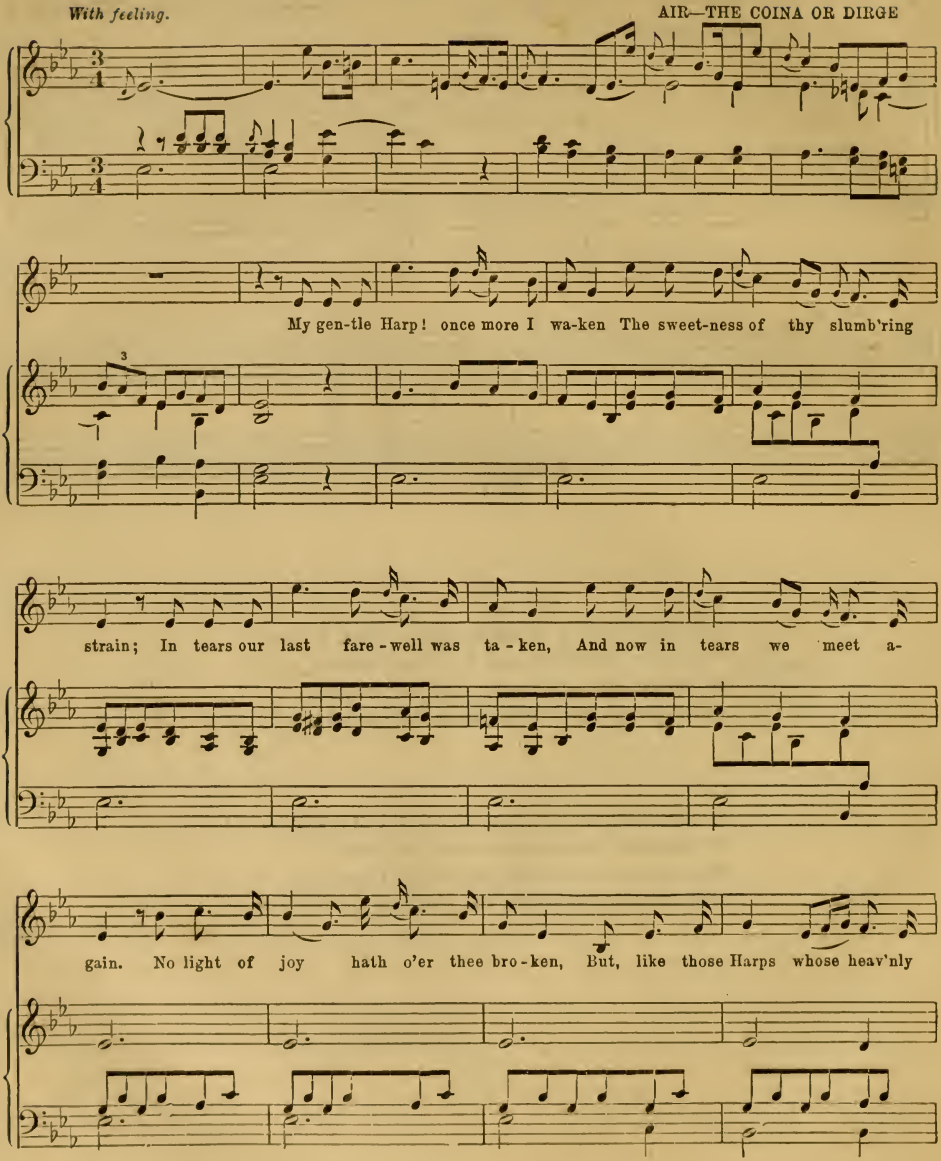
III.

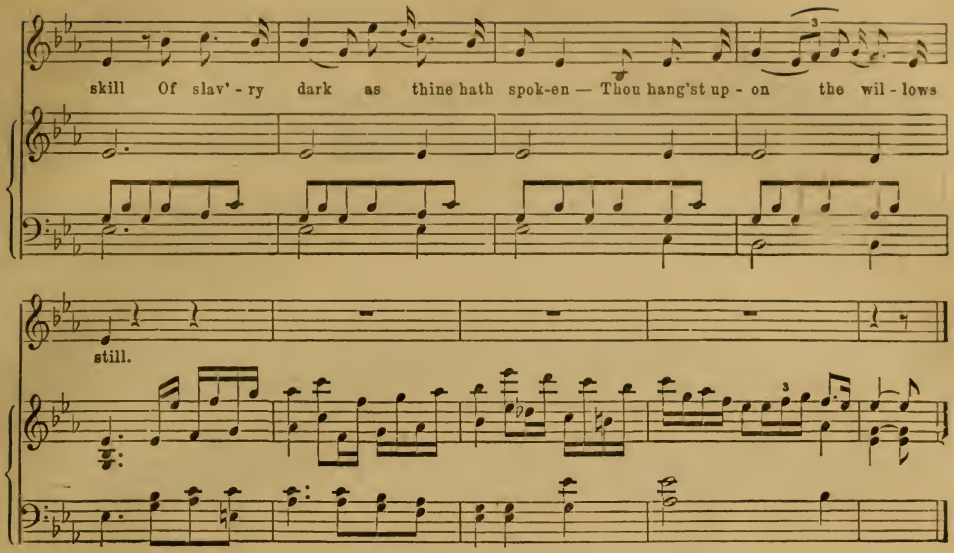
No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons —
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

MY GENTLE HARP ONCE MORE I WAKEN.

With feeling.

AIR—THE COINA OR DIRGE





II.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
An hour of peace and triumph came,
And many an ardent bosom bounded
With hopes — that now are turn'd to shame.
Yet even then, while peace was singing
Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
Tho' joy and hope to others bringing,
She only brought new tears to thee.

III.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee
Are sadly mix'd — half flow'rs, half chains?

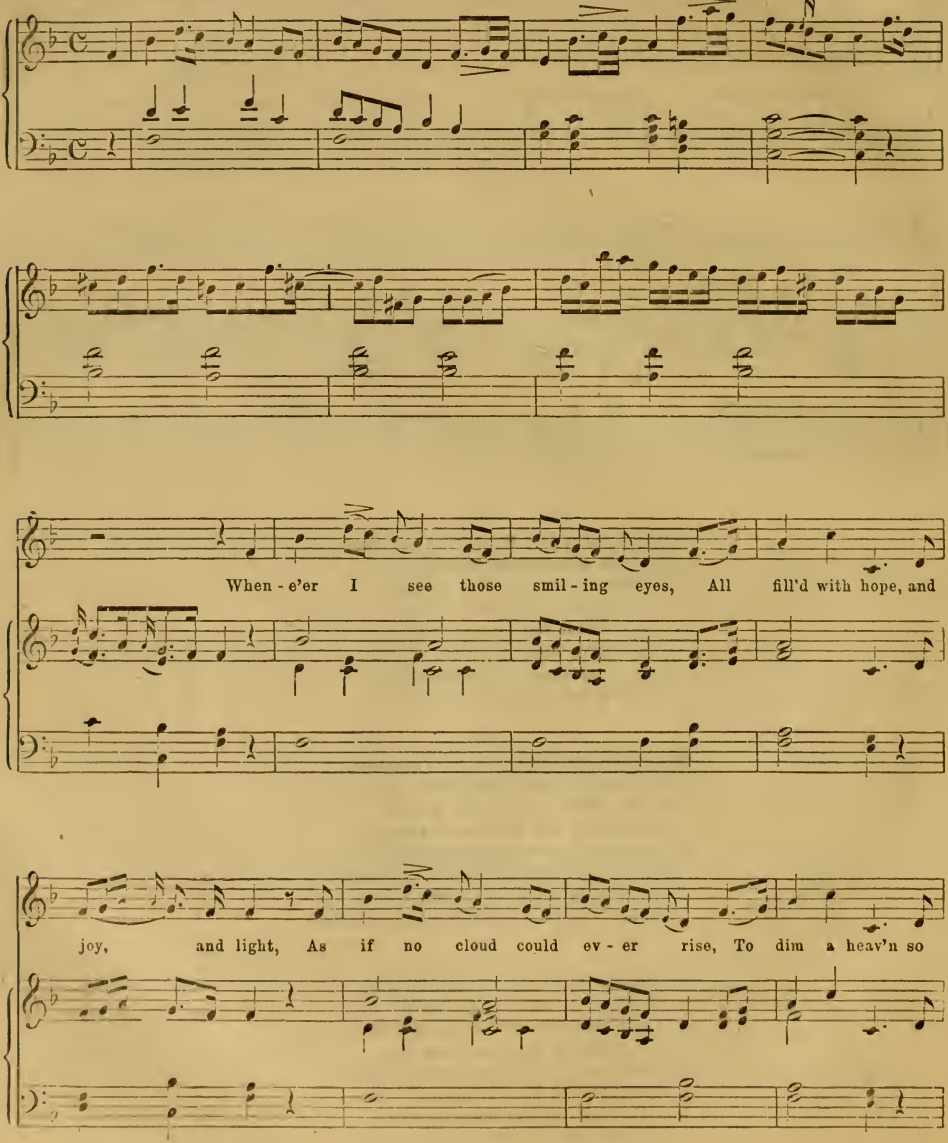
IV.

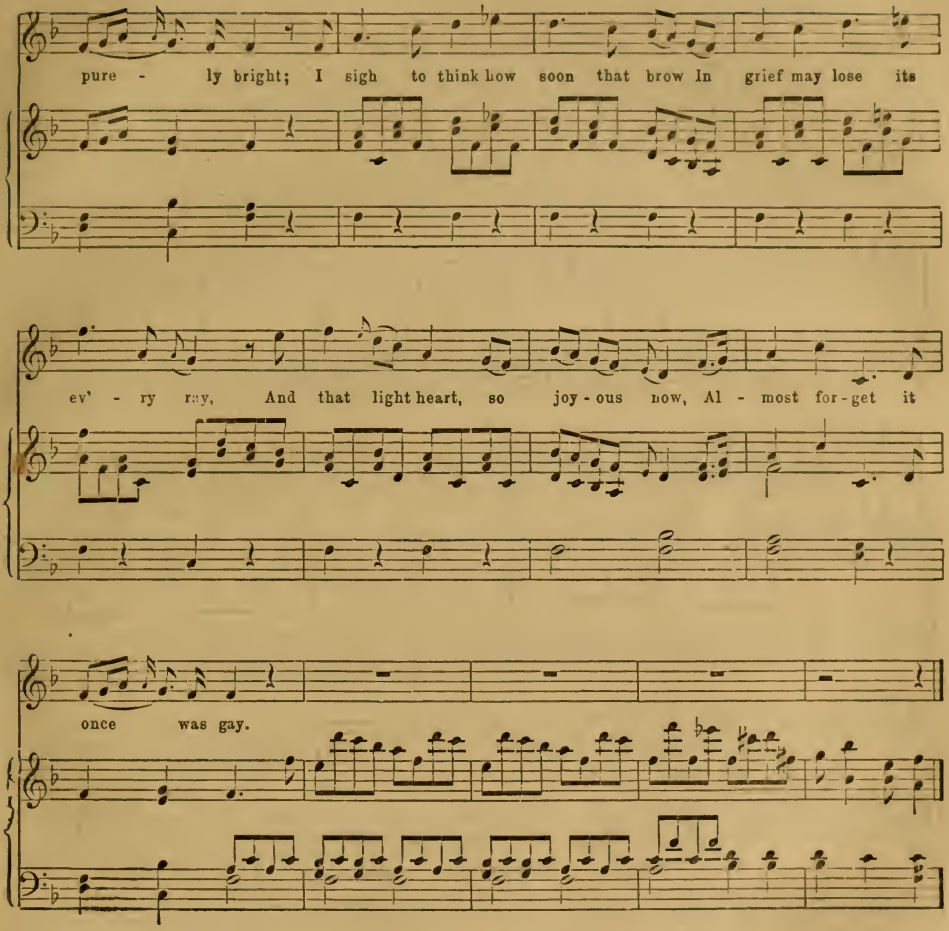
But come — if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy, oh, breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How gaily, ev'n 'mid gloom surrounding,
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill —
Like Memnon's broken image sounding,
Mid desolation tuneful still.

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

Slow and tenderly.

AIR—FATHER QUINN.



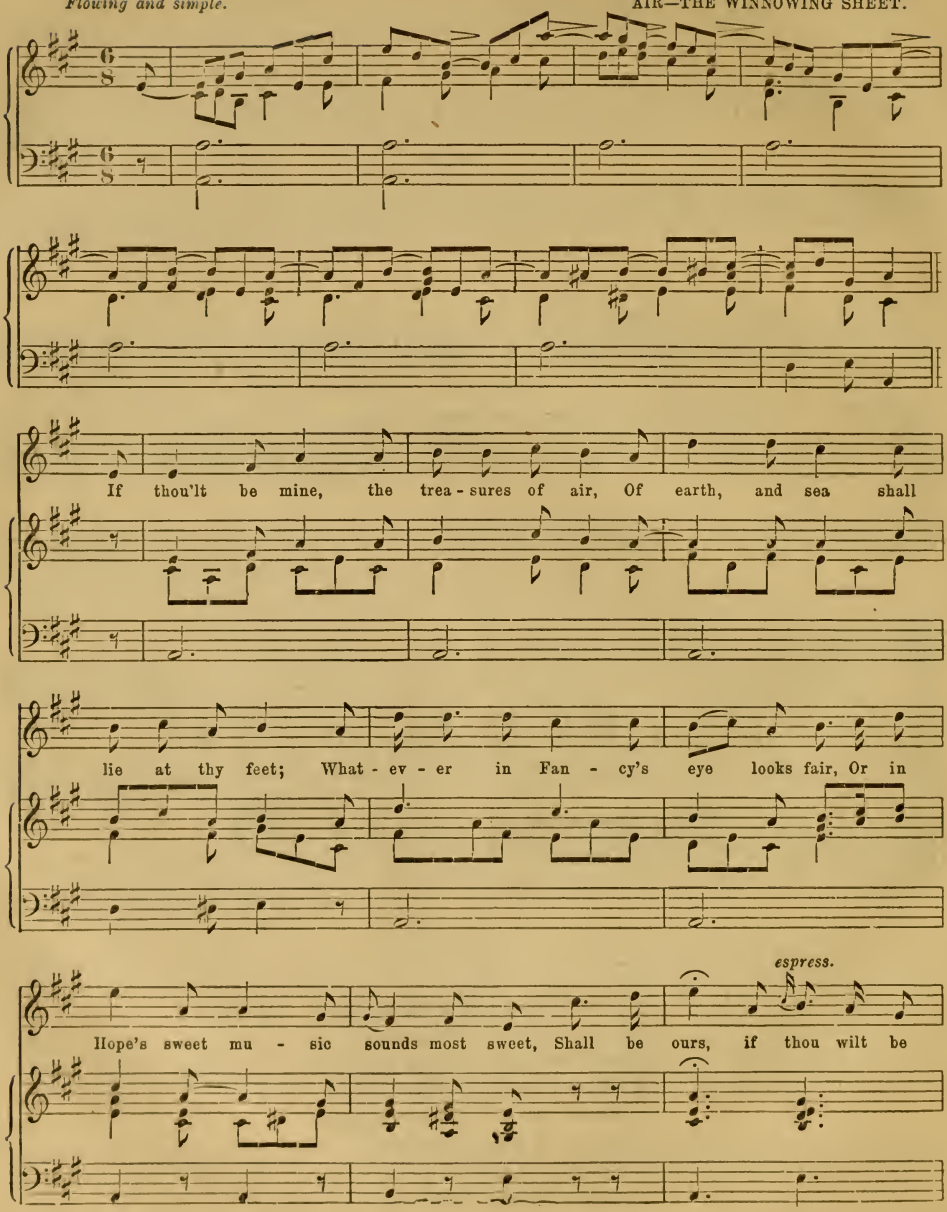


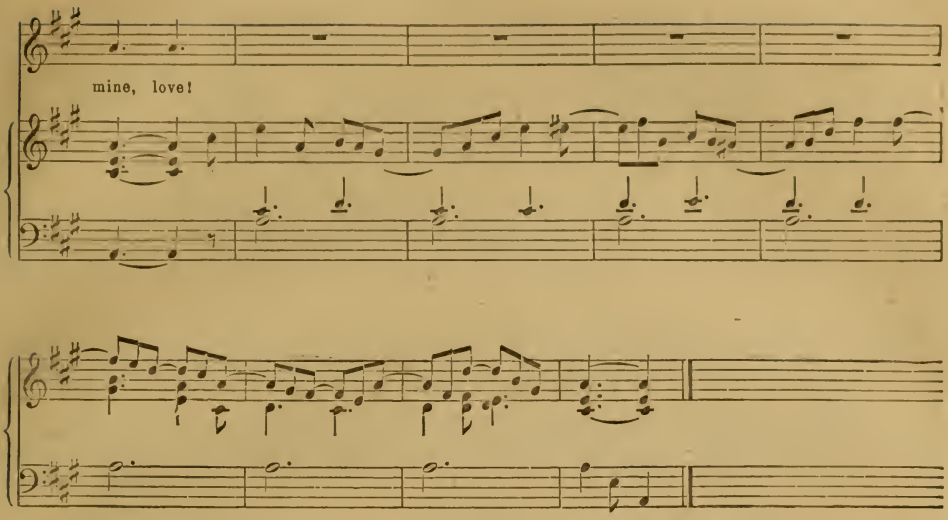
II.

For time will come with all its blights,
The ruin'd hope, the friend unkind,
And love, that leaves, where'er it lights,
A chill'd or burning heart behind: —
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the dark'ning rain,
When once 't is touch'd by sorrow's tears
Will never shine so bright again.

IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

Flowing and simple. AIR—THE WINNOWING SHEET.





II.

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes—if thou wilt be mine, love!

III.

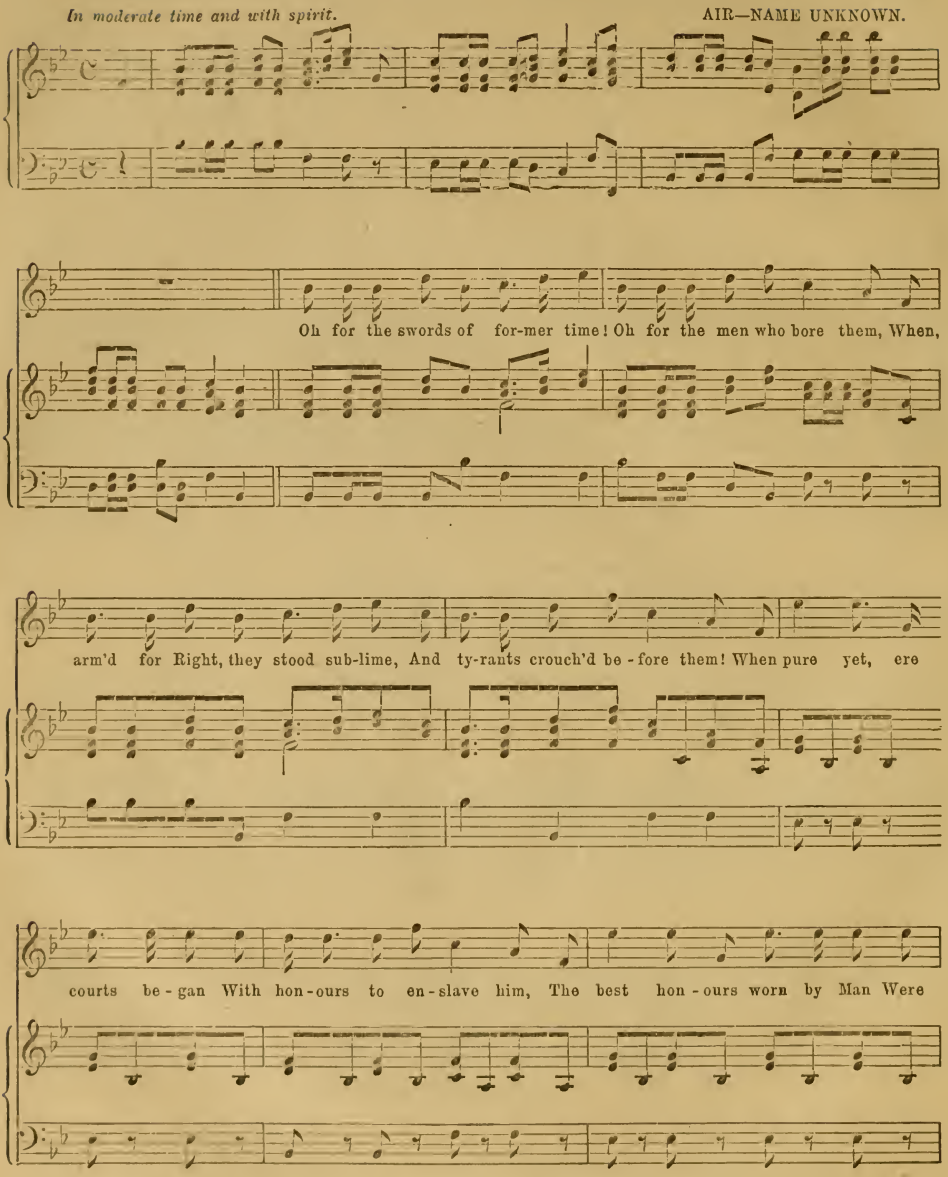
And thoughts whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that come from heaven-ward hills.
Shall keep our hearts, like meads that lie
To be bath'd by those eternal rills,
Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love!

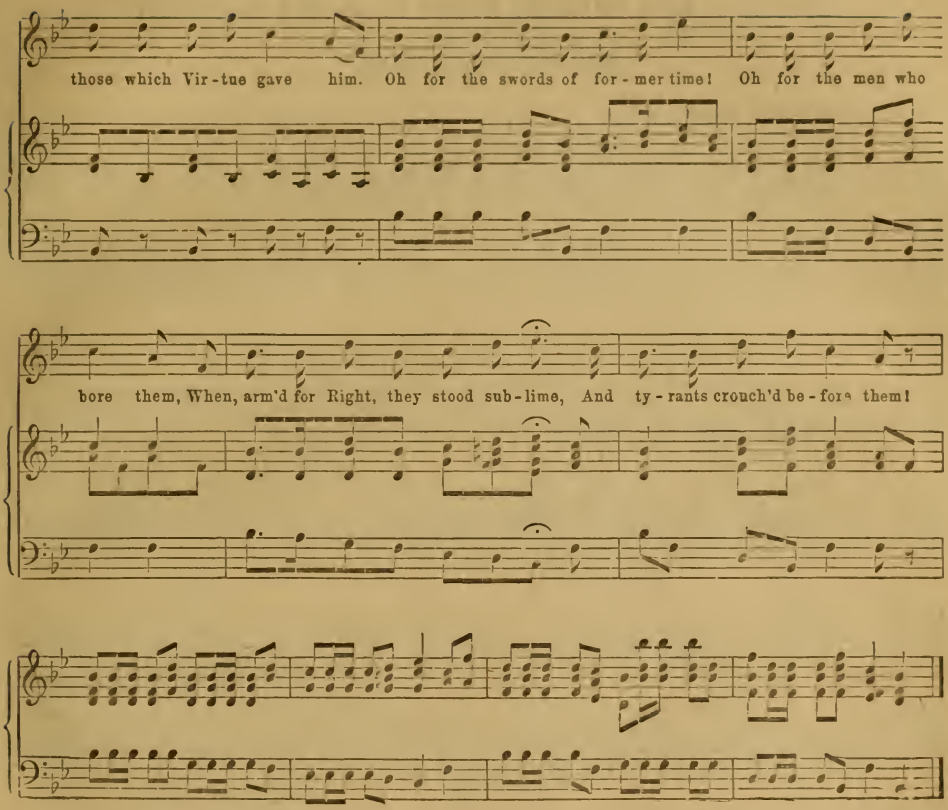
IV.

All this and more the Spirit of Love
Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells;
That heaven which forms his home above,
He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
As thou 'lt own, if thou wilt be mine, love!

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

In moderate time and with spirit. AIR—NAME UNKNOWN.



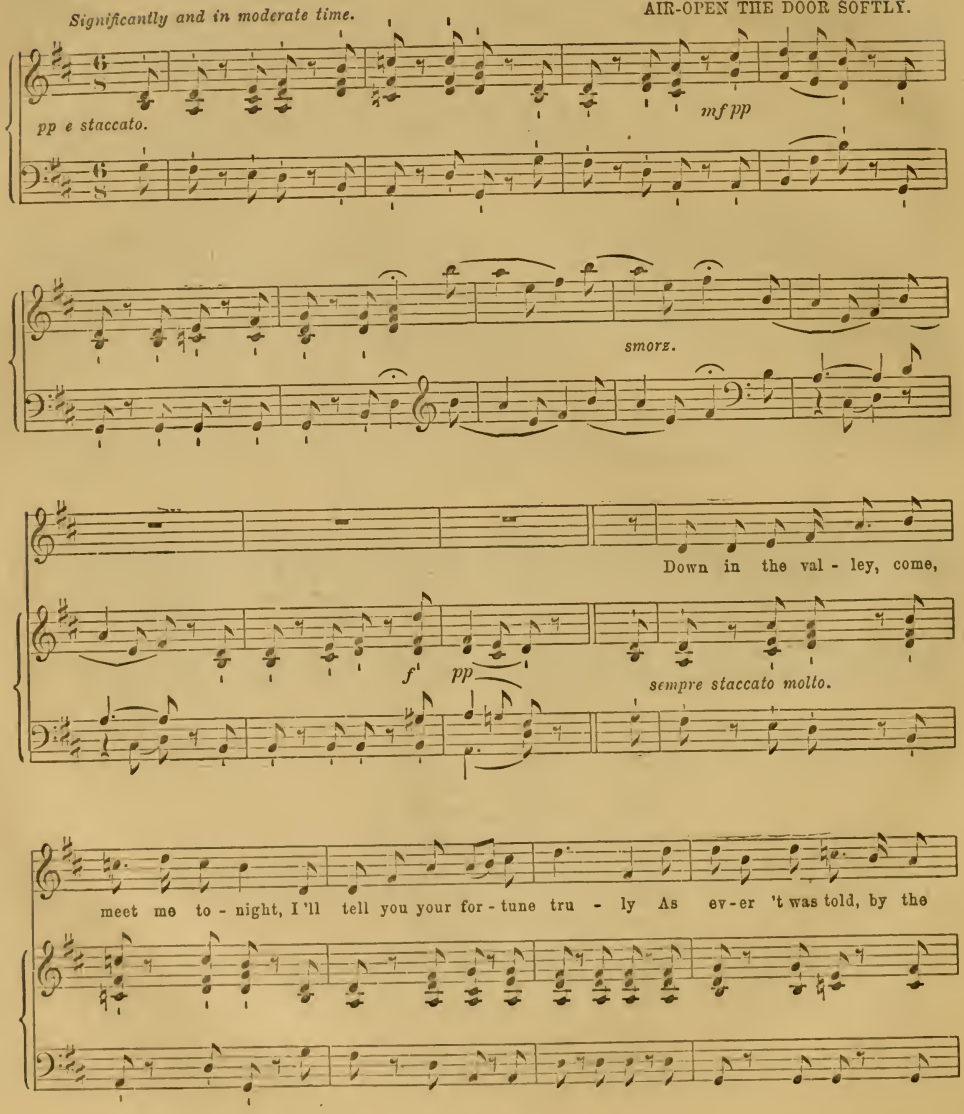


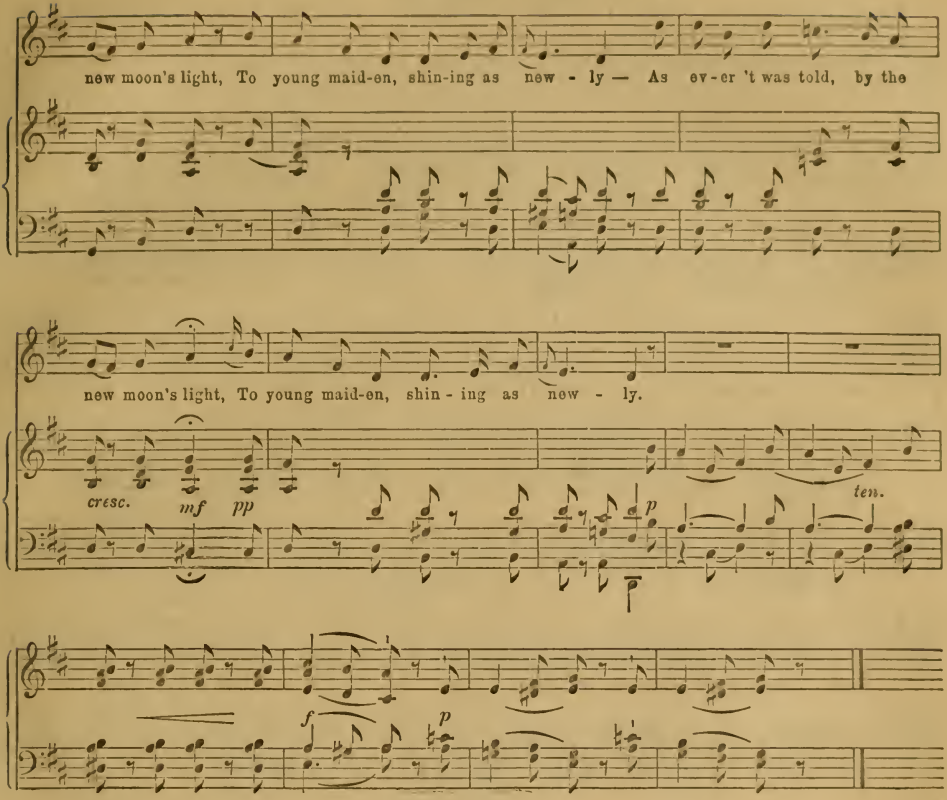
II.

Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them.
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!
When, safe built on bosoms true,
The throne was but the centre,
Round which Love a circle drew,
That Treason durst not enter
Oh for the Kings who flourish'd then!
Oh for the pomp that crown'd them.
When hearts and hands of freeborn men
Were all the ramparts round them!

DOWN IN THE VALLEY, COME MEET ME TO-NIGHT.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.





II.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
Lest haply the stars should deceive me;
Such secrets between you and me and the sky
Should never go farther, believe me.

III.

If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim,
My science shall call up before you
A male apparition — the image of him
Whose destiny 't is to adore you.

IV.

And if to that phantom you 'll be kind,
So fondly around you he 'll hover,
You 'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
'Twixt him and a true living lover.

V.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
He 'll kneel, with a warmth of devotion —
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
You 'd scarcely believe had a notion.

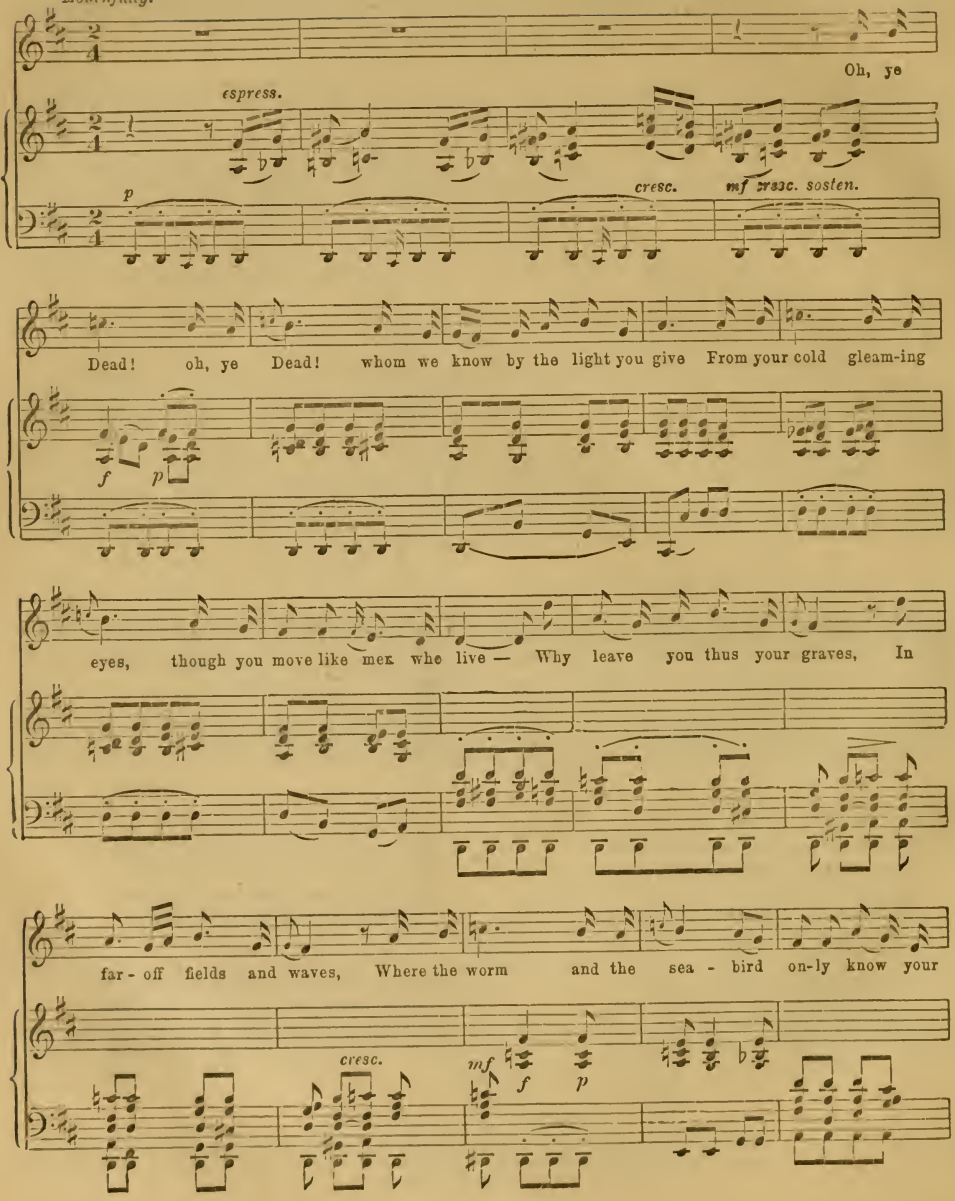
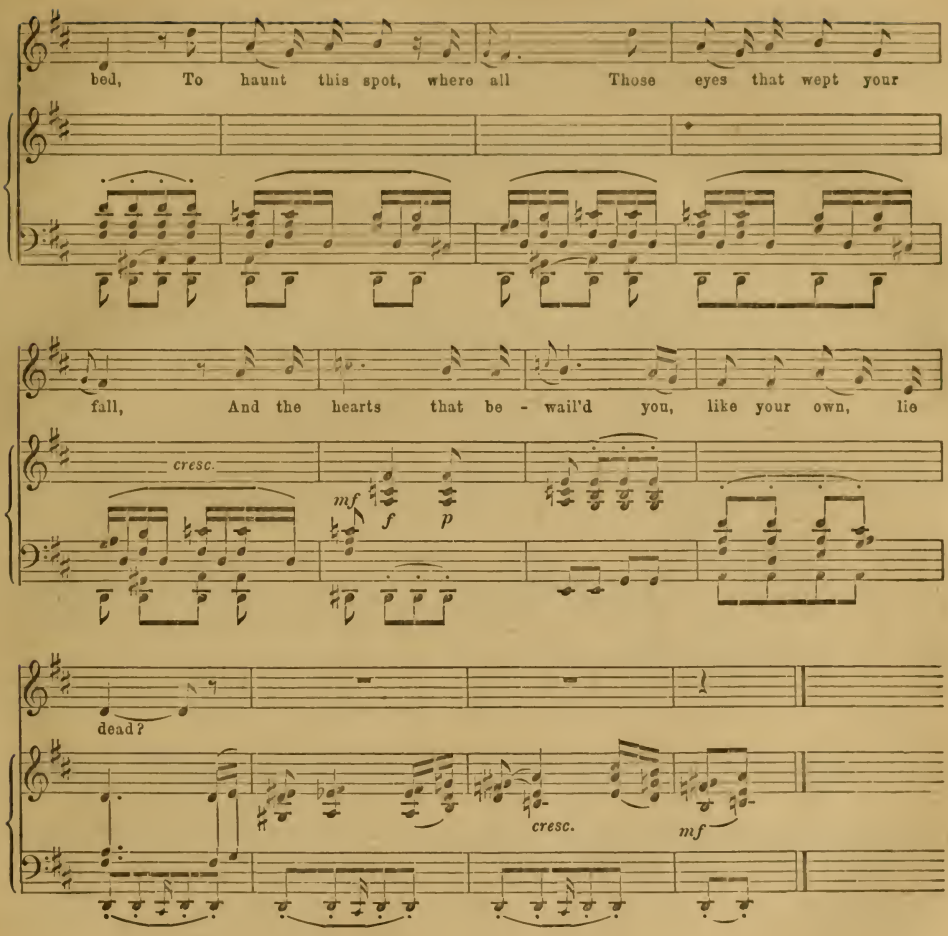
VI.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
As in destiny's book I 've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
To settle, ere morning, between them.

OH, YE DEAD!

Mournfully.

AIR—PLOUGH TUNE.

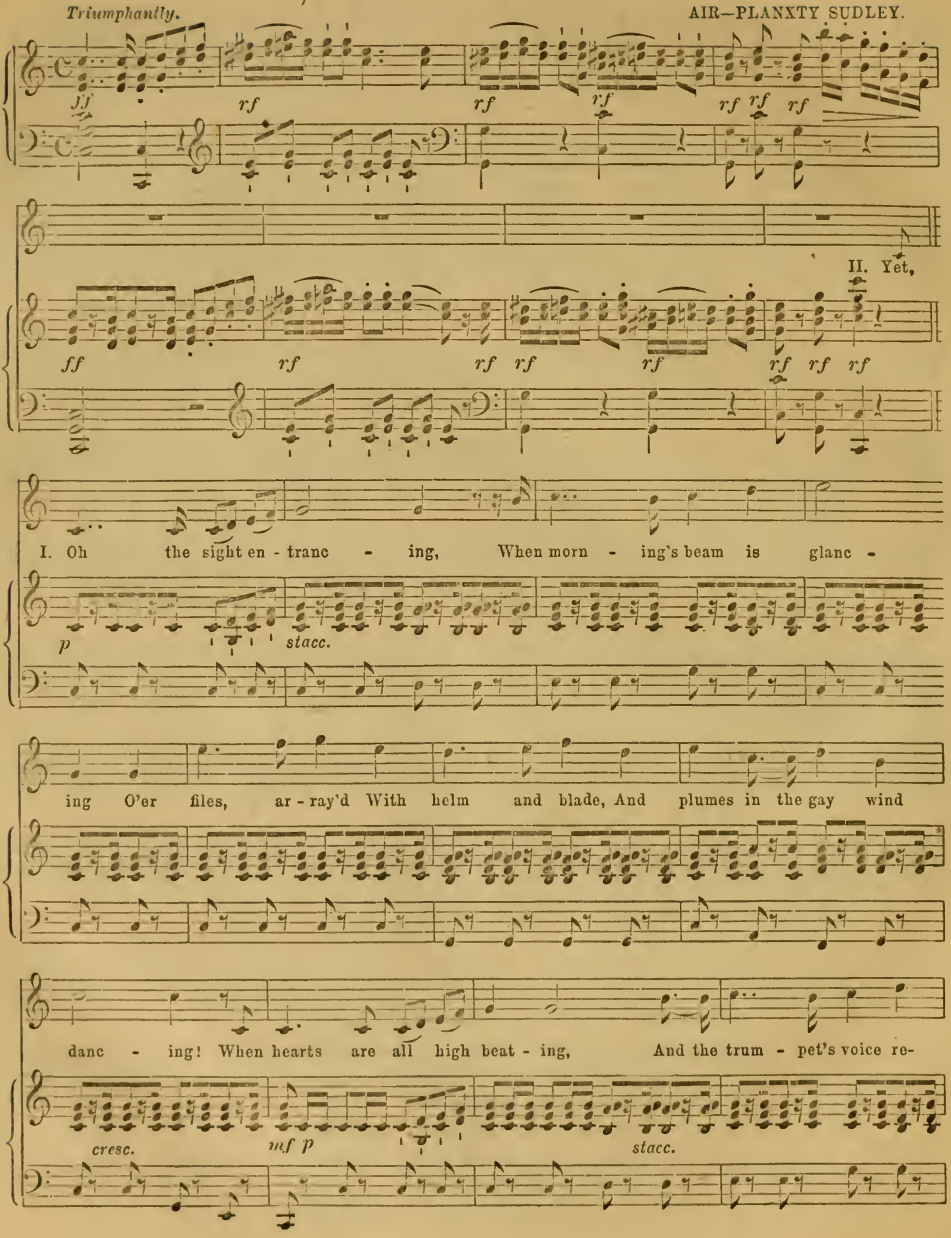


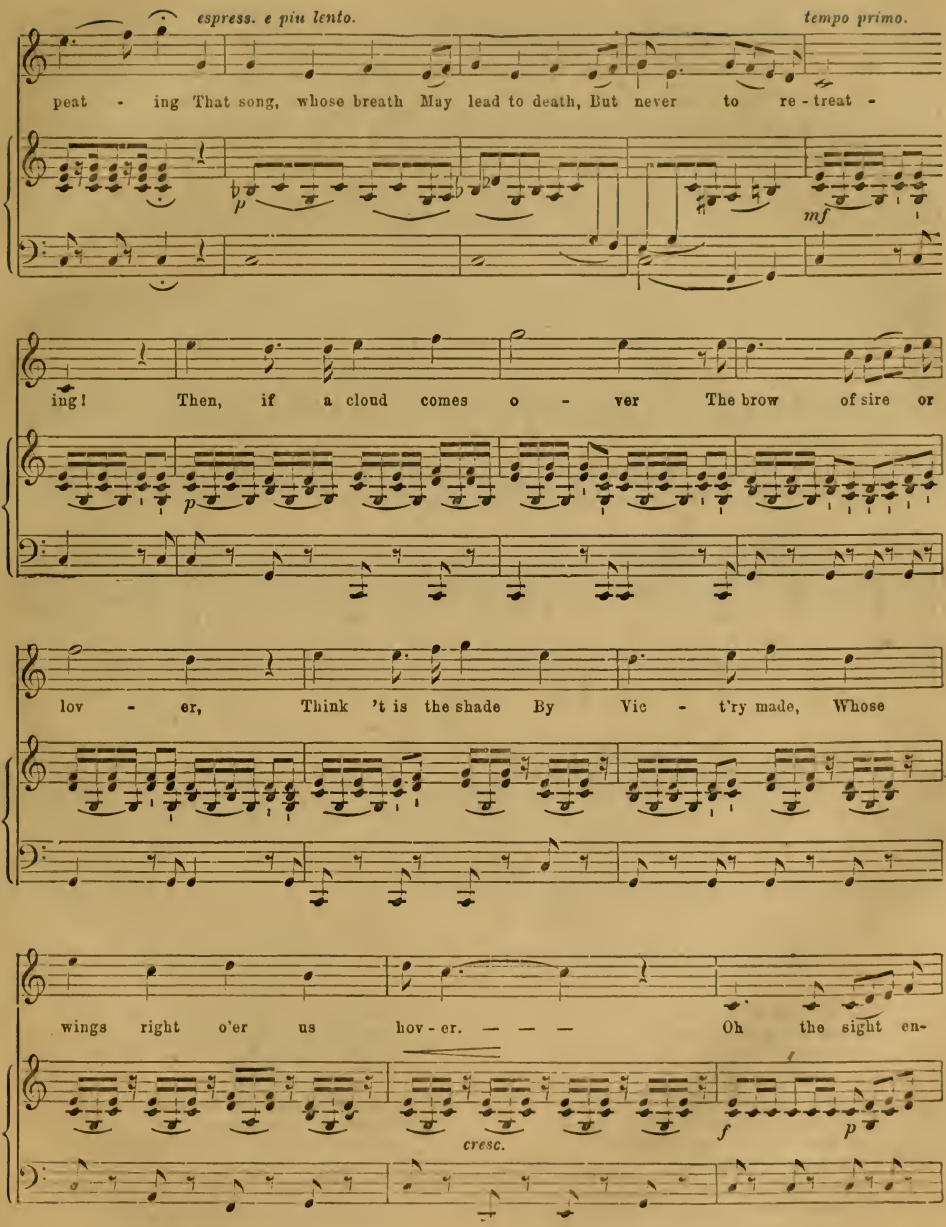
II.

It is true, it is true, we are shadows cold and wan;
And the fair and the brave whom we lov'd on earth are gone;
But still, thus ev'n in death,
So sweet the living breath
Of the fields and the flow'rs in our youth we wander'd o'er,
That ere, condemn'd, we go
To freeze 'mid Hecla's snow,
We would taste it awhile, and think we live once more!

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

AIR—PLANXTY SUDLEY.




espress. e piu lento.
tempo primo.
peat - ing That song, whose breath May lead to death, But never to re - treat -
p
mf
ing! Then, if a cloud comes o - ver The brow of sire or
p
lov - er, Think 't is the shade By Vic - t'ry made, Whose
wings right o'er us hov - er. — — — Oh the sight en-
cresc.
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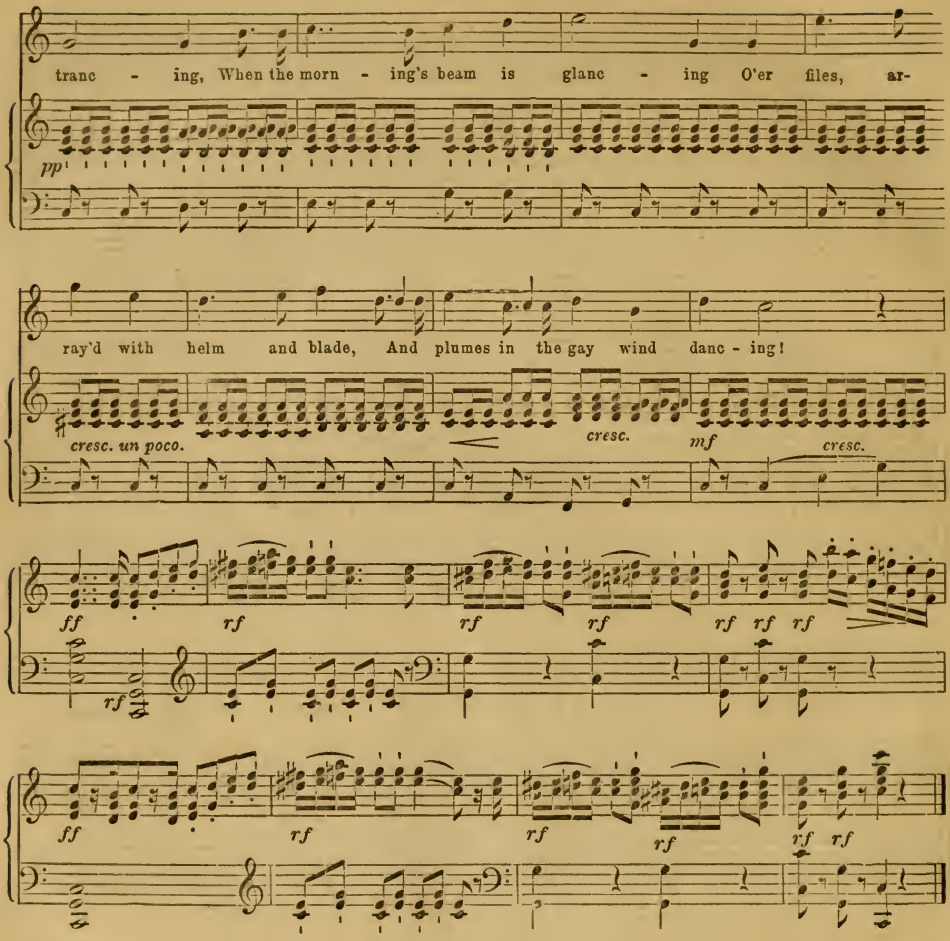


II.

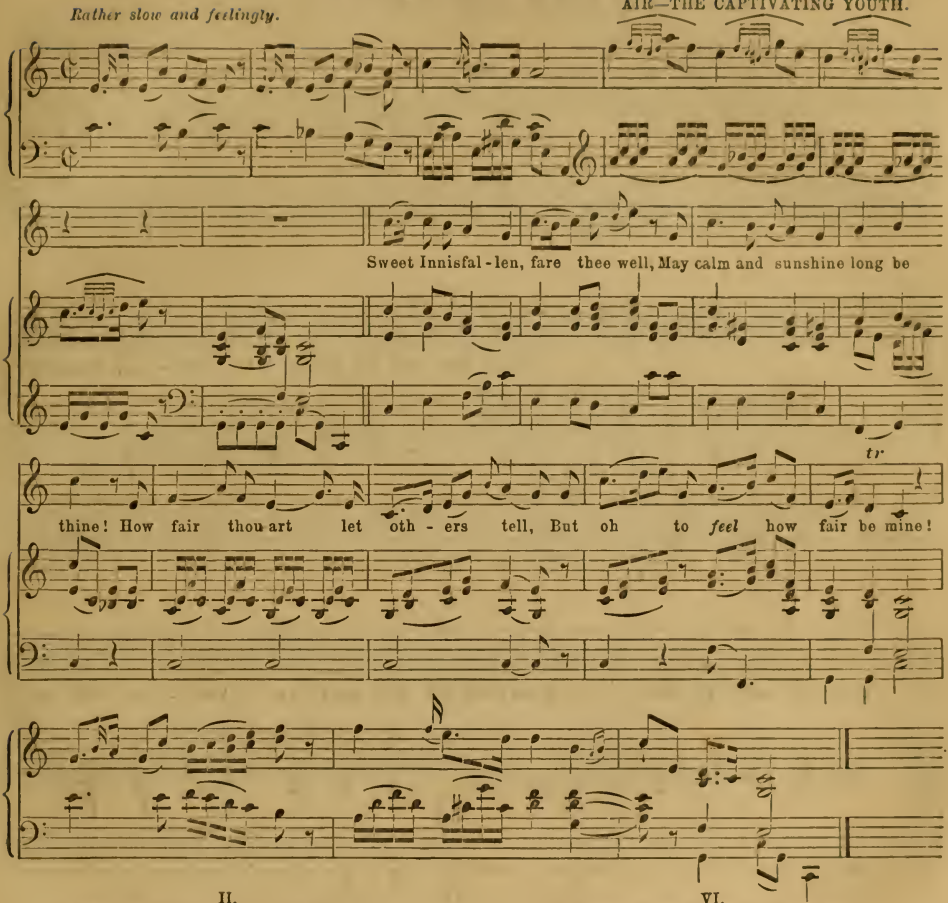
Yet, 't is not helm or feather —
For ask yon despot, whether
His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as curs together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em —
Give man but heart and freedom,
And proud he braves
The gaudiest slaves
That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.

The sword may pierce the beaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
'T is mind alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever.
Oh that sight entrancing,
When the morning's beam is glancing
O'er files array'd
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing!

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

AIR—THE CAPTIVATING YOUTH.

Rather slow and feelingly.



II.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
And oft may light around thee smile,
As soft as on that ev'ning fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle!

III.

Thou wert *too* lovely then for one
Who had to turn to paths of care —
Who had through vulgar crowds to run,
And leave thee bright and silent there;

IV.

No more along thy shores to come,
But, on the world's dim ocean tost,
Dream of thee sometimes, as a home
Of sunshine he had seen and lost!

V.

Far better in thy weeping hours
To part from thee, as I do now,
When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
Like sorrow's veil on beauty's brow.

VI.

For, though unrivall'd still thy grace,
Thou dost not look, as then, *too* blest,
But, in thy shadows, seem'st a place
Where weary man might hope to rest —

VII.

Might hope to rest, and find in thee
A gloom like Eden's, on the day
He left its shade, when every tree,
Like thine, hung weeping o'er his way!

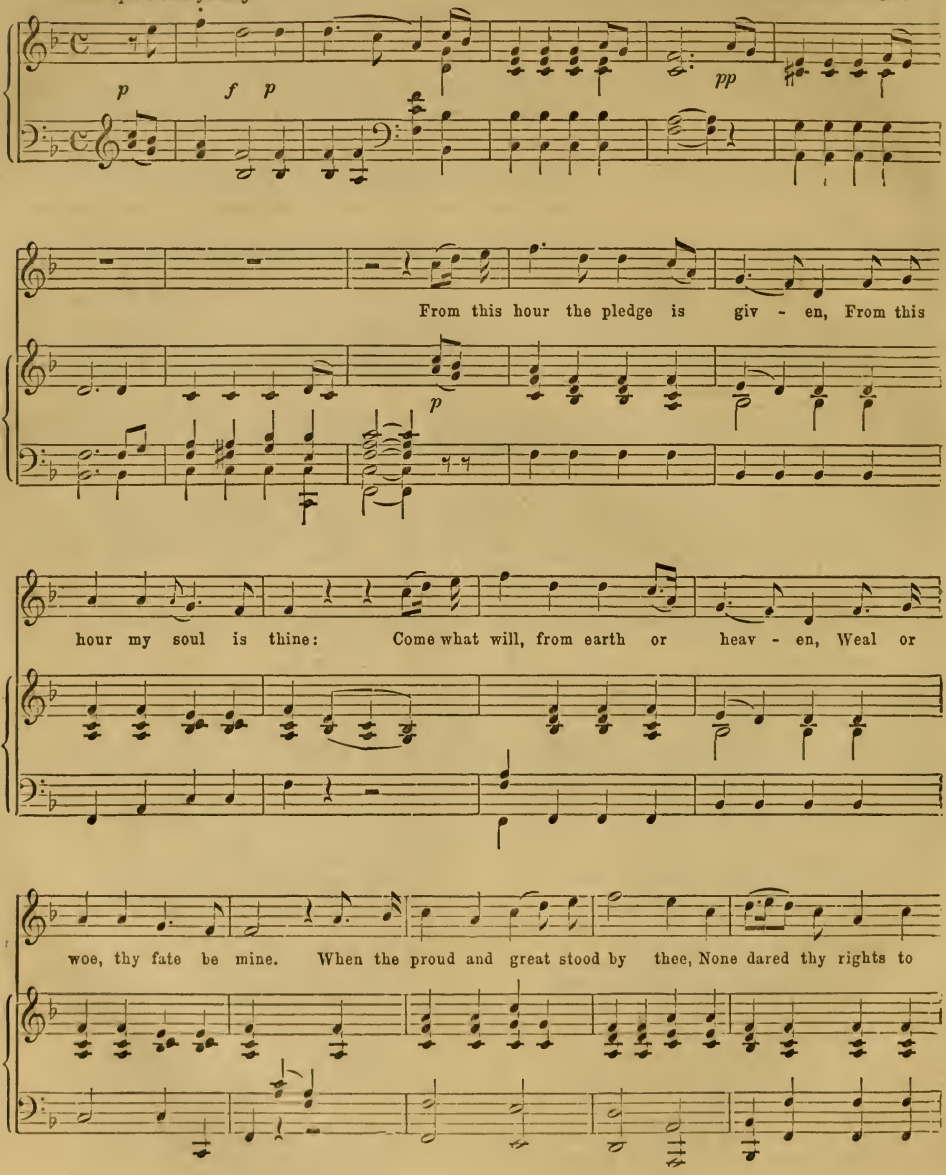
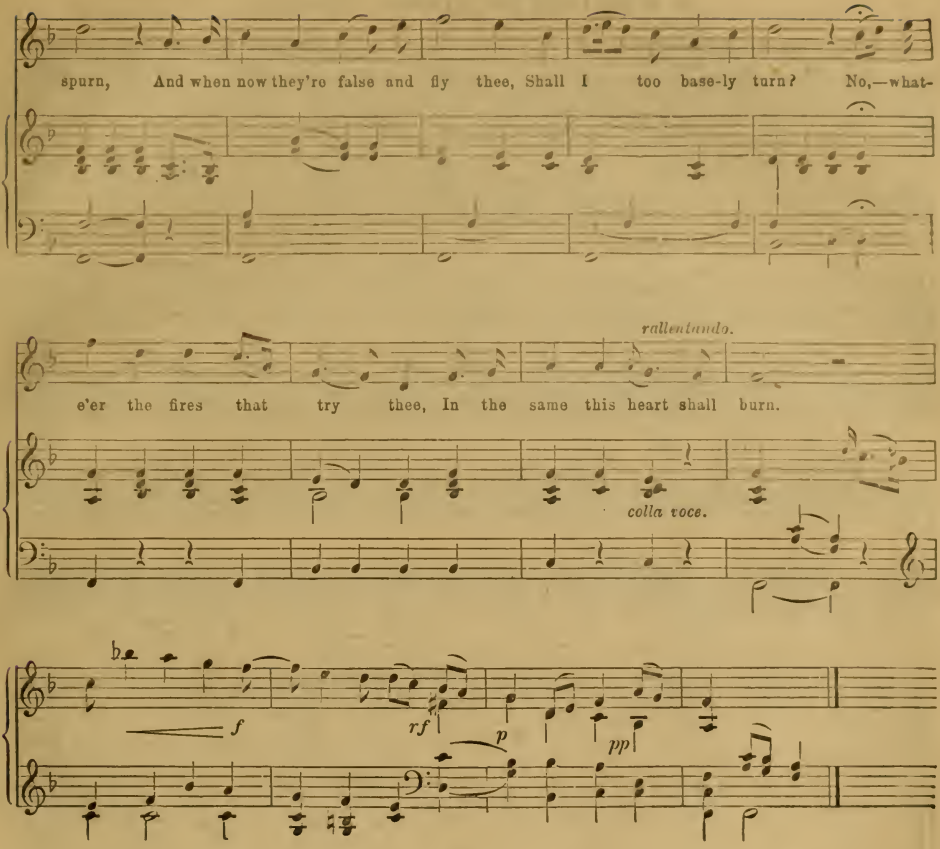
VIII.

Weeping or smiling, lovely isle!
And still the lovelier for thy tears —
For though but rare thy sunny smile,
'T is Heaven's own glance, when it appears.

IX.

Like feeling hearts, whose joys are few,
But, when *indeed* they come, divine —
The steadiest light the sun e'er threw
Is lifeless to one gleam of thine!

FROM THIS HOUR THE PLEDGE IS GIVEN.

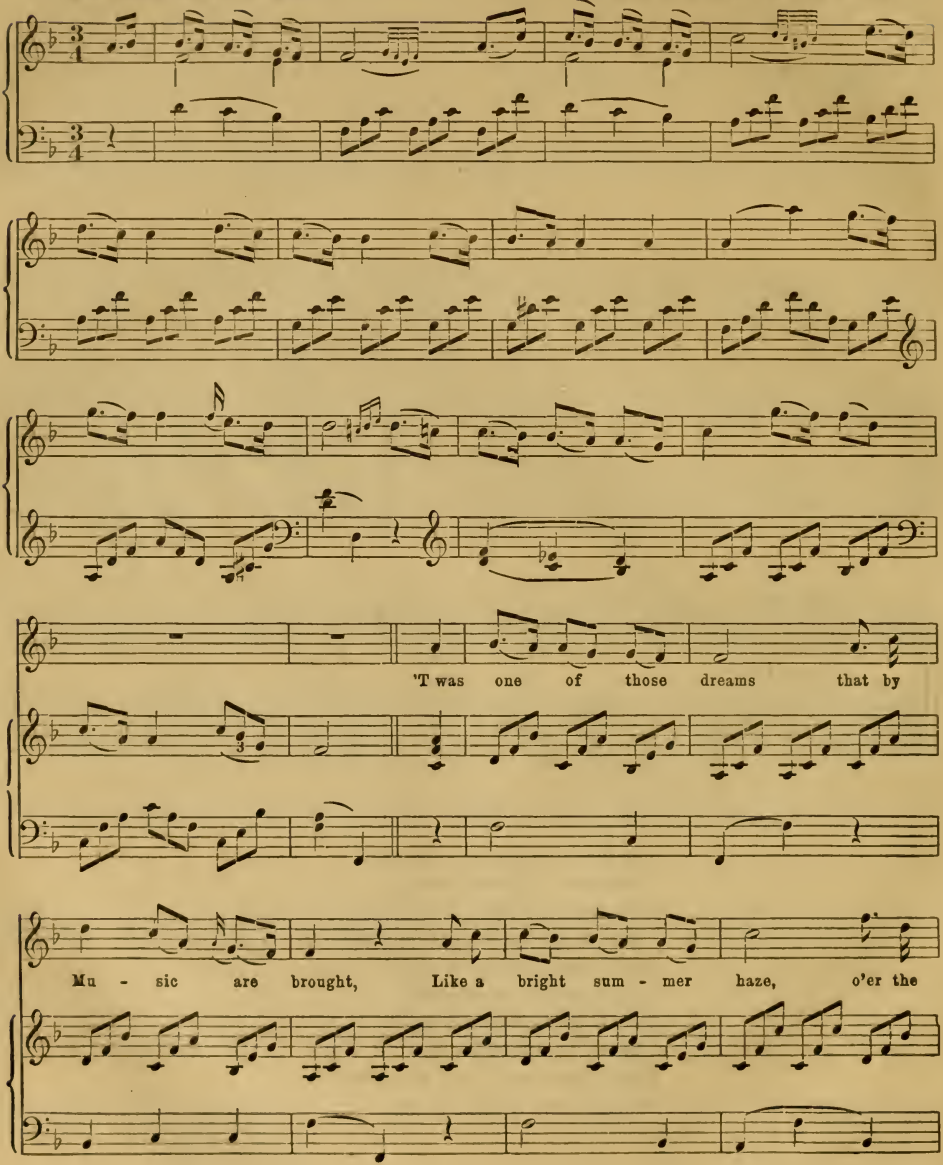
With spirit and feeling. AIR—RENARDINE.



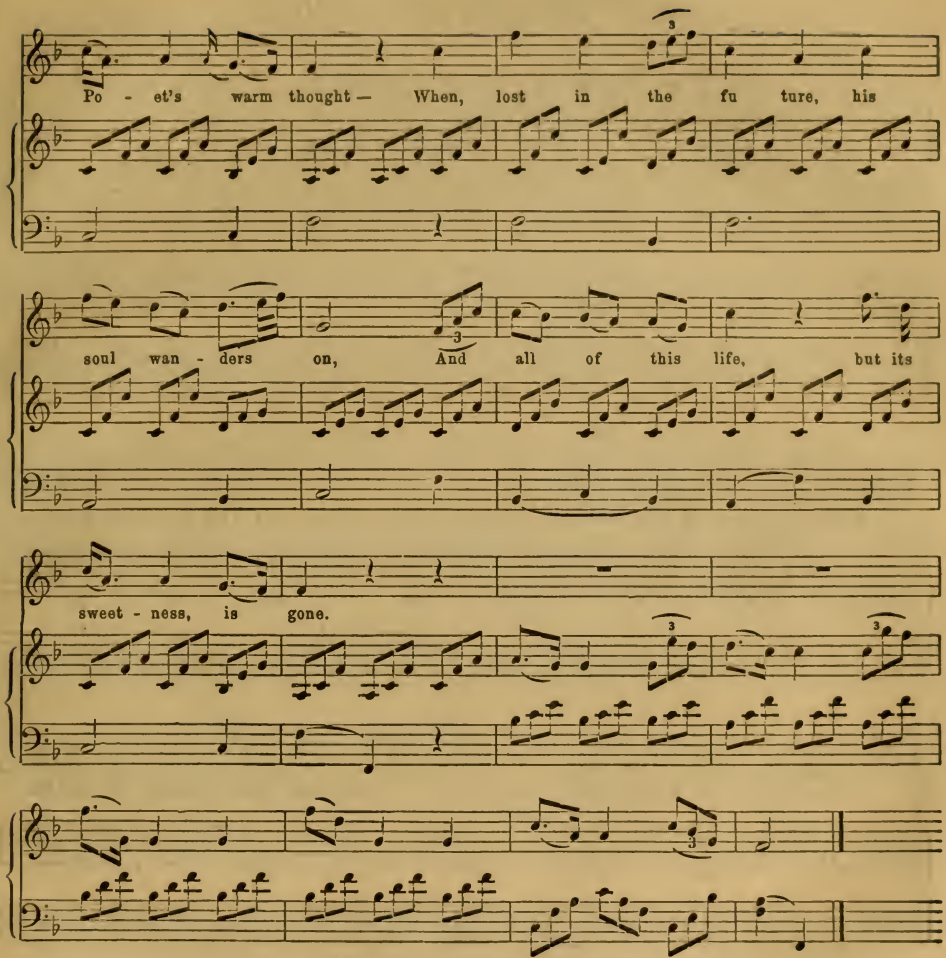
II.

Tho' the sea, where thou embarkest,
Offers now no friendly shore,
Light may come where all looks darkest,
Hope hath life, when life seems o'er.
And of those past ages dreaming,
When glory deck'd thy brow,
Oft I fondly think, though seeming
So fall'n and clouded now,
Thou 'lt again break forth, all beaming, —
None so bright, so blest as thou.

'T WAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

With feeling, but not too slow. AIR—THE SONG OF THE WOODS.





II.

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Dinis' green isle to Glenà's wooded shore.

III.

He listen'd—while, high o'er the eagle's rude nest,
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire.

IV.

It seem'd as if every sweet note, that died here,
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heaven in those hills, where the soul of the strain
That had ceased upon earth was awaking again!

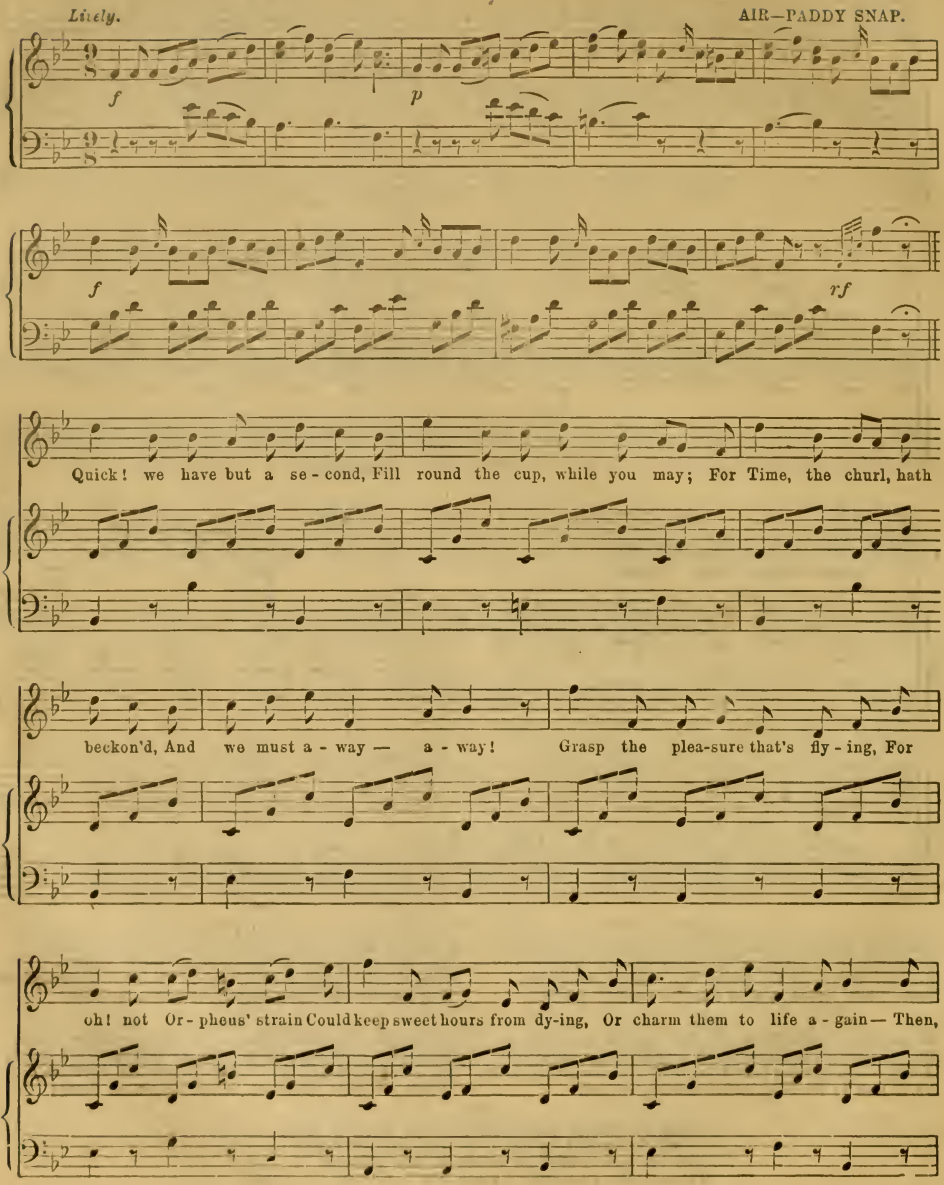
V.

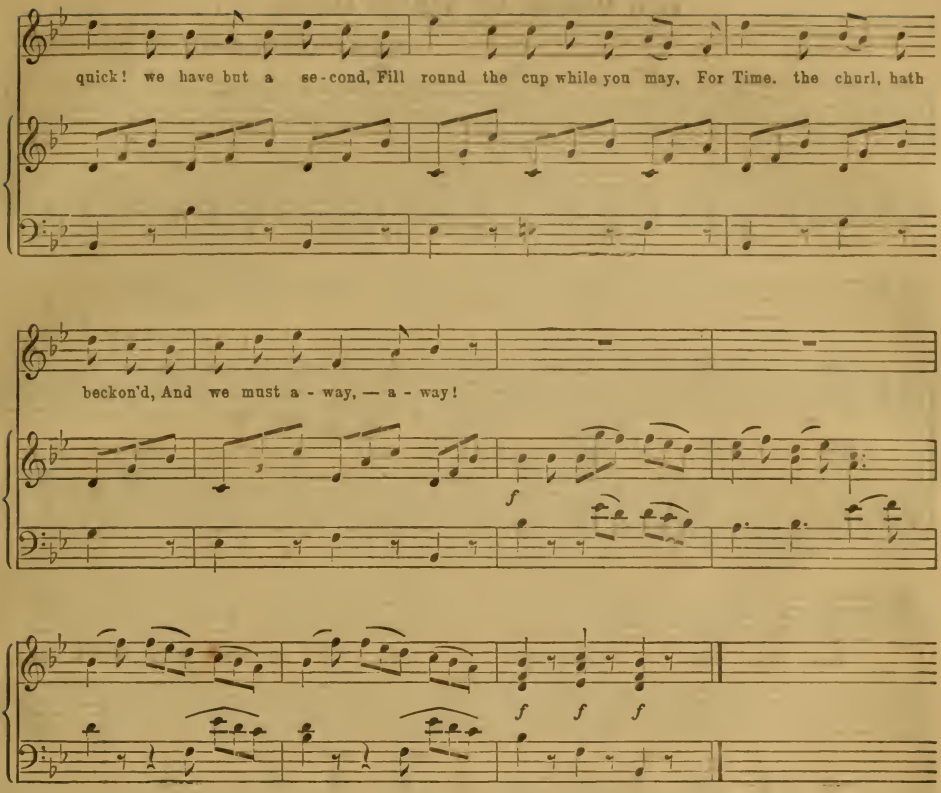
Oh forgive, if, while listening to music, whose breath
Seem'd to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud Spirit within him proclaim,
"Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

VI.

"Even so, though thy memory should now die away,
'T will be caught up again in some happier day,
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
Through the answering Future, thy name and thy song!"

QUICK! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

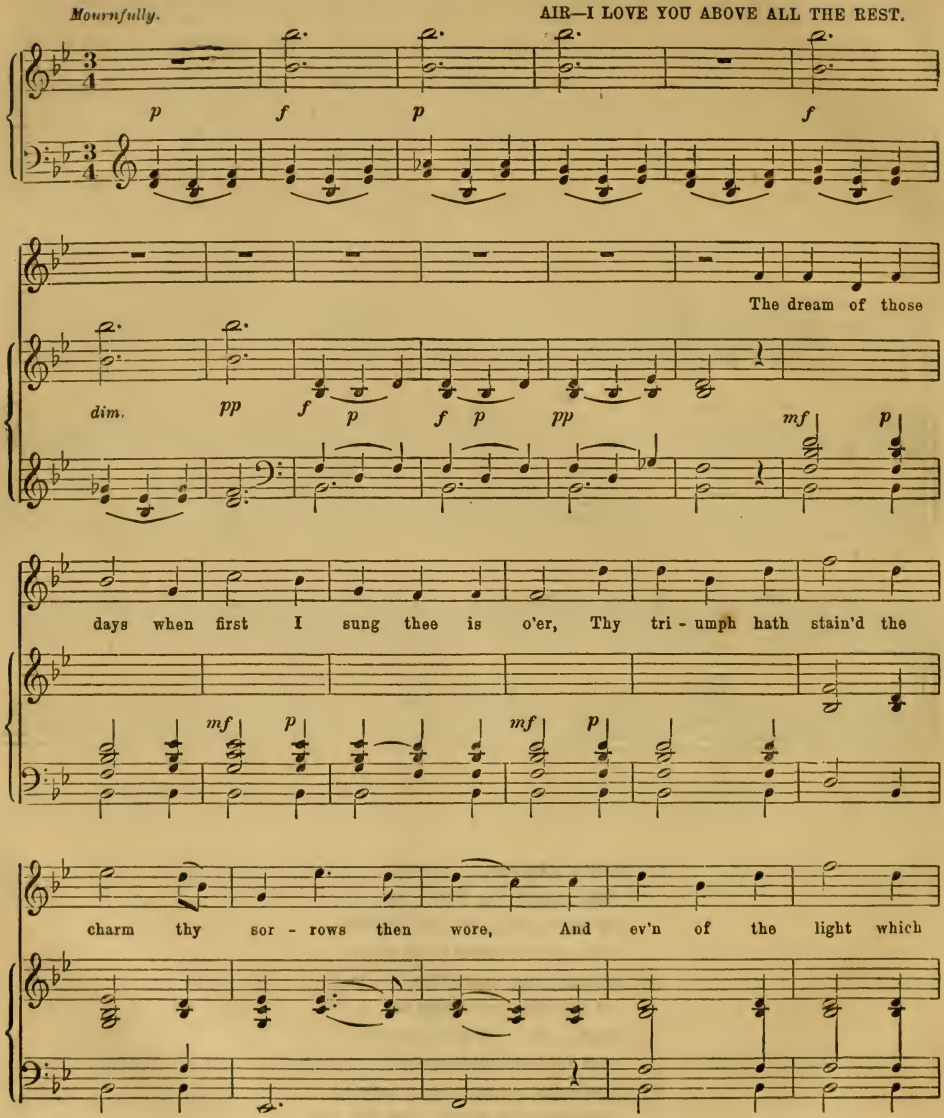




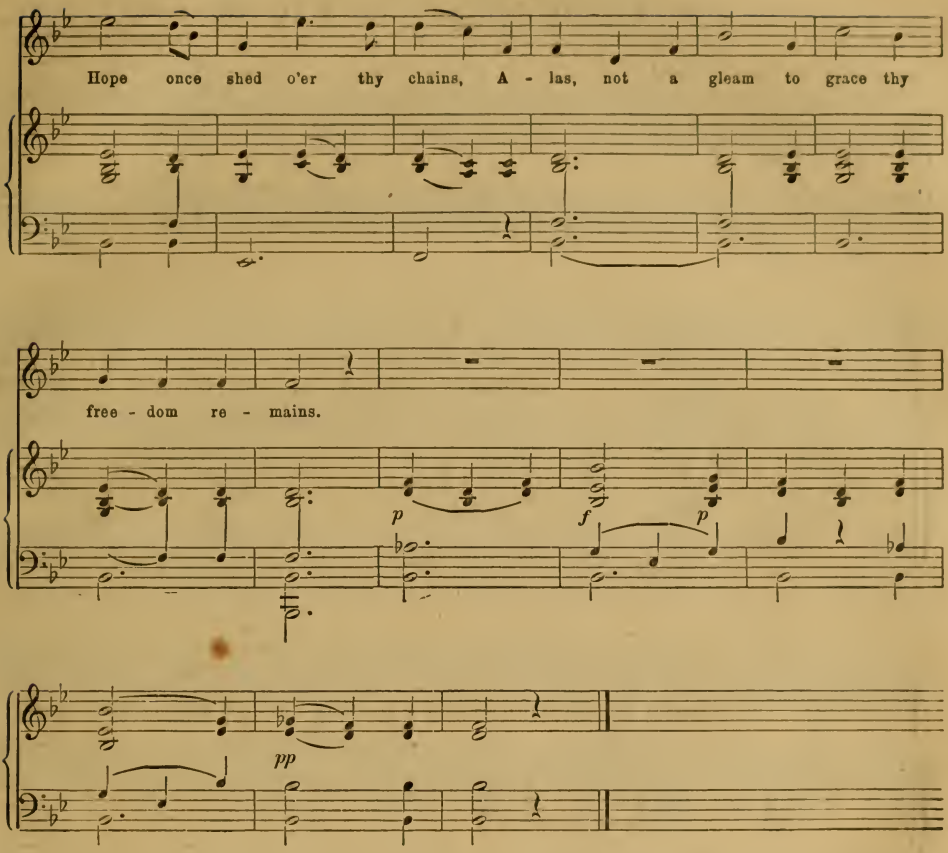
II.

See the glass, how it flushes,
  Like some young Hebe's lip,
And half meets thine, and blushes
  That thou should'st delay to sip.
Shame, O shame unto thee,
  If ever thou see'st that day,
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,
  And turn untouch'd away!
Then quick! we have but a second,
  Fill round, fill round, while you may,
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,
  And we must away,—away!

THE DREAM OF THOSE DAYS.*



* Written in one of those moods of hopelessness and disgust which come occasionally over the mind, in contemplating the present state of Irish patriotism.



II.

Say, is it that slavery sunk so deep in thy heart,
That still the dark brand is there, though chainless thou art;
And Freedom's sweet fruit, for which thy spirit long burn'd,
Now, reaching at last thy lip, to ashes hath turn'd.

III.

Up Liberty's steep by Truth and Eloquence led,
With eyes on her temple fix'd, how proud was thy trea[illegible]!
Ah, better thou ne'er hadst lived that summit to gain,
Or died in the porch, than thus dishonour the fane.

SING, SWEET HARP, OH SING TO ME.

AIR—UNKNOWN.

With mournful expression.

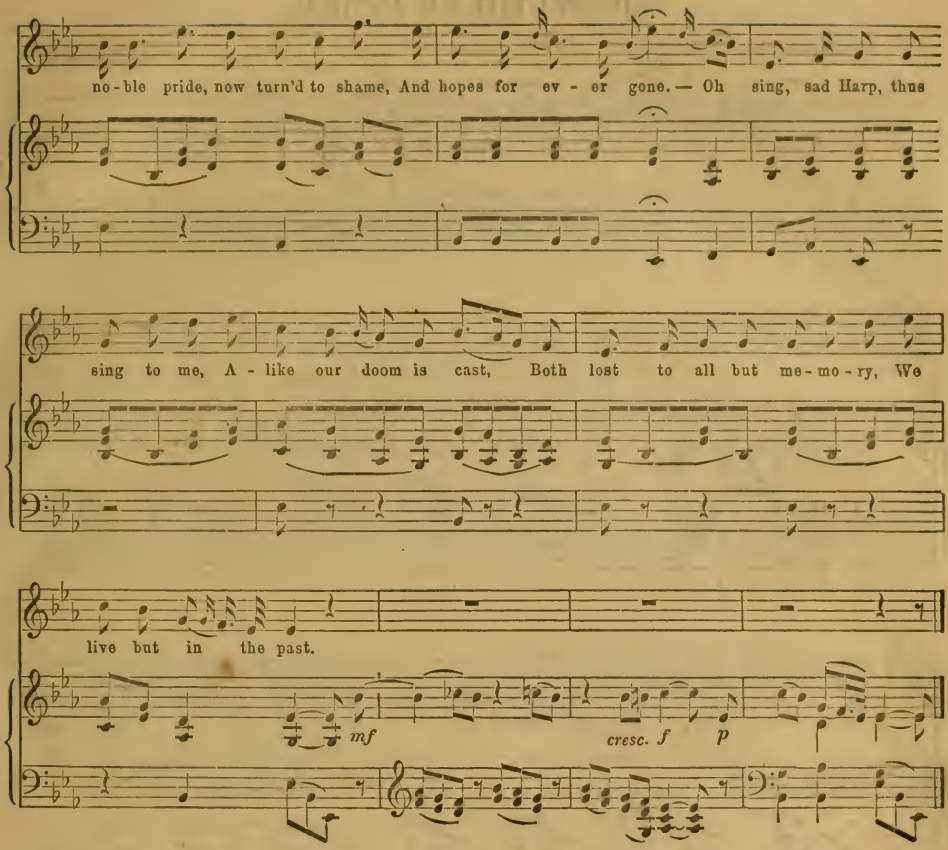
p *dim.*

Sing, sweet Harp, oh sing to me Some song of an-cient

pp

days, Whose sounds, in this sad me - mo - ry, Long bu-ried dreams shall raise; —

Some lay that tells of van-ish'd fame, Whose light once round us shone; Of



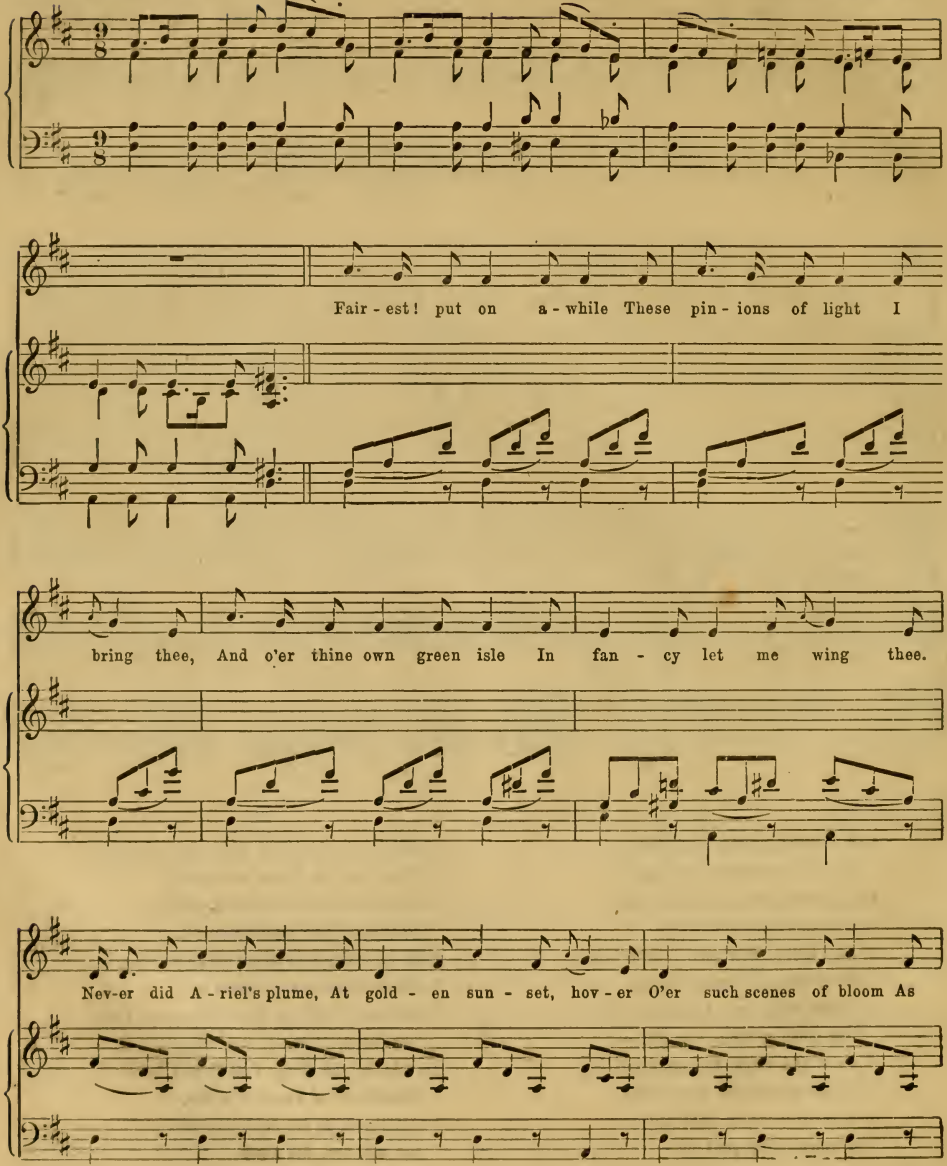
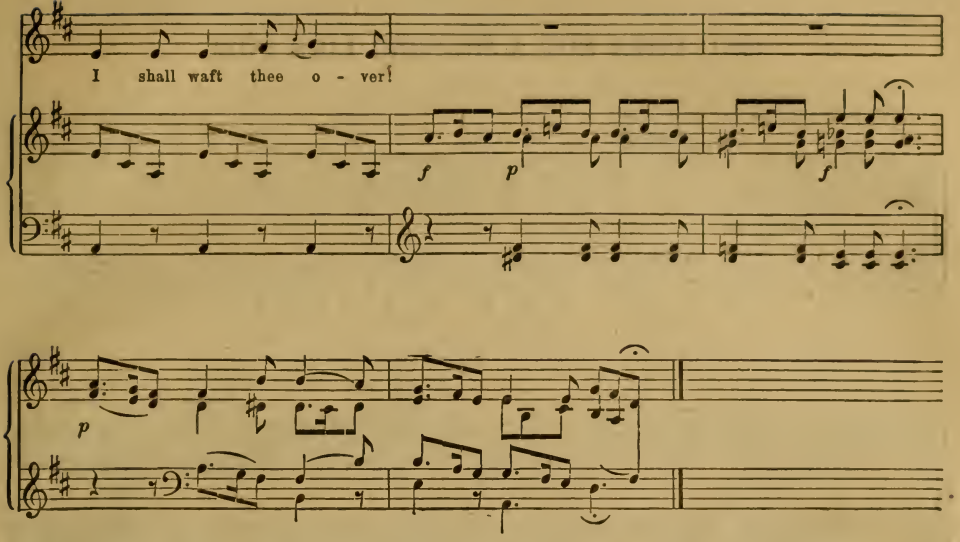
II.

How mournfully the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh,
As if it sought some echo there
Of voices long gone by; —
Of Chieftains, now forgot, who beam'd
The foremost then in fame;
Of Bards who, once immortal deem'd,
Now sleep without a name. —
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air
Among thy chords doth sigh;
In vain it seeks an echo there
Of voices long gone by.

III.

Could'st thou but call those spirits round
Who once, in bower and hall,
Sate list'ning to thy magic sound, —
Now mute and mould'ring all.
But, no—they would but wake to weep
Their children's slavery; —
Then leave them in their dreamless sleep,
The Dead, at least, are free. —
Oh! hush, sad Harp, that dreary tone,
That knell of Freedom's day,
Or, list'ning to its deathlike moan,
Let me, too, die away

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE.

In moderate time. AIR—CUMMILUM.



II.

Fields, where the spring delays,
And fearlessly meets the ardour
Of the warm Summer's gaze,
With only her tears to guard her.
Rocks, through myrtle boughs
In grace majestic frowning;
Like some bold warrior's brows
That Love hath just been crowning.

III.

Islets, so freshly fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But from his course thro' air
He hath been won down by them. —
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
From heav'n, without alighting.

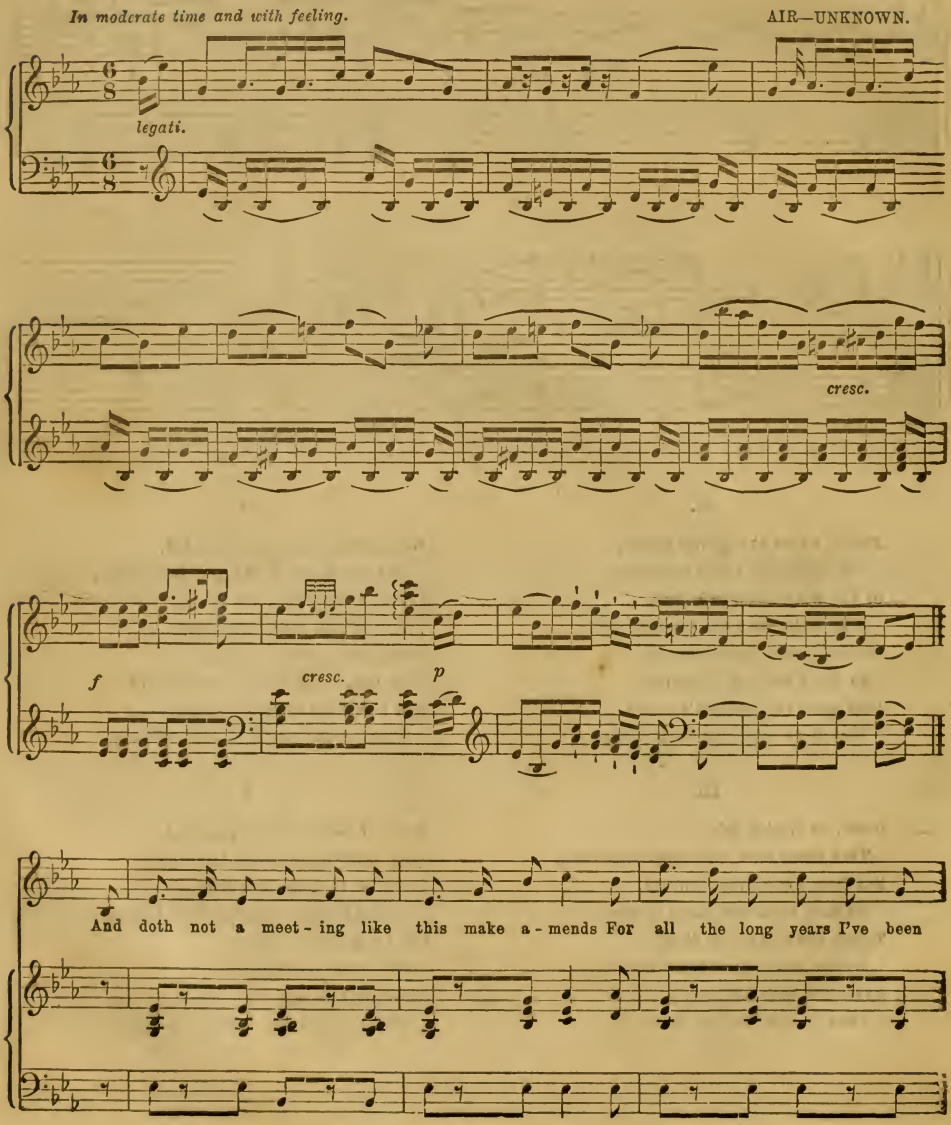
IV.

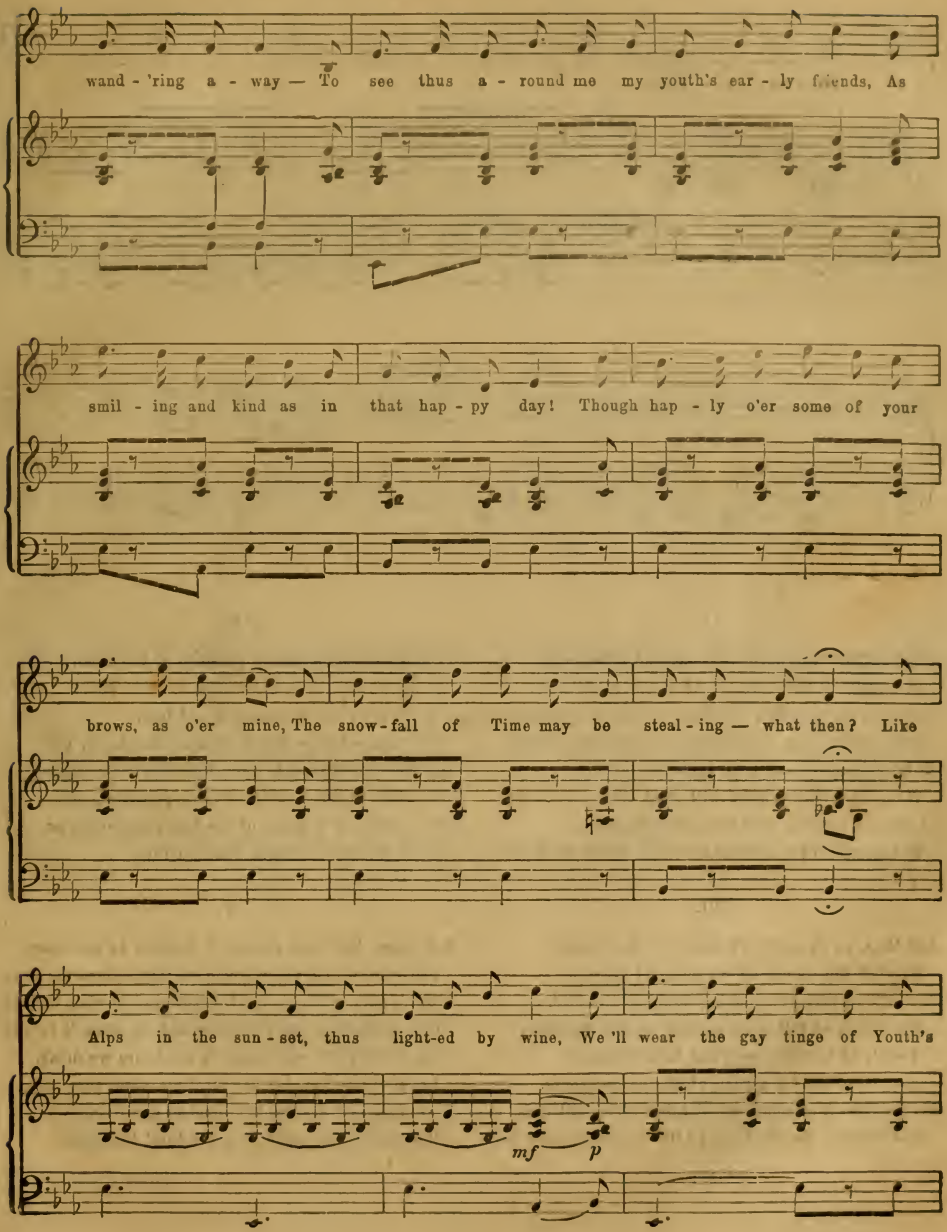
Lakes, where the pearl lies hid,
And caves, where the gem is sleeping,
Bright as the tears thy lid
Lets fall in lonely weeping.
Glens, where Ocean comes,
To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
And harbours, worthiest homes
Where Freedom's fleet can anchor.

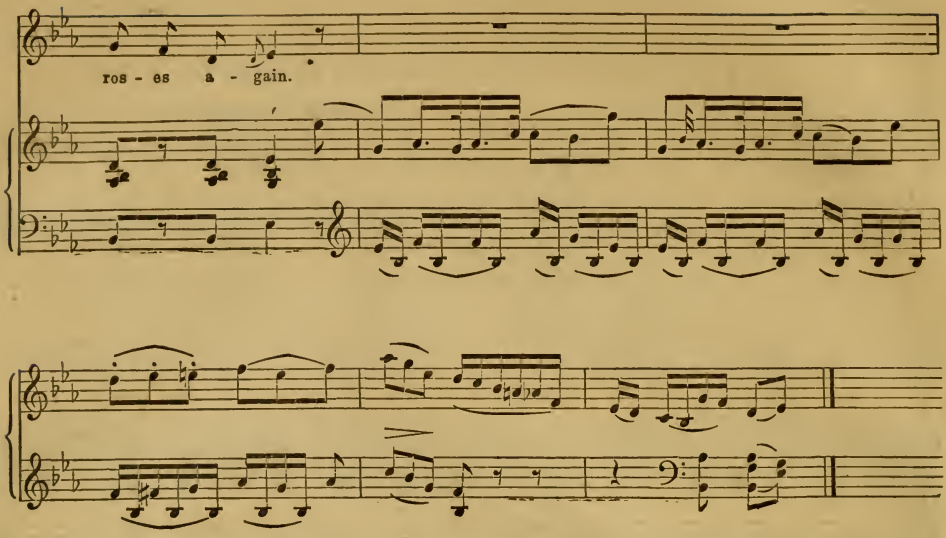
V.

Then, if, while scenes so grand,
So beautiful, shine before thee,
Pride for thy own dear land
Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
Oh, let grief come first,
O'er pride itself victorious —
Thinking how man hath curst
What Heaven had made so glorious.

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.




wand - 'ring a - way — To see thus a - round me my youth's ear - ly friends, As
smil - ing and kind as in that hap - py day! Though hap - ly o'er some of your
brows, as o'er mine, The snow-fall of Time may be steal - ing — what then? Like
Alps in the sun - set, thus light-ed by wine, We 'll wear the gay tinge of Youth's
mf
p



II.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we 've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
As letters some hand hath invisibly trac'd,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effac'd,
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

III.

And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceiv'd for a moment, we 'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

IV.

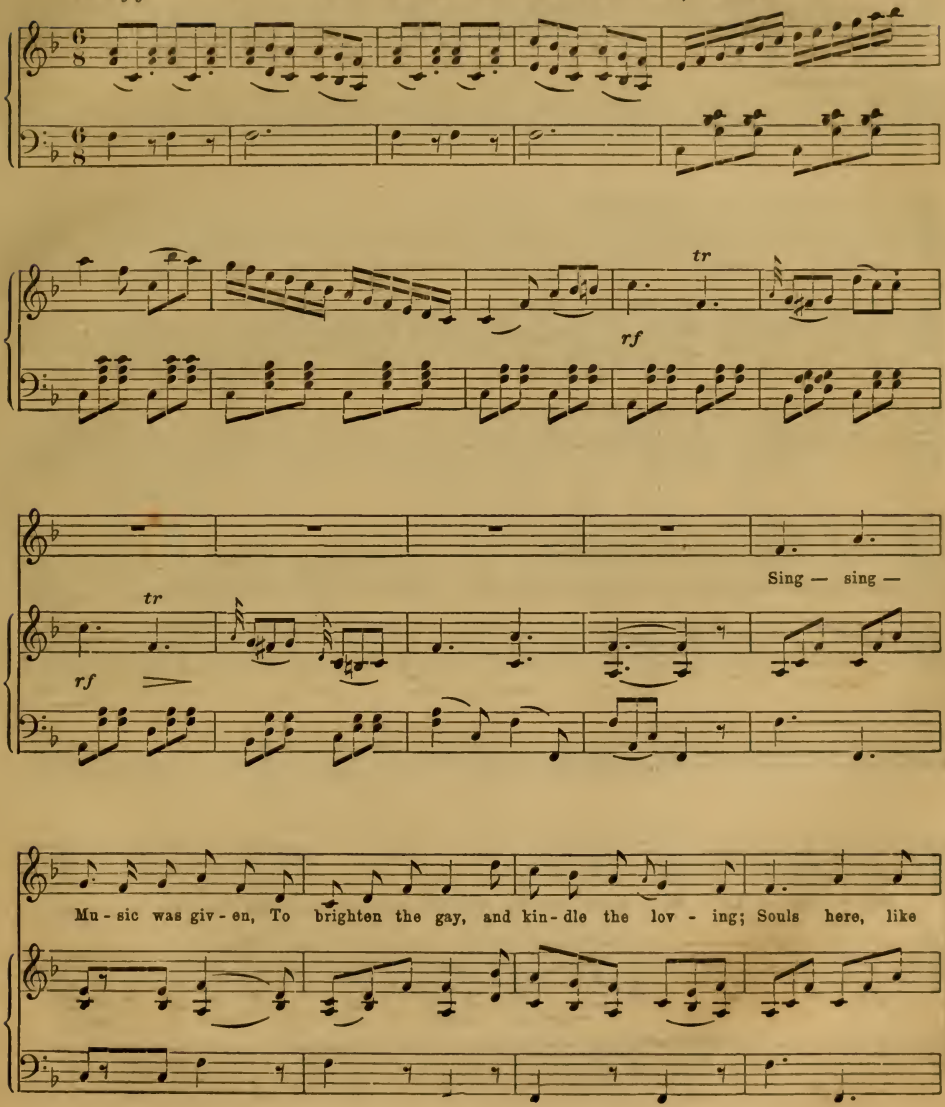
So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart, that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hastening on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

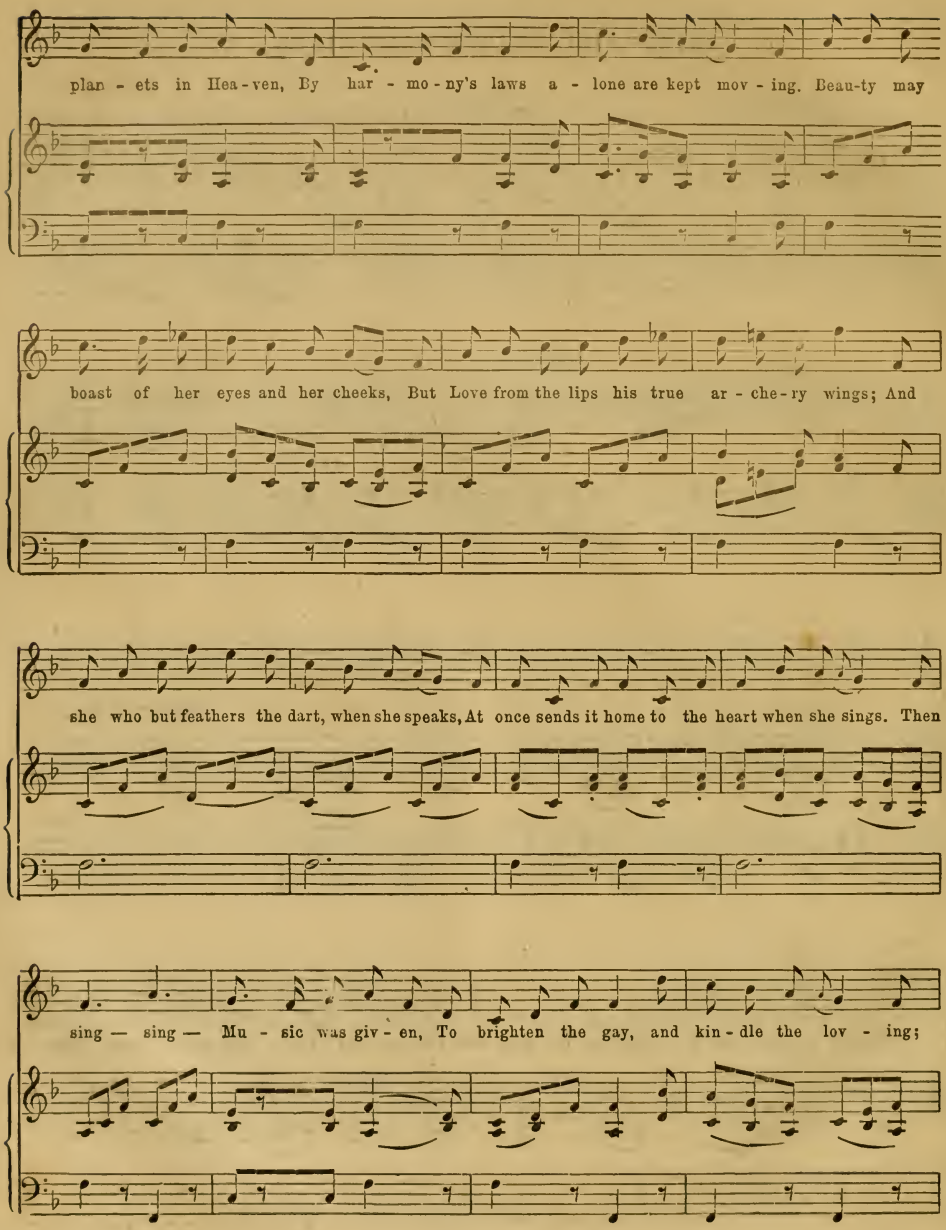
V.

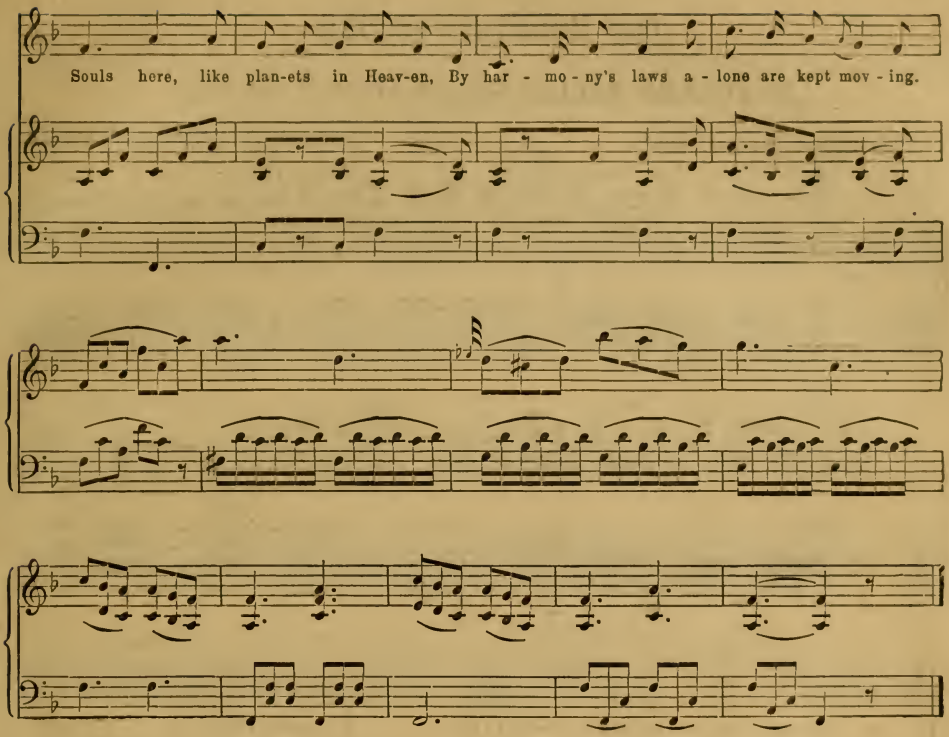
But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome and bless them the more.
They 're ours, when we meet,—they are lost when we part,
Like birds that bring summer and fly when 't is o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure, thro' pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct thro' the chain.

SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

Flowingly. AIR—THE HUMOURS OF BALLAMAGUIRY; OR, THE OLD LANGOLEE.




plan - ets in Hea - ven, By har - mo - ny's laws a - lone are kept mov - ing. Beau-ty may
boast of her eyes and her cheeks, But Love from the lips his true ar - che - ry wings; And
she who but feathers the dart, when she speaks, At once sends it home to the heart when she sings. Then
sing — sing — Mu - sic was giv - en, To brighten the gay, and kin - dle the lov - ing;



II.

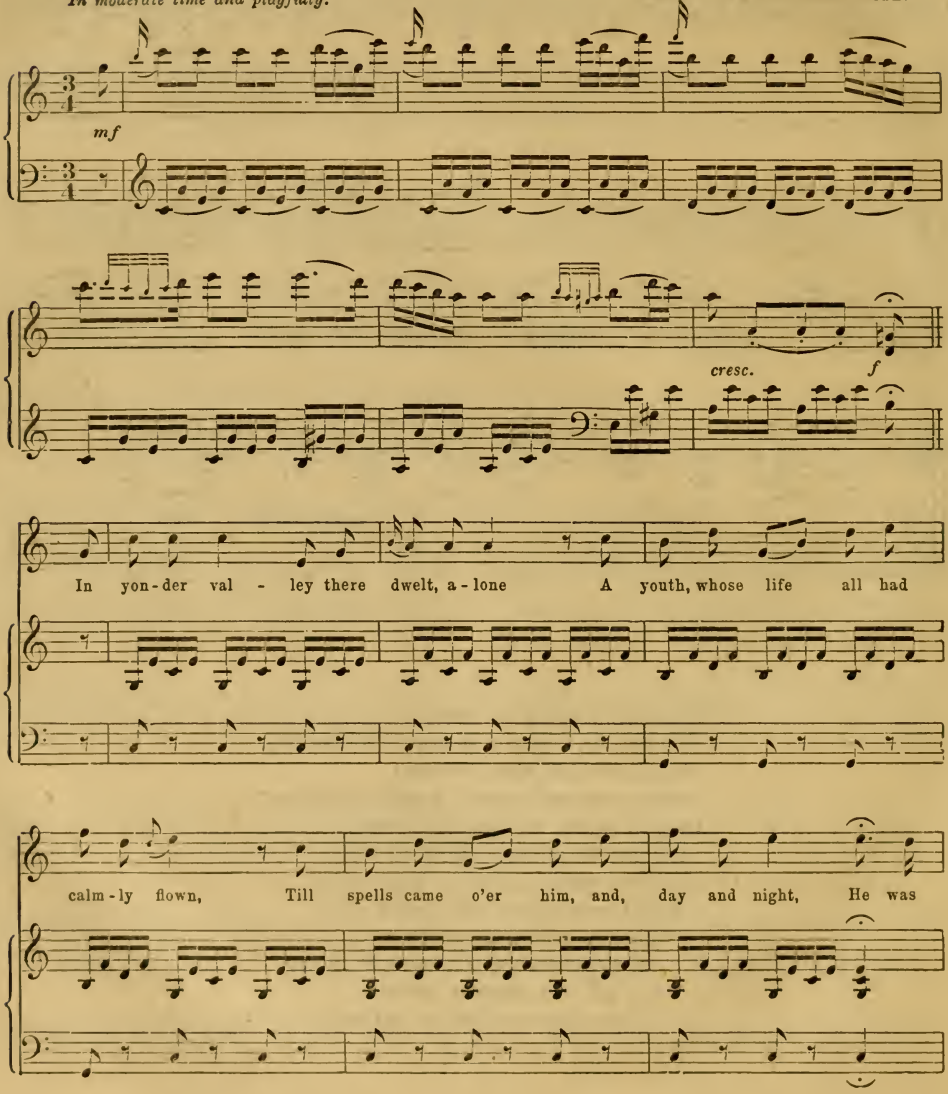
When Love, rock'd by his mother,
  Lay sleeping, as calm as slumber could make him,
"Hush, hush," said Venus, "no other
  "Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him."
Dreaming of music he slumber'd the while,
  Till faint from his lip a soft melody broke,
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,
  While Love to his own sweet singing awoke.
    Then sing—sing—Music was given
      To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
    Souls here, like planets in heaven,
      By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

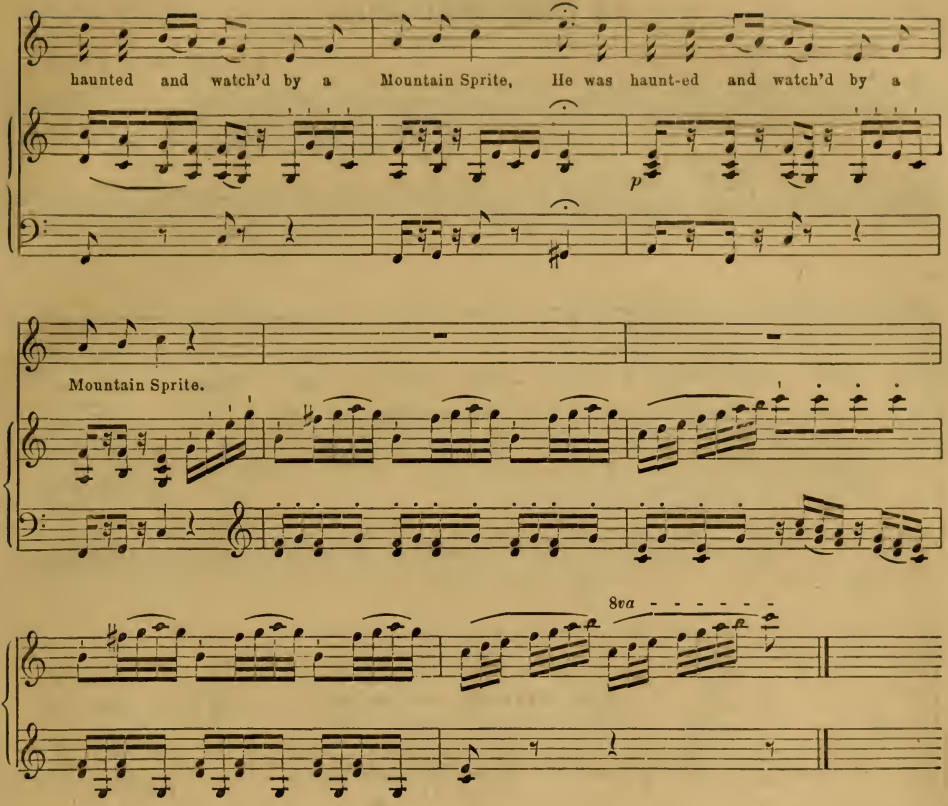
THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

IN YONDER VALLEY THERE DWELT, ALONE.

In moderate time and playfully.

AIR—THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.





II.

As once, by moonlight, he wander'd o'er
The golden sands of that island shore,
A foot-print sparkled before his sight —
'T was the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite!

III.

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
As bending over the stream he lay,
There peep'd down o'er him two eyes of light,
And he saw in that mirror, the Mountain Sprite.

IV.

He turn'd — but, lo, like a startled bird,
That spirit fled — and the youth but heard
Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of some bird of song, from the Mountain Sprite.

V.

One night, still haunted by that bright look,
The boy, bewilder'd, his pencil took,
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the once-seen form of the Mountain Sprite.

VI.

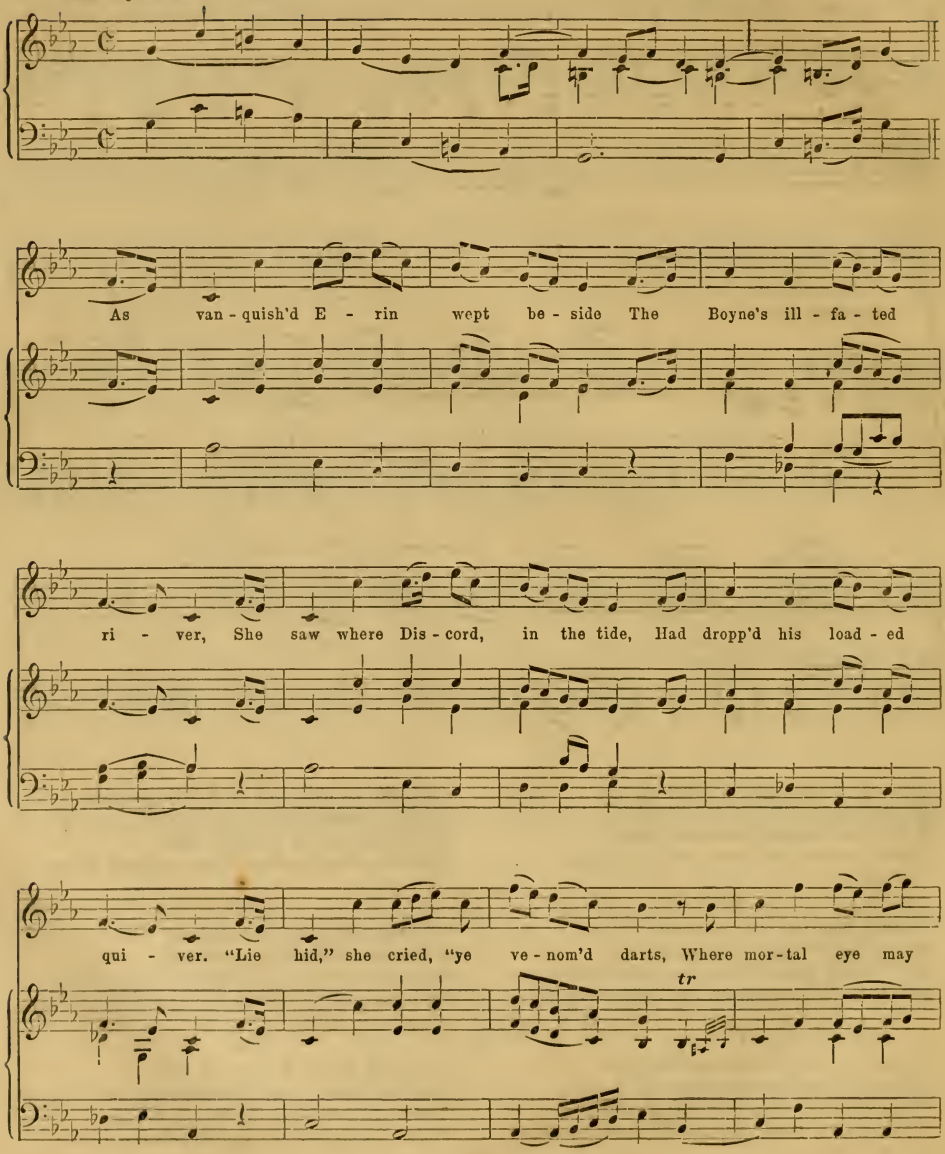
"Oh thou, who lovest the shadow," cried
A voice, low whisp'ring by his side,
"Now turn and see," — here the youth's delight
Seal'd the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

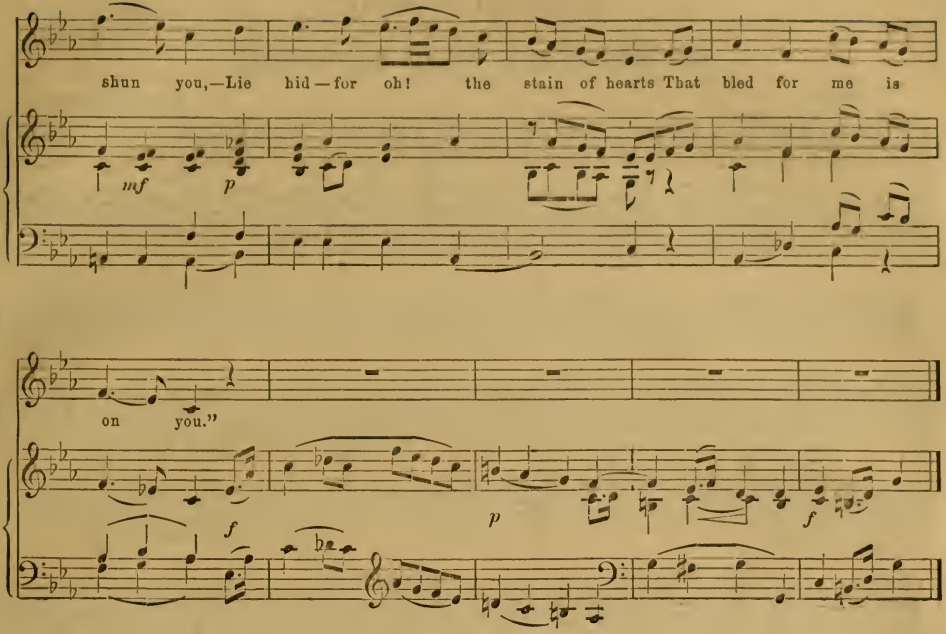
VII.

"Of all the Spirits of land and sea,"
Then rapt he murmur'd, "there's none like thee,
"And oft, oh oft, may thy foot thus light
"In this lonely bower, sweet Mountain Sprite!"

AS VANQUISH'D ERIN.

With expression. AIR—THE BOYNE WATER.





II.

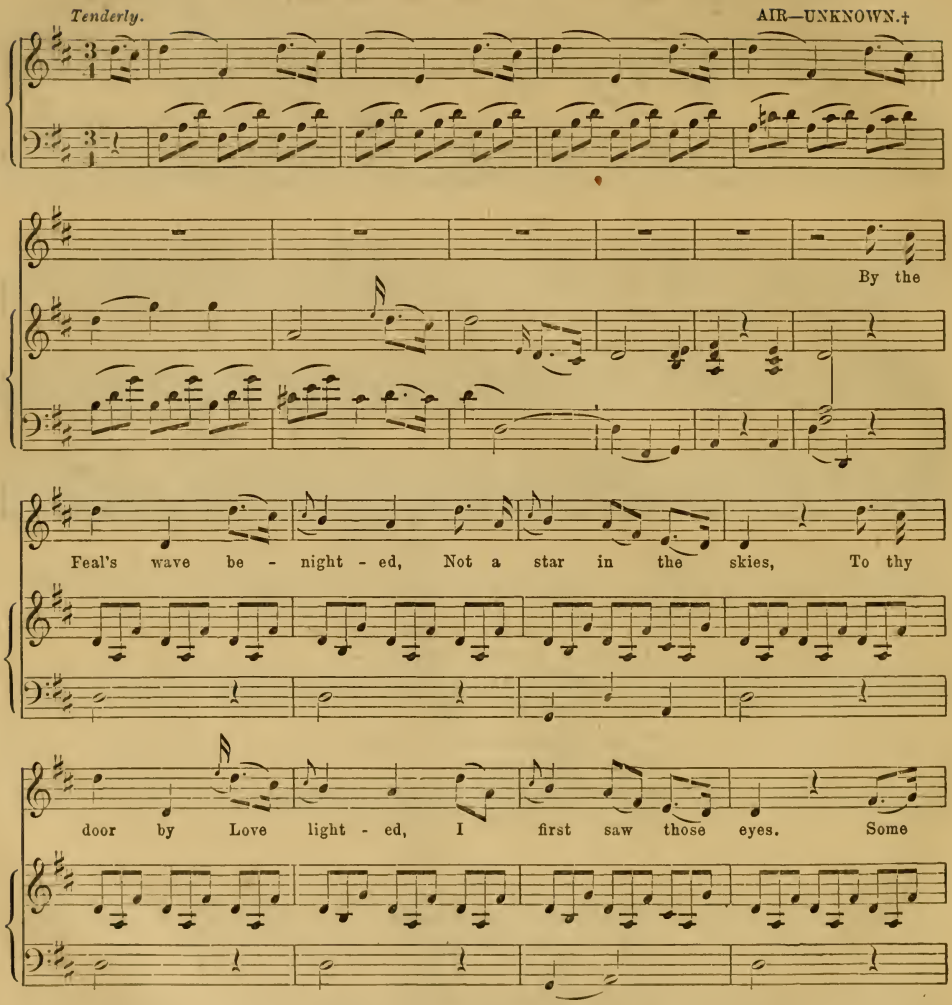
But vain her wish, her weeping vain,—
As Time too well hath taught her—
Each year the Fiend returns again,
And dives into that water;
And brings, triumphant, from beneath
His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, wing'd with worse than death,
Through all her madd'ning nation.

III.

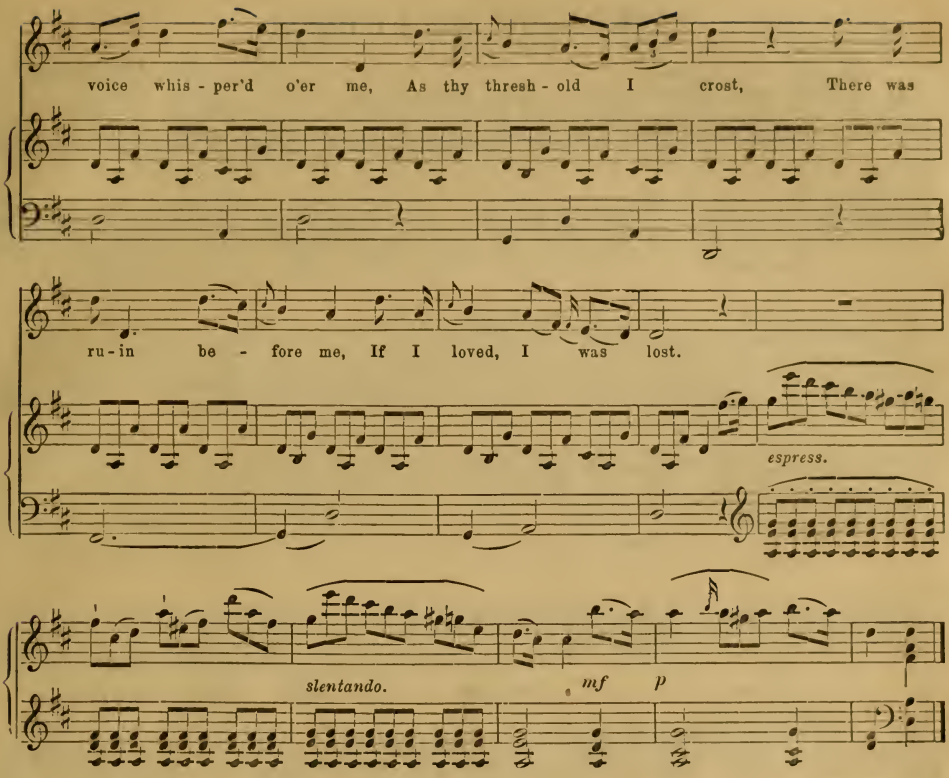
Alas for her who sits and mourns,
Ev'n now, beside that river—
Unwearied still the Fiend returns,
And stor'd is still his quiver.
"When will this end, ye Powers of Good?"
She weeping asks for ever;
But only hears, from out that flood,
The Demon answer, "Never!"

DESMOND'S SONG.*

BY THE FEAL'S WAVE BENIGHTED.



* "Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependents, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family." — LELAND, vol. ii.

† The Air has been already so successfully supplied with words by Mr. Bayly, that I should have left it untouched, if we could have spared so interesting a melody out of our collection.

II.

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'T were welcome again.
Though misery's full measure
My portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure,
If pour'd out by thee.

III.

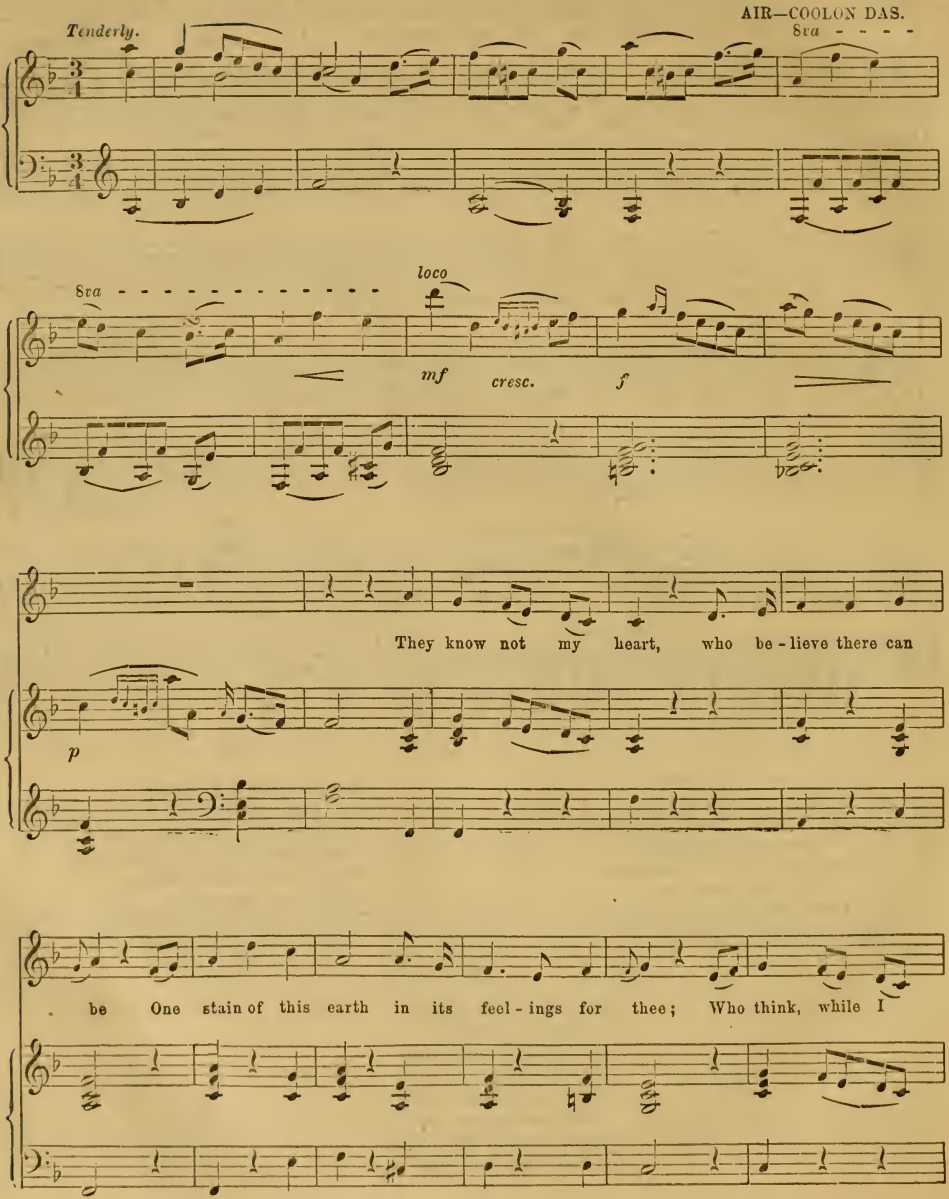
You, who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you 've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

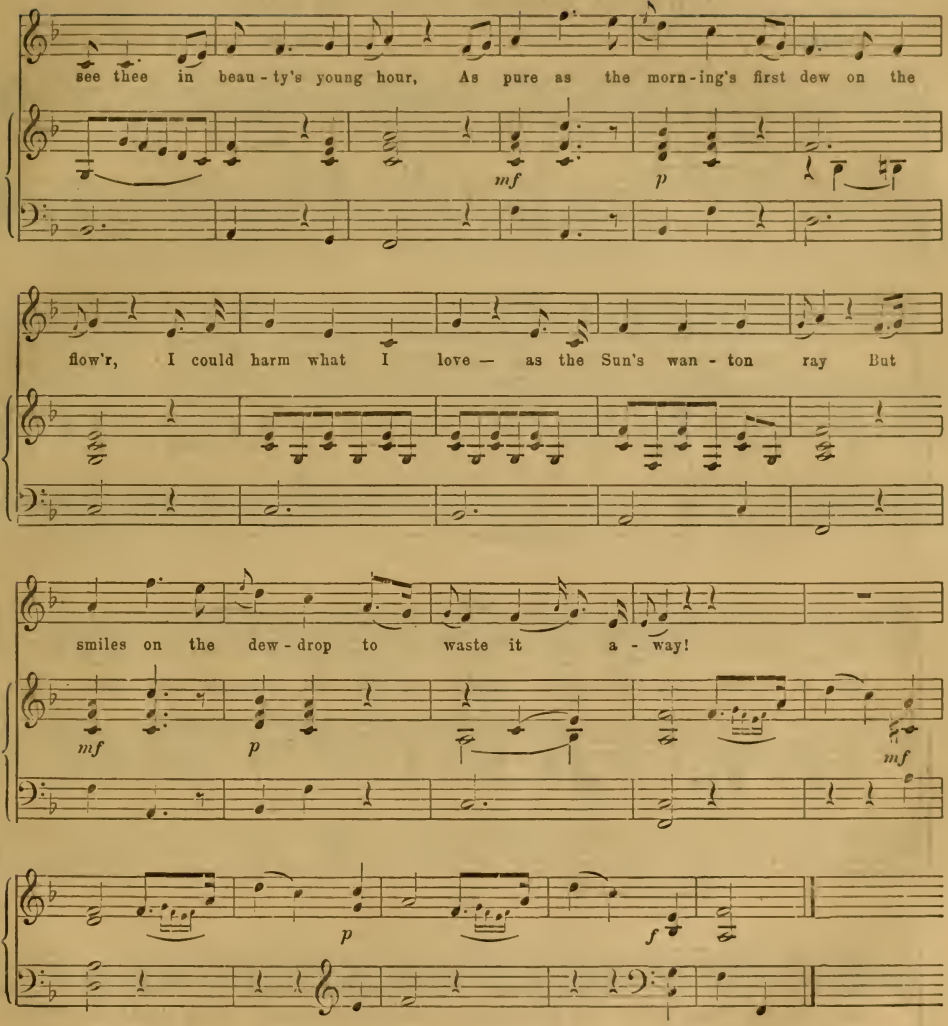
IV.

No—Man for his glory
To ancestry flies;
But Woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the Monarch but traces
Thro' mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces,
Ranks next to Divine!

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

AIR—COOLON DAS.



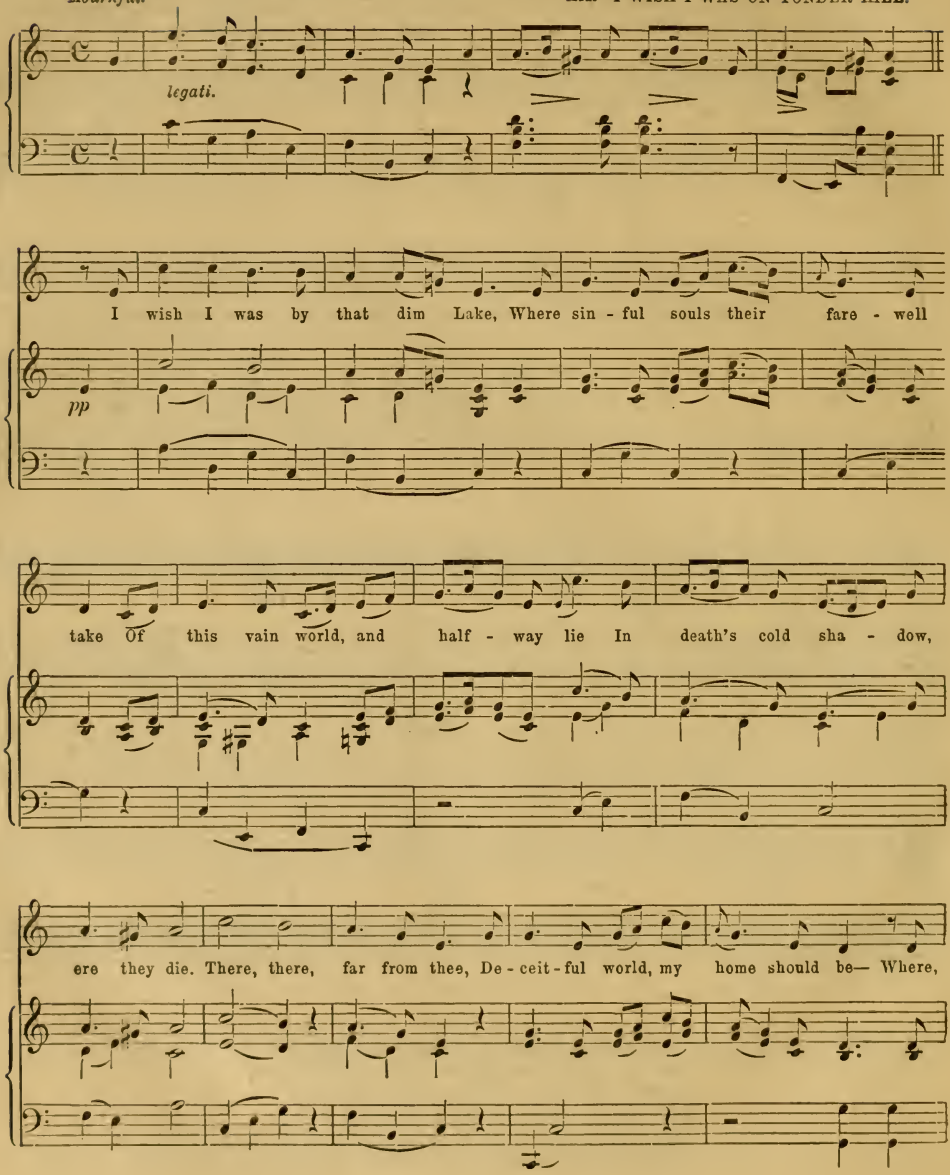


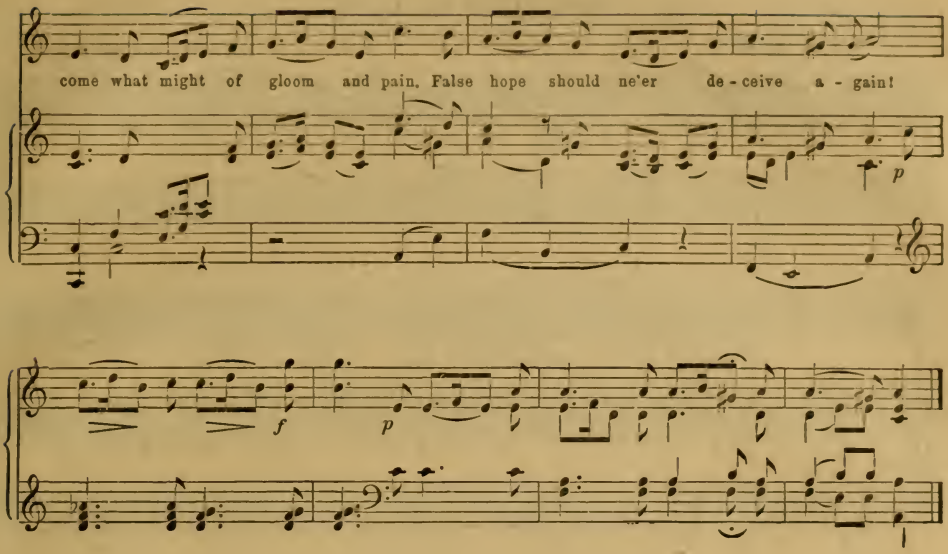
II.

No—beaming with light as those young features are,
There 's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far
It *is* not that cheek—'t is the soul dawning clear
Thro' its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear;
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is look'd up to the more, because heaven lies there!

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

Mournful. AIR—I WISH I WAS ON YONDER HILL.





II.

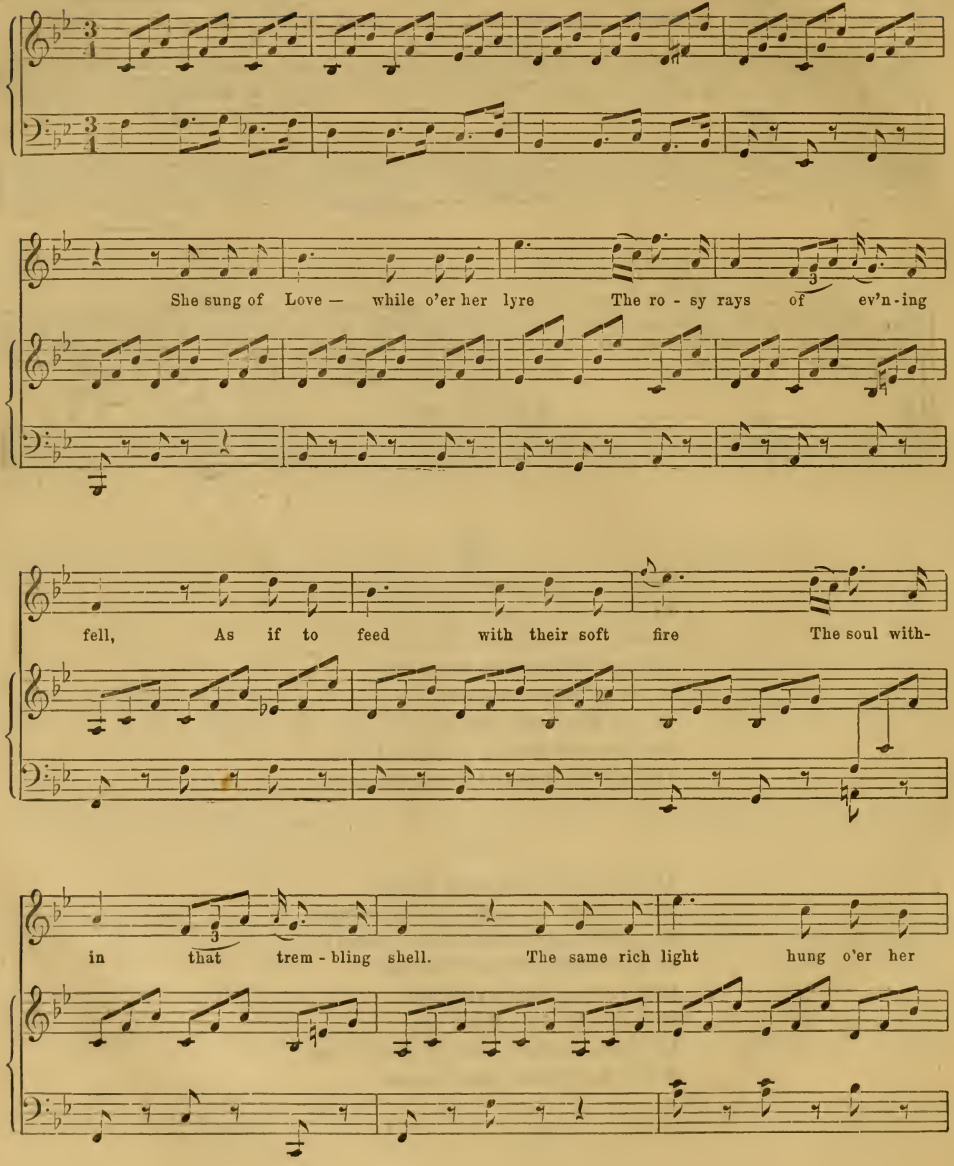
The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters, falling round—
The dry leaves quiv'ring o'er my head,
Like man, unquiet ev'n when dead —
These, ay, these should wean
My soul from life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, each wish I have,
Like willows, downward tow'rds the grave.

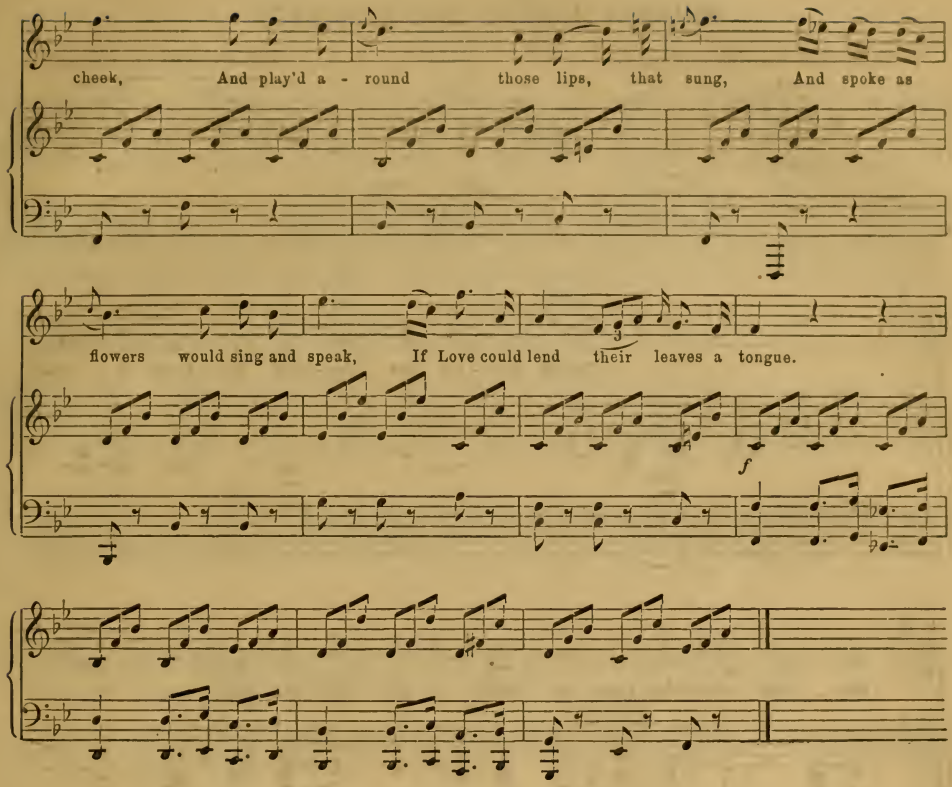
III.

As they, who to their couch at night
Would welcome sleep, first quench the light,
So must the hopes, that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, my heart must grow,
Unchanged by either joy or woe,
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

SHE SUNG OF LOVE.

With expression. AIR—THE MUNSTER MAN.





II.

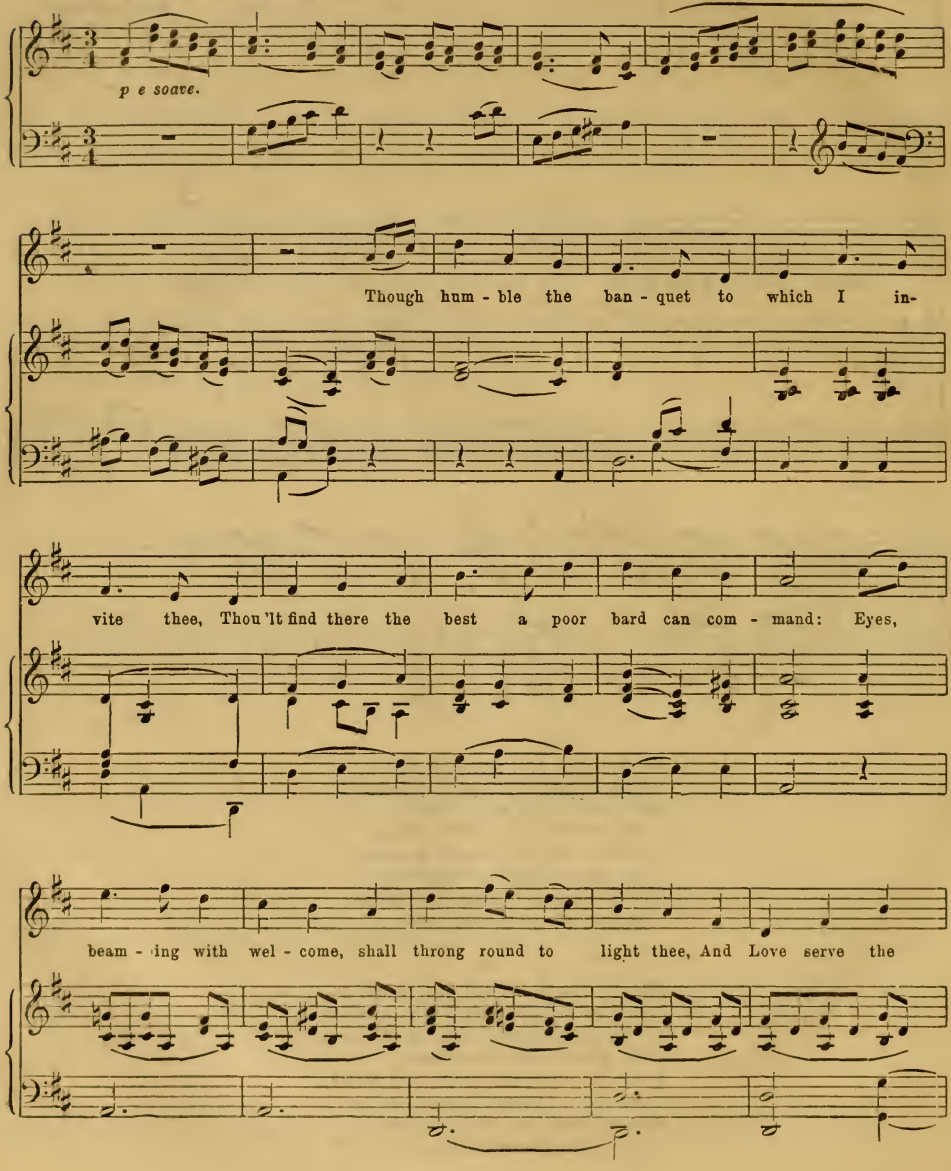
But soon the West no longer burn'd,
Each rosy ray from heav'n withdrew;
And when to gaze again I turn'd,
The minstrel's form seem'd fading too.
As if *her* light and heaven's were one,
The glory all had left that frame;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.

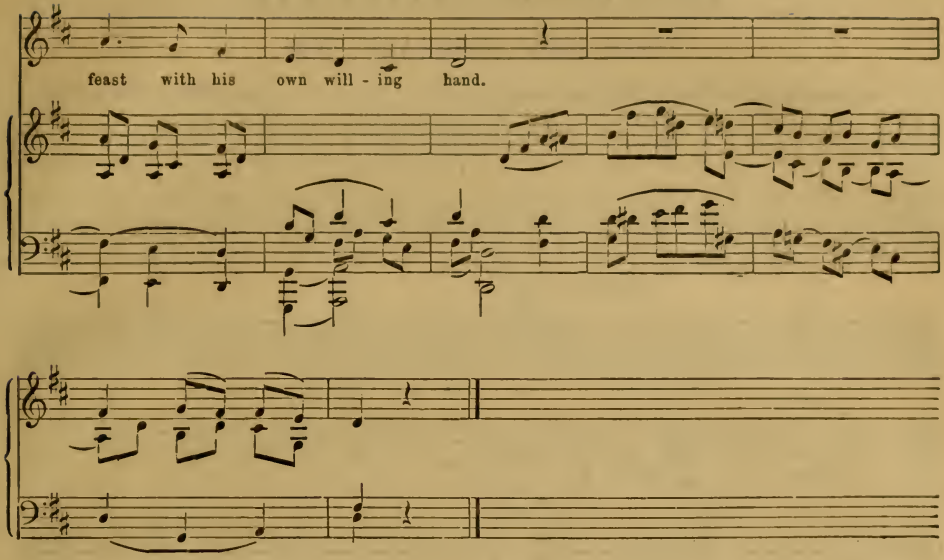
III.

Who ever lov'd, but had the thought
That he and all he lov'd must part?
Fill'd with this fear, I flew and caught
The fading image to my heart —
And cried, "Oh Love! is this thy doom?
"Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
"And thus, like sunshine, die away?"

THOUGH HUMBLE THE BANQUET.

In moderate time and with spirit. AIR—FAREWELL, EAMON.





II.

And though Fortune may seem to have turn'd from the dwelling
Of him thou regardest her favouring ray,
Thou wilt find there a gift, all her treasures excelling,
Which, proudly he feels, hath ennobled his way.

III.

'T is that freedom of mind which no vulgar dominion
Can turn from the path a pure conscience approves;
Which, with hope in the heart, and no chain on the pinion,
Holds upwards its course to the light which it loves.

IV.

'T is this makes the pride of his humble retreat,
And, with this, though of all other treasures bereav'd,
The breeze of his garden to him is more sweet
Than the costliest incense that Pomp e'er receiv'd.

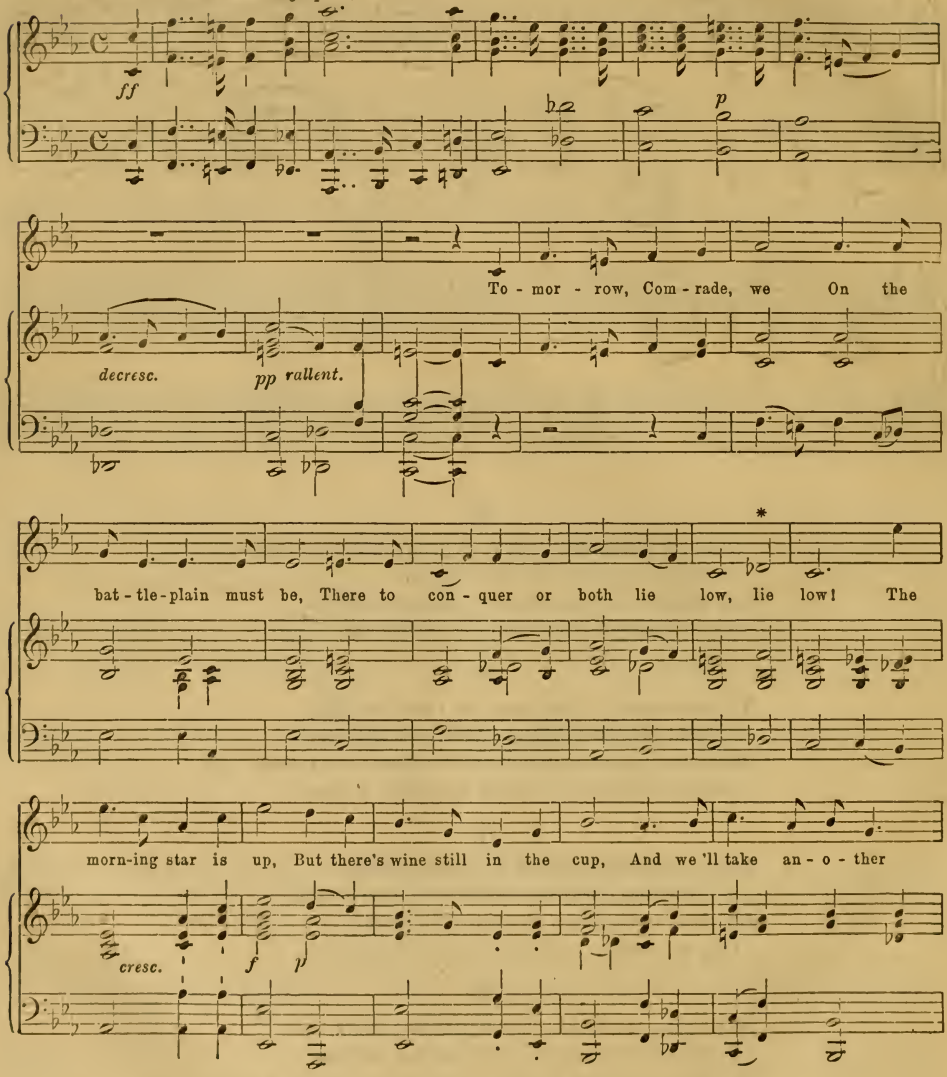
V.

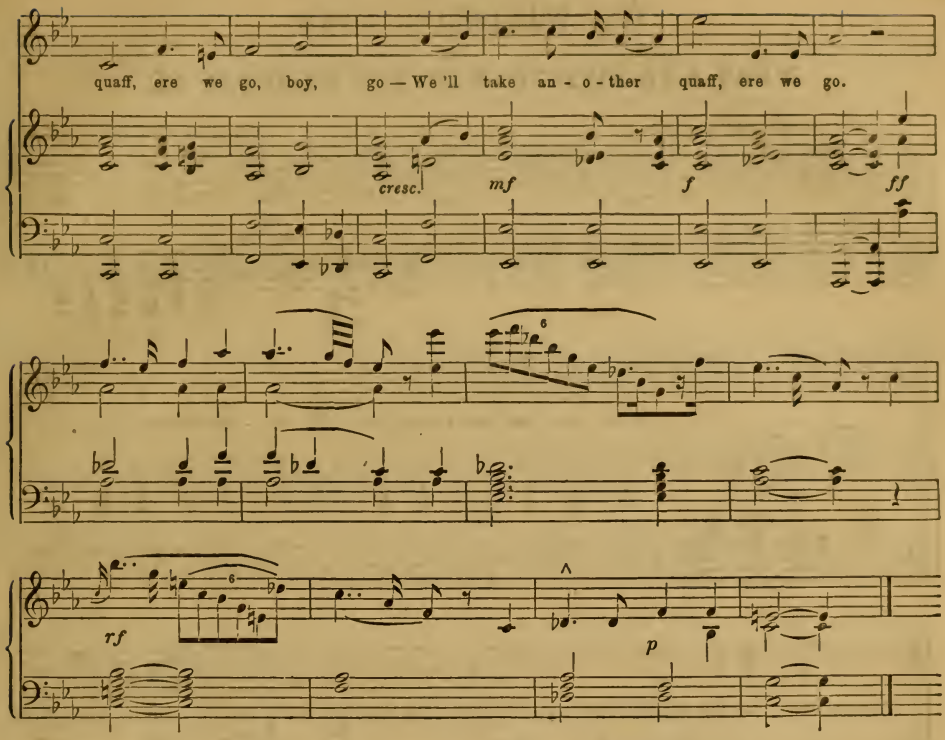
Then, come,—if a board so untempting hath power
To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine;
And there 's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,
Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine.

SONG OF THE BATTLE-EVE.

TO-MORROW, COMRADE, WE.

With martial and melancholy spirit, not too slow. AIR—CRUISKEEN LAWN.



* There is, in this single note, a deviation from the original setting of the Air.

II.

'T is true, in manliest eyes
A passing tear will rise,
When we think of the friends we leave lone;
But what can wailing do?
See, our goblet 's weeping too!
With its tears we 'll chase away our own, boy, our own;
With its tears we 'll chase away our own.

III.

But daylight 's stealing on; —
The last that o'er us shone
Saw our children around us play;
The next—ah! where shall we
And those rosy urchins be?
But—no matter—grasp thy sword and away, boy, away
No matter—grasp thy sword and away!

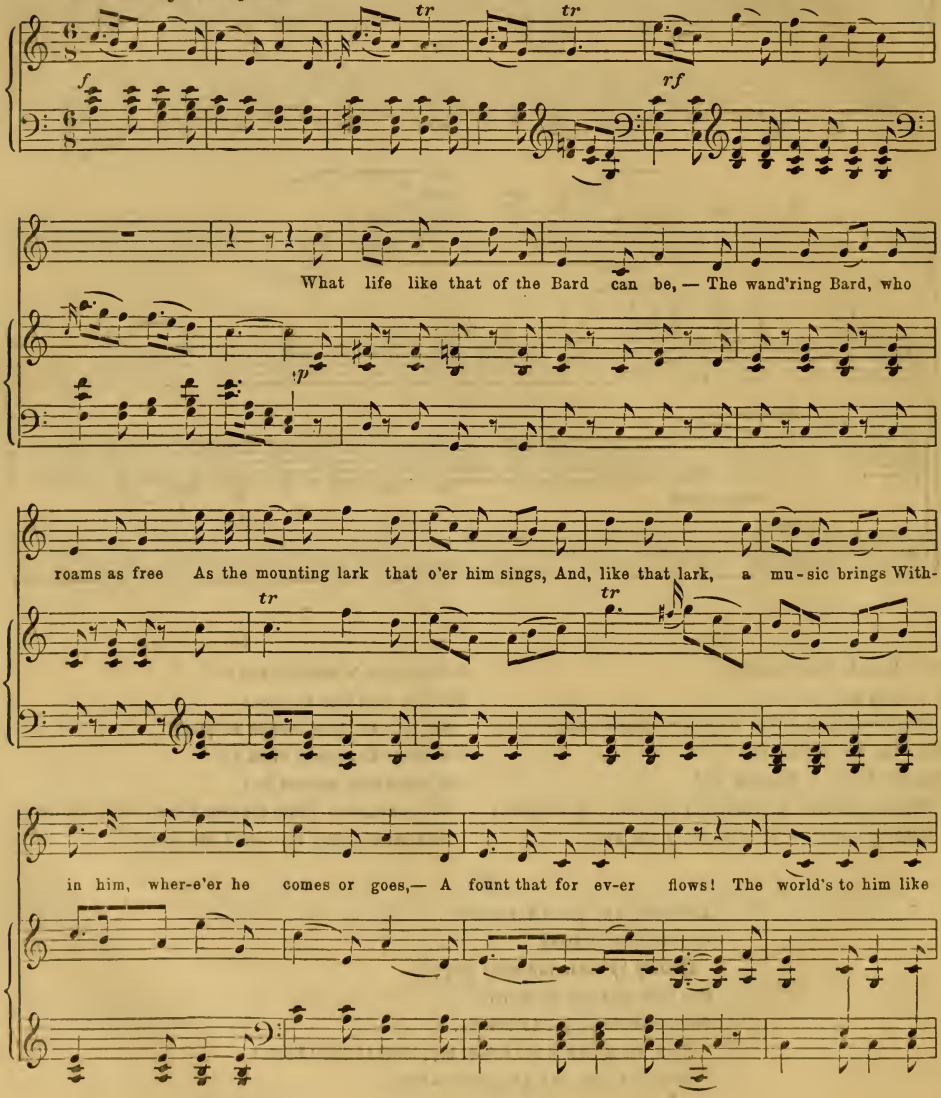
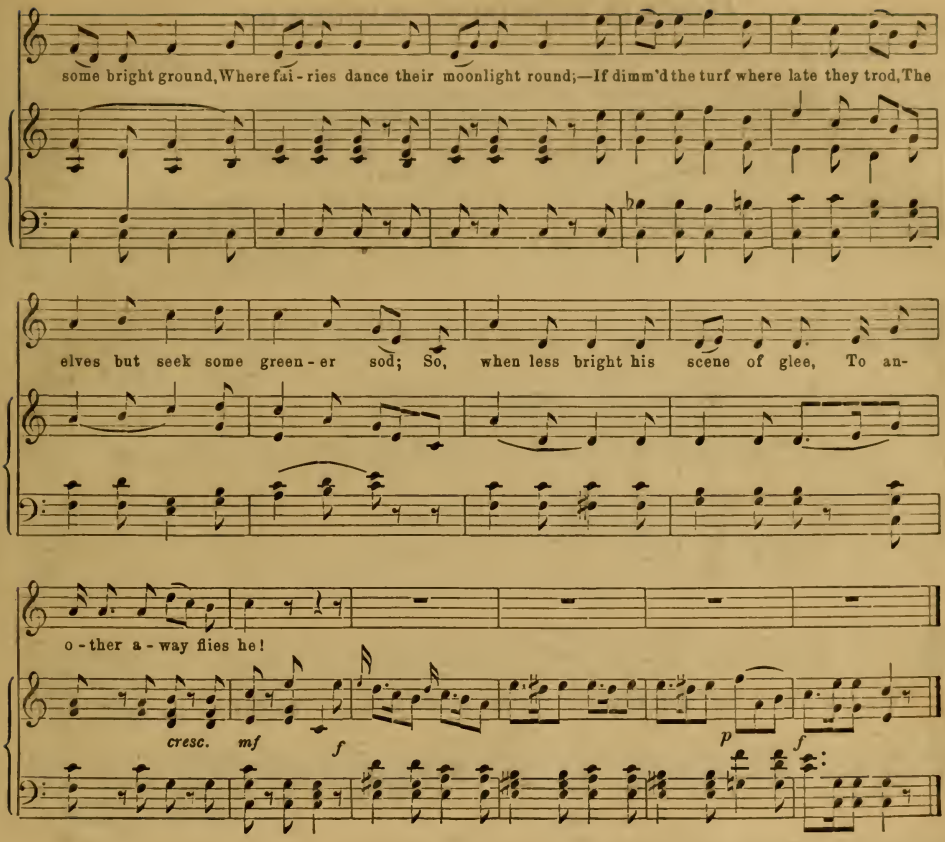
IV.

Let those who brook the chain
Of Saxon or of Dane
Ignobly by their fire-sides stay;
One sigh to home be given,
One heartfelt prayer to heaven,
Then, for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra! hurra! hurra!
Then, for Erin and her cause, hurra!

THE WANDERING BARD.

WHAT LIFE LIKE THAT OF THE BARD CAN BE.

With vivacity and expression. AIR—PLANXTY O'REILLY.



II.

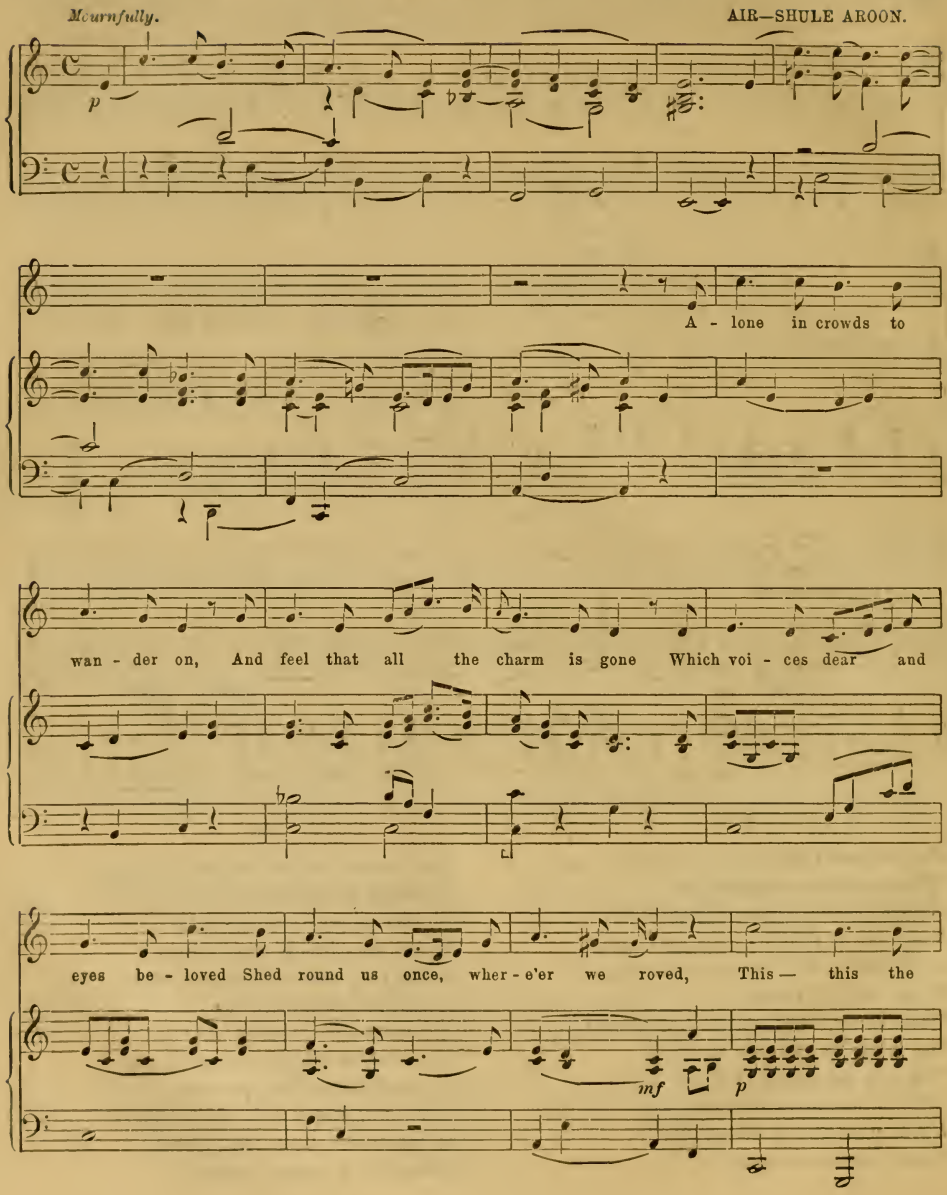
Oh, what would have been young Beauty's doom,
Without a bard to fix her bloom?
They tell us, in the moon's bright round,
Things lost in this dark world are found;
So charms, on earth long pass'd and gone,
In the poet's lay live on.—
Would ye have smiles that ne'er grow dim?
You 've only to give them all to him,
Who, with but a touch of Fancy's wand,
Can lend them life, this life beyond,
And fix them high, in Poesy's sky,—
Young stars that never die.

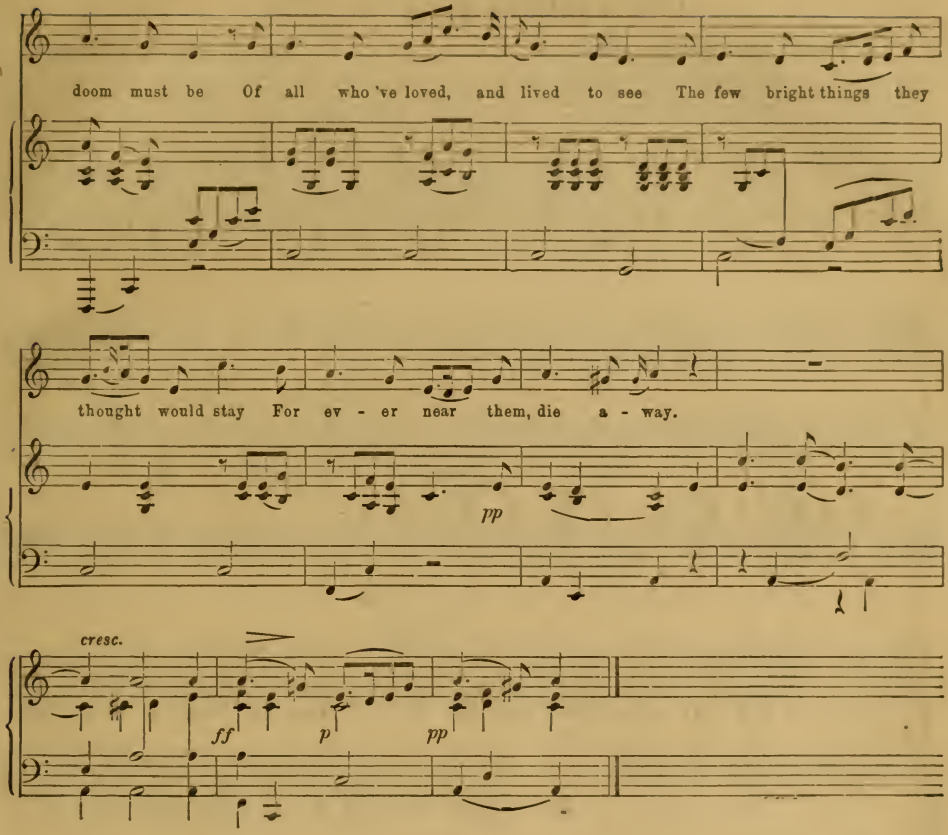
III.

Then, welcome the bard where'er he comes,
For, though he hath countless airy homes,
To which his wing excursive roves,
Yet still, from time to time he loves
To light upon earth and find such cheer
As brightens our banquet here.
No matter how far, how fleet he flies,
You 've only to light up kind young eyes,
Such signal-fires as here are giv'n,—
And down he 'll drop from Fancy's heaven,
The minute such call to love or mirth
Proclaims he 's wanting on earth.

ALONE IN CROWDS TO WANDER ON.

Mournfully. AIR—SHULE AROON.





II.

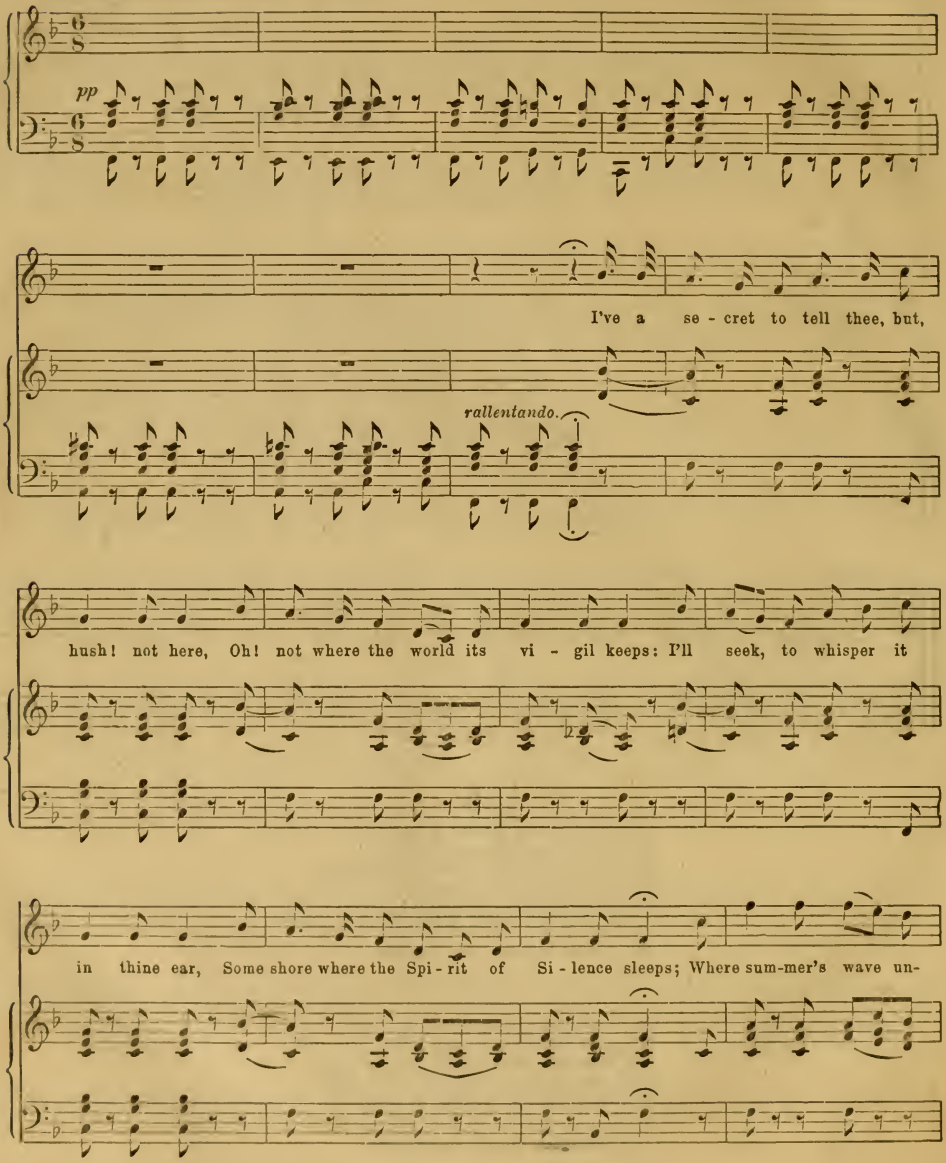
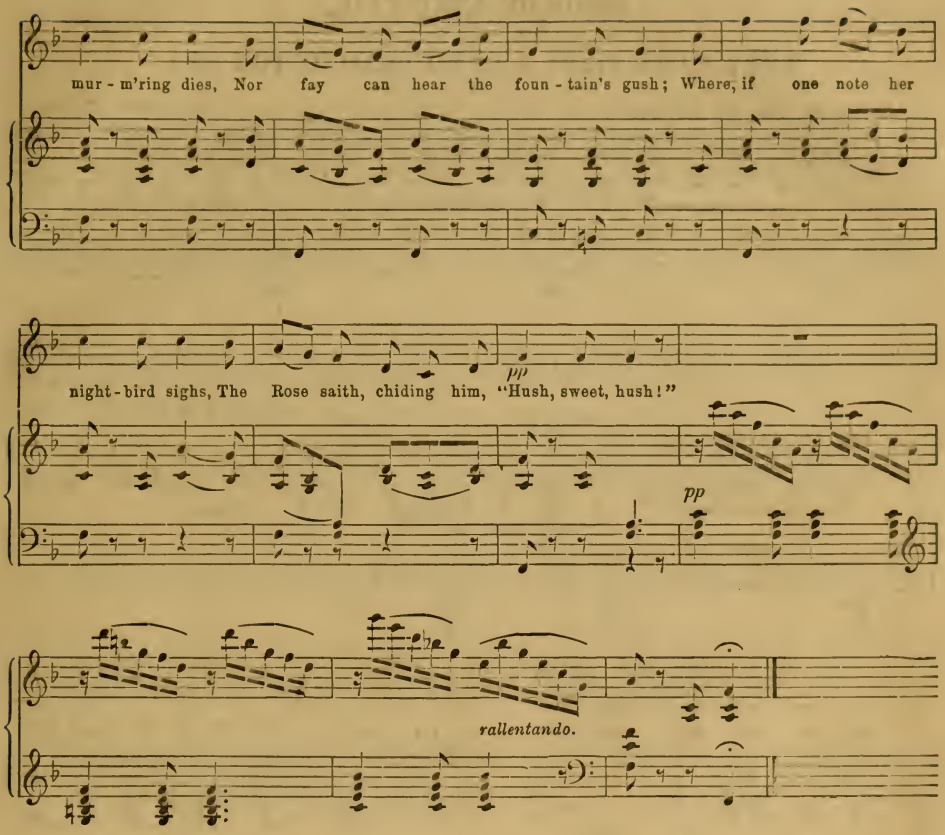
Tho' fairer forms around us throng,
Their smiles to others all belong,
And want that charm which dwells alone
Round those the fond heart calls its own.
Where, where the sunny brow?
The long-known voice—where are they now?
Thus ask I still, nor ask in vain,
The silence answers all too plain.

III.

Oh what is Fancy's magic worth,
If all her heart cannot call forth
One bliss like those we felt of old
From lips now mute, and eyes now cold!
No, no,—her spell is vain,—
As soon could she bring back again
Those eyes themselves from out the grave,
As wake again one bliss they gave.

I'VE A SECRET TO TELL THEE.

In moderate time, and with smoothness. AIR—OH SOUTHERN BREEZE.

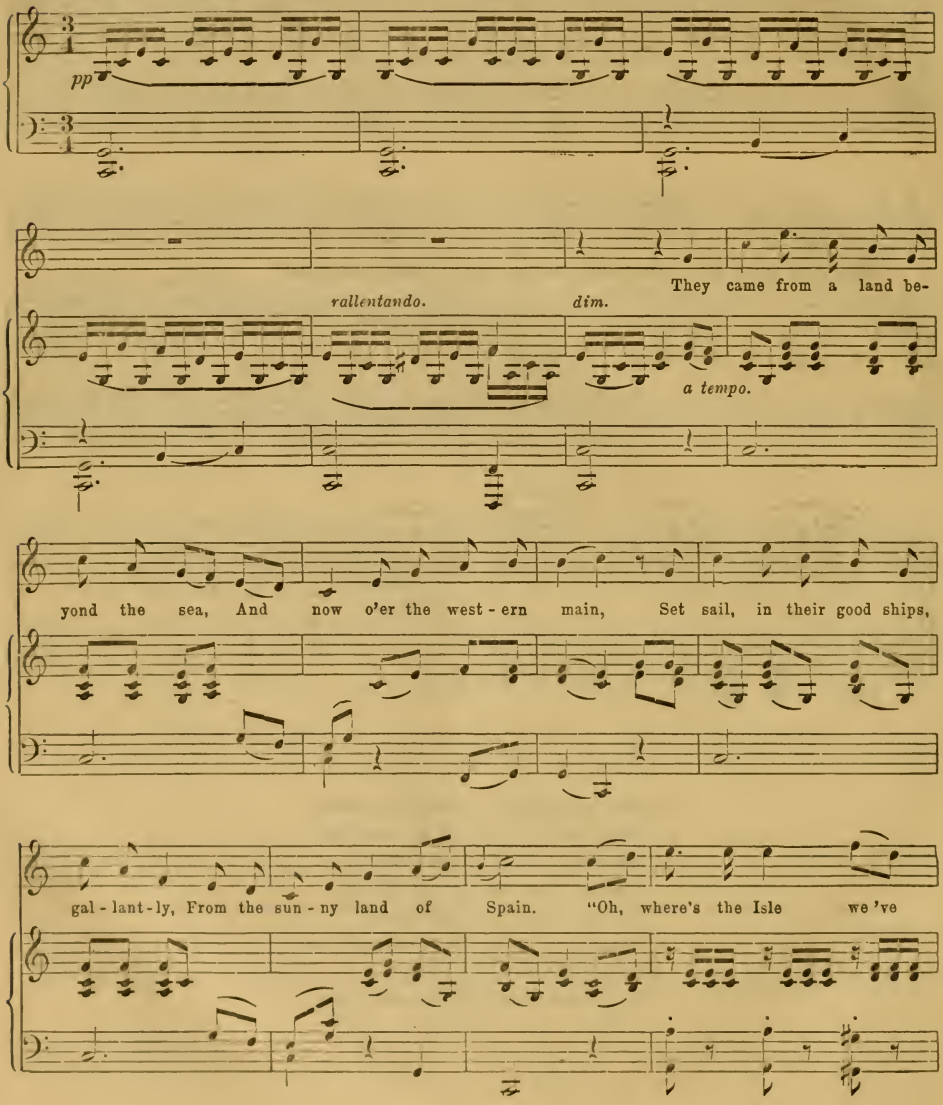
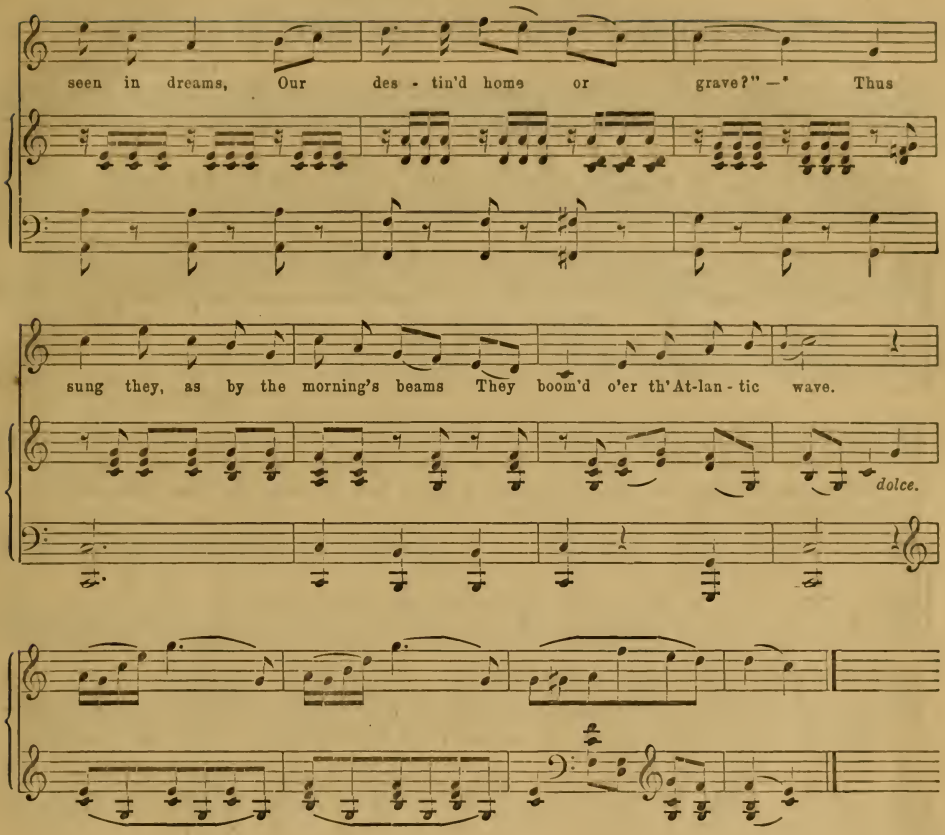


II.

There, 'mid the deep silence of that hour
When stars can be heard in ocean dip,
Thyself shall, under some rosy bower,
Sit mute, with thy finger on thy lip:
Like him, the boy, who born among
The flowers that on the Nile-stream blush,
Sits ever thus, — his only song
To earth and heaven, "Hush, all, hush!"

SONG OF INNISFAIL.

THEY CAME FROM A LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

In moderate time, and flowingly. AIR—PEGGY BAWN.

II.

And, lo, where afar o'er ocean shines
A sparkle of radiant green,
As though in that deep lay emerald mines,
Whose light thro' the wave was seen.
"'T is Innisfail† — 't is Innisfail!"
Rings o'er the echoing sea,
While, bending to heav'n, the warriors hail
That home of the brave and free.

III.

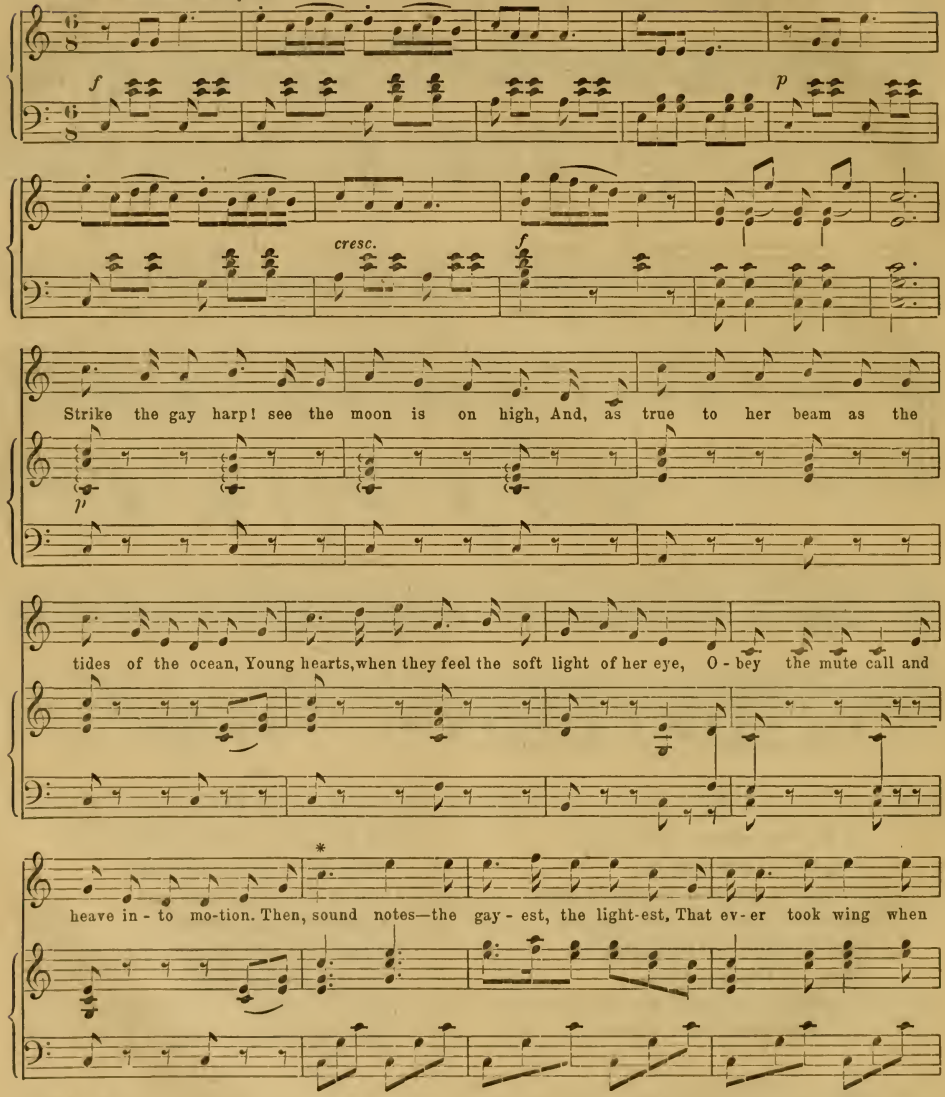
Then turn'd they unto the Eastern wave,
Where now their Day-God's eye
A look of such sunny omen gave
As lighted up sea and sky.
Nor frown was seen through sky or sea,
Nor tear o'er leaf or sod,
When first on their Isle of Destiny
Our great forefathers trod.

* Milesius remembered the remarkable prediction of the principal Druid, who foretold that the posterity of Gadelus should obtain the possession of a Western Island (which was Ireland), and there inhabit."—*Keating.*
† The Island of Destiny, one of the ancient names of Ireland.

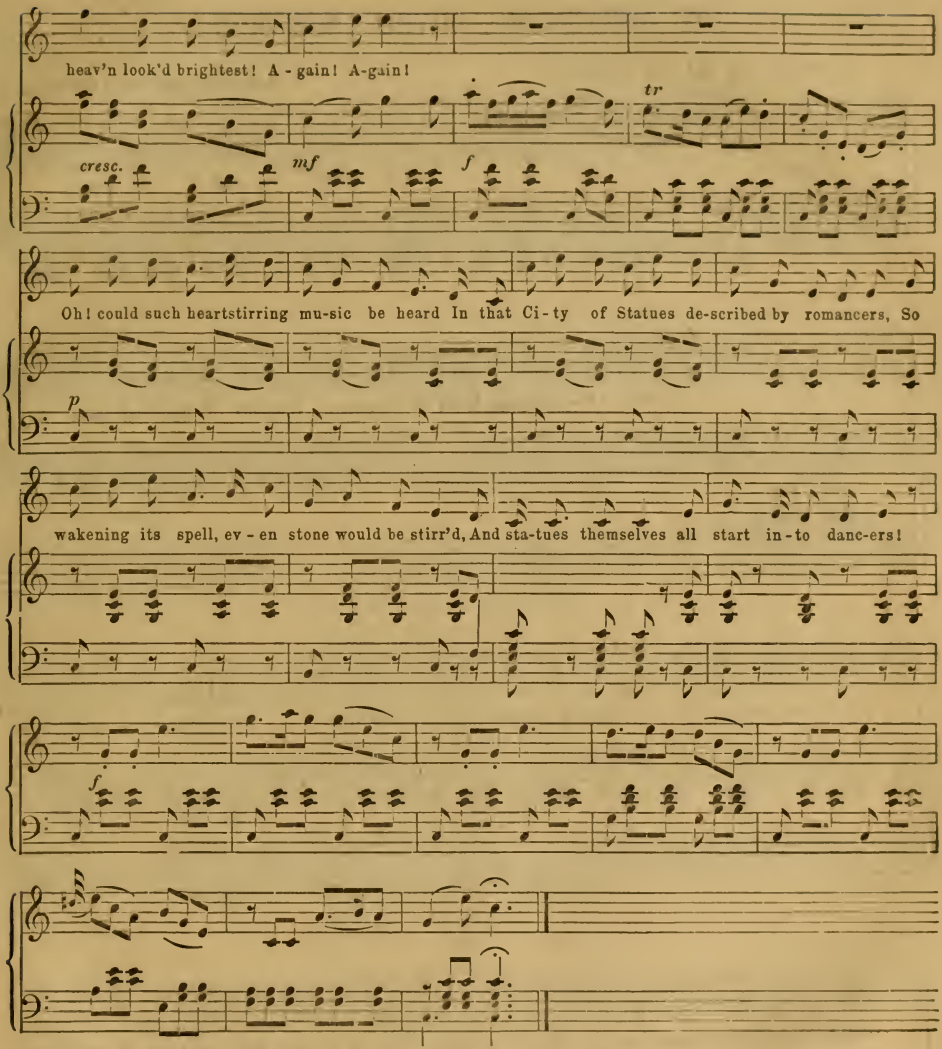
THE NIGHT-DANCE.

STRIKE THE GAY HARP! SEE THE MOON IS ON HIGH.

With liveliness and spirit. AIR—THE NIGHTCAP.



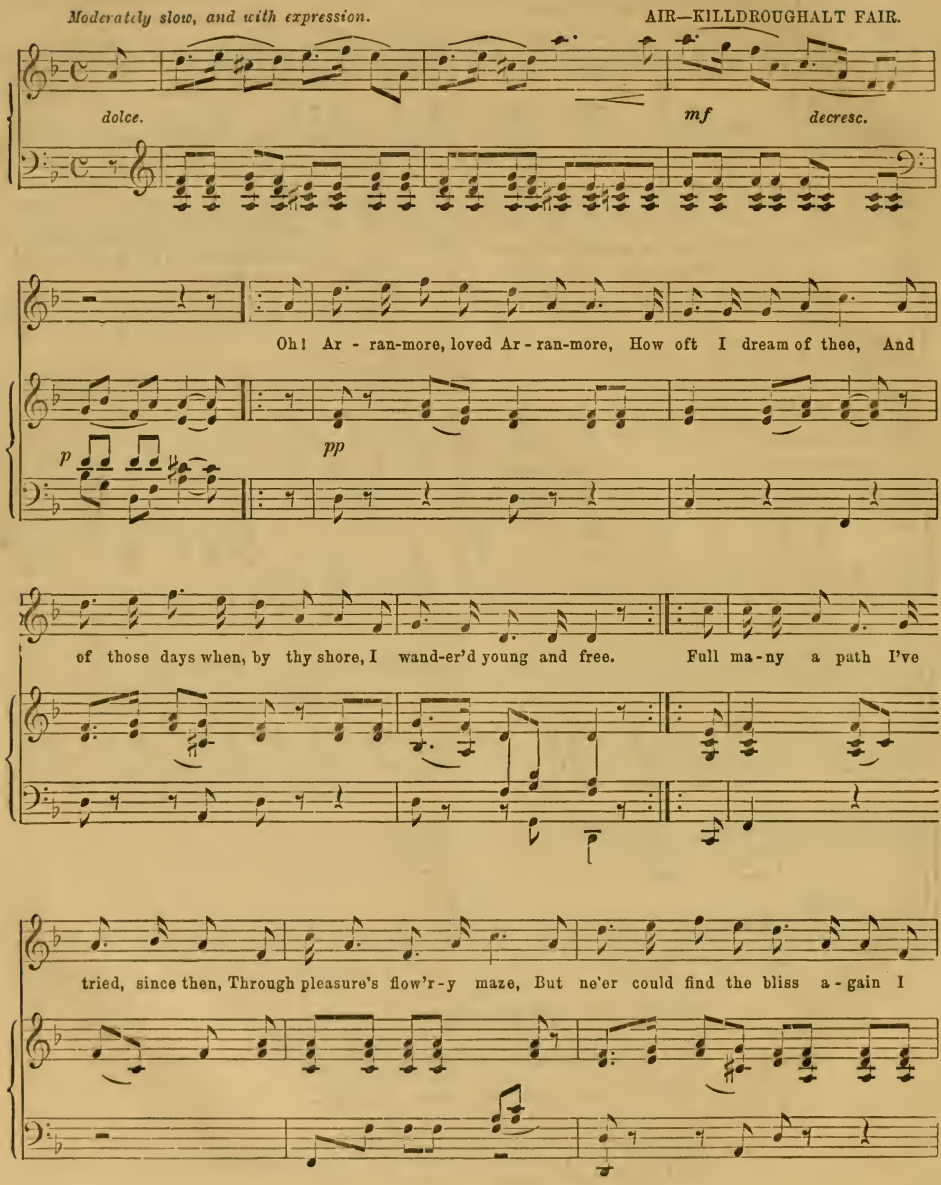
* It is right to mention that the Air is, in this and the seven following bars, transferred to the accompaniment and symphony, being too high for the voice.

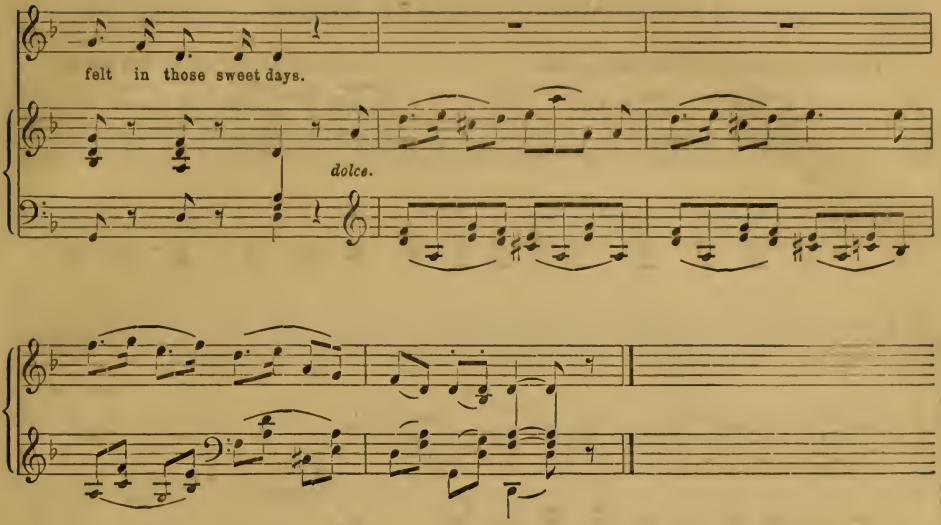


II.

Why then delay, with such sounds in our ears,
And the flower of Beauty's own garden before us, —
While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,
And, list'ning to ours, hang wondering o'er us?
Again, that strain! — to hear it thus sounding
Might set even Death's cold pulses bounding —
Again! Again!
Oh, what delight when the youthful and gay,
Each with eye like a sunbeam and foot like a feather,
Thus dance, like the hours to the music of May,
And mingle sweet song and sunshine together!

OH! ARRANMORE, LOVED ARRANMORE.





II.

How blithe upon thy breezy cliffs
At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danc'd along thy flood;
Or, when the western wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light
Which dreaming poets sing;* —

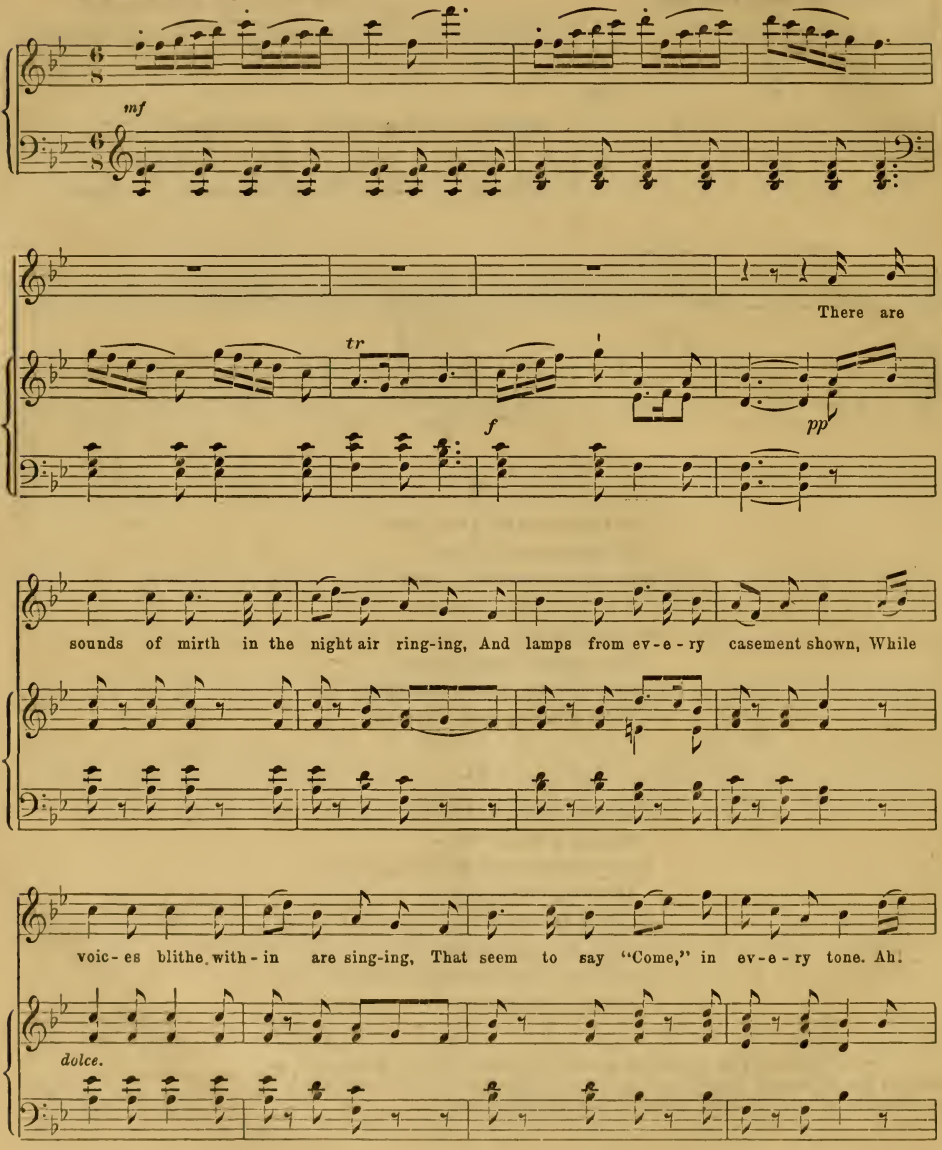
III.

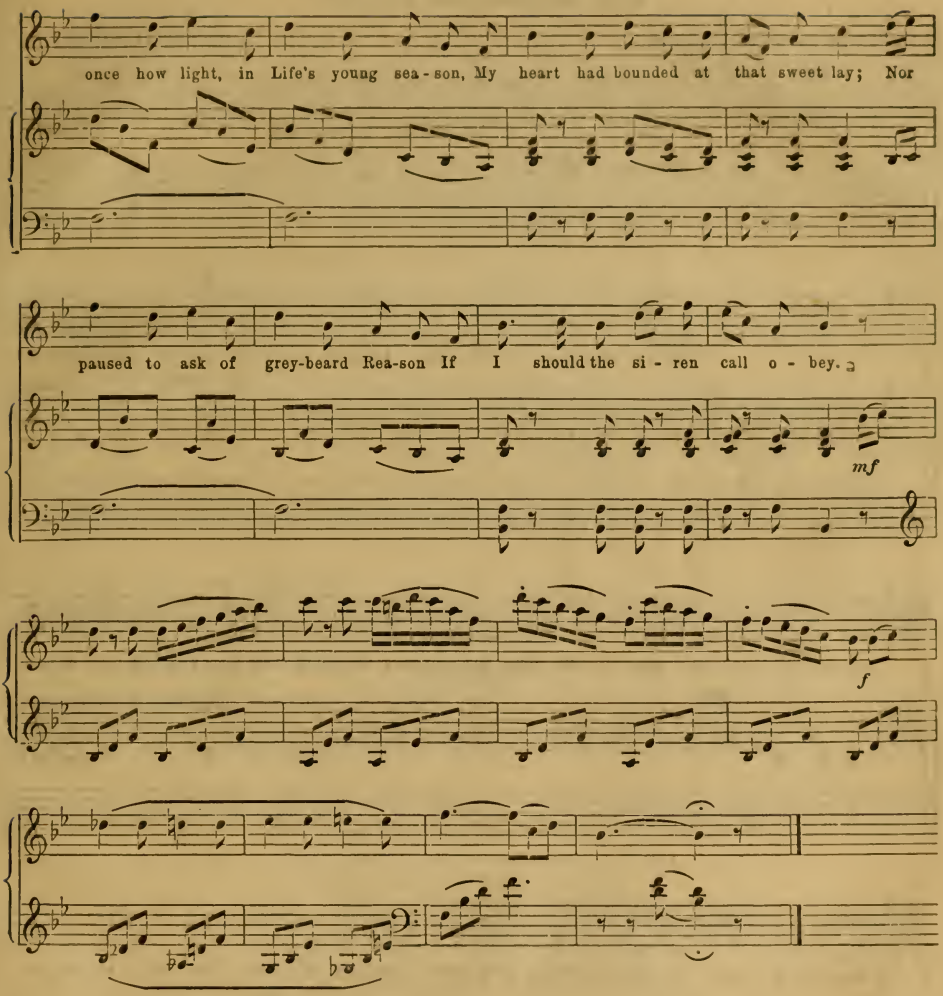
That Eden, where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene, —
Whose bowers beyond the shining wave,
At sunset, oft are seen.
Ah dream too full of sadd'ning truth!
Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth, —
As sunny and as vain!

* "The inhabitants of Arranmore are still persuaded that, in a clear day, they can see from this coast Hy Brysail or the Enchanted Island, the Paradise of the Pagan Irish, and concerning which they relate a number of romantic stories." — *Beaufort's Ancient Topography of Ireland.*

THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

With liveliness and spirit, but not too fast. AIR—THE PRIEST IN HIS BOOTS.





II.

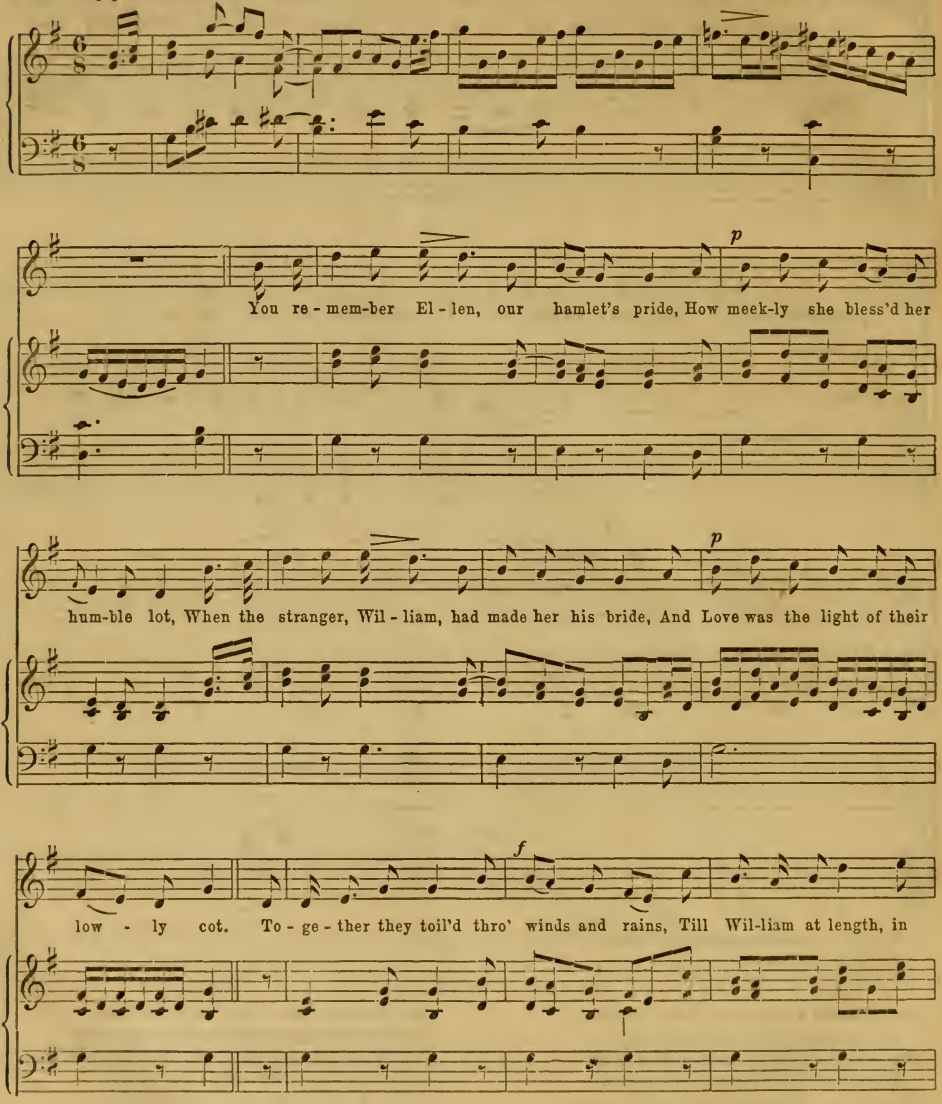
And see—the lamps still livelier glitter,
The siren lips more fondly sound;
No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter
To sink in your rosy bondage bound.
Shall a bard whom not the world in arms
Could bend to tyranny's rude control,
Thus quail at sight of woman's charms,
And yield to a smile his freeborn soul?

III.

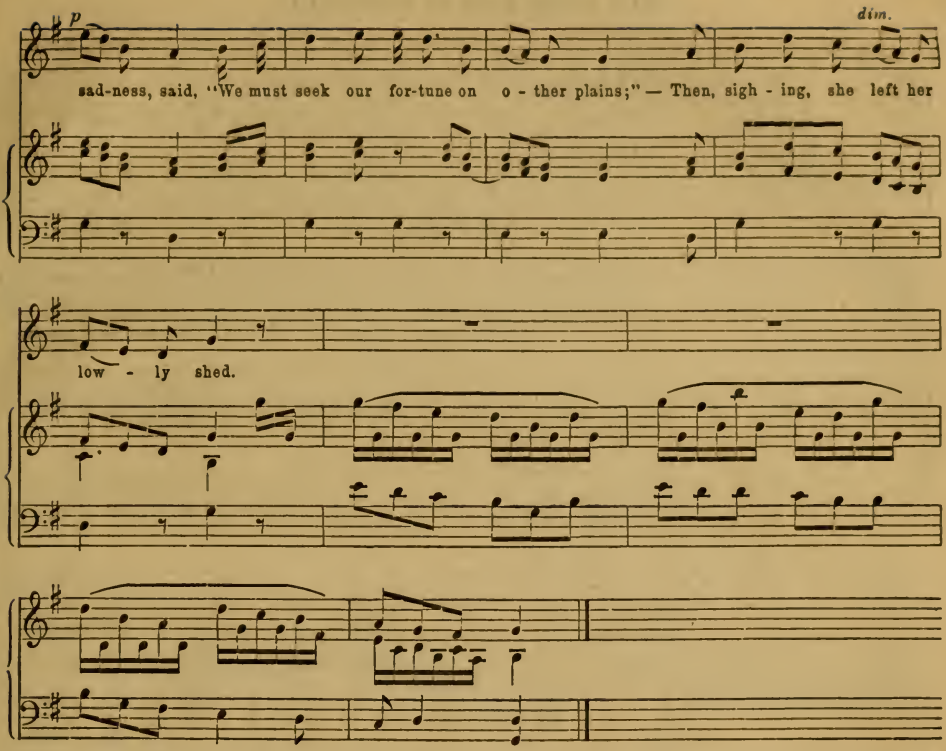
Thus sung the sage, while, slyly stealing,
The nymphs their fetters around him cast,
And,—their laughing eyes, the while, concealing,—
Led Freedom's Bard their slave at last.
For the Poet's heart, still prone to loving,
Was like that rock of the Druid race,
Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
But all earth's power could n't cast from its base.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.*

Simply and in moderate time. AIR—WERE I A CLERK.



* This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain Noble Family in England.



II.

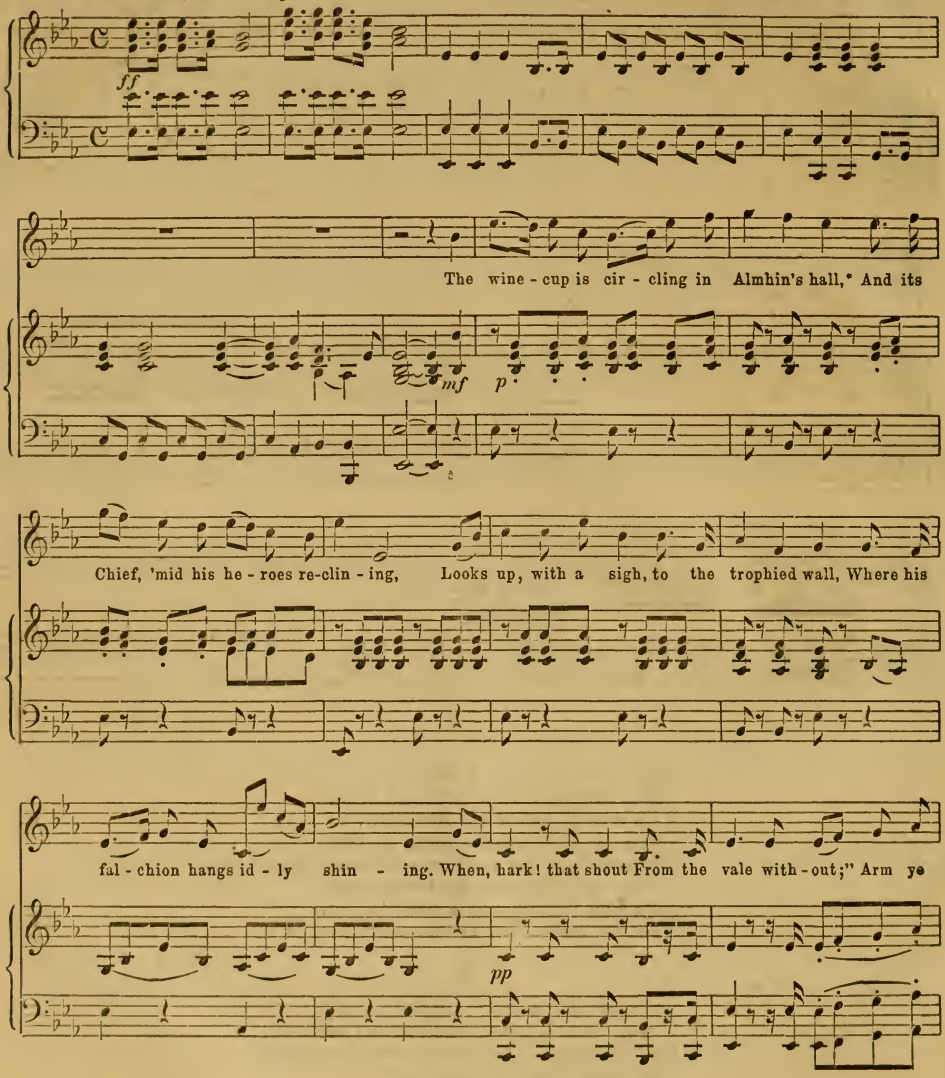
They roam'd a long and a weary way,
  Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at close of one stormy day,
  They see a proud castle among the trees.
"To-night," said the youth, "we 'll shelter there;
  "The wind blows cold, the hour is late:"
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
  And the Porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

III.

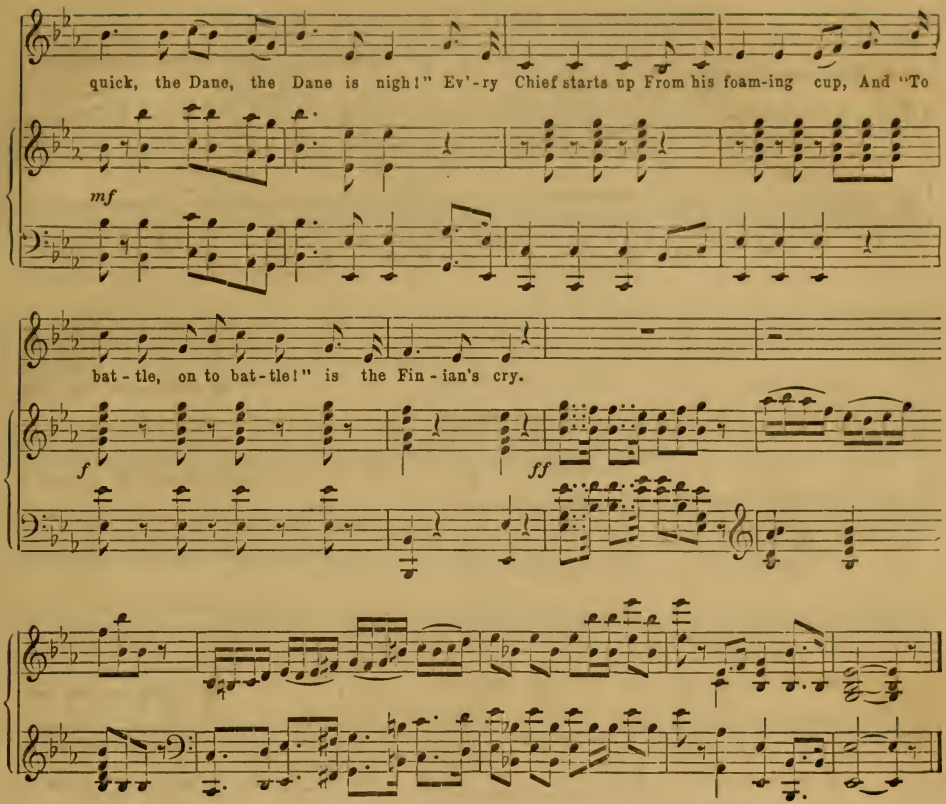
"Now, welcome, Lady!" exclaim'd the youth,
  "This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!"
She believ'd him craz'd, but his words were truth,
  For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
  What William the stranger woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
  Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

THE WINE-CUP IS CIRCLING.

In march time, and with spirit. AIR—MICHAEL HOY.



* The Palace of Finn Mac-Cumhal (the Fingal of Macpherson) in Leinster. It was built on the top of the hill, which has retained from thence the name of the Hill of Allen, in the County of Kildare. The Finians, or Fenii, were the celebrated National Militia of Ireland, which this Chief commanded. The introduction of the Danes in the above song is an anachronism common to most of the Finian and Ossianic legends.



II.

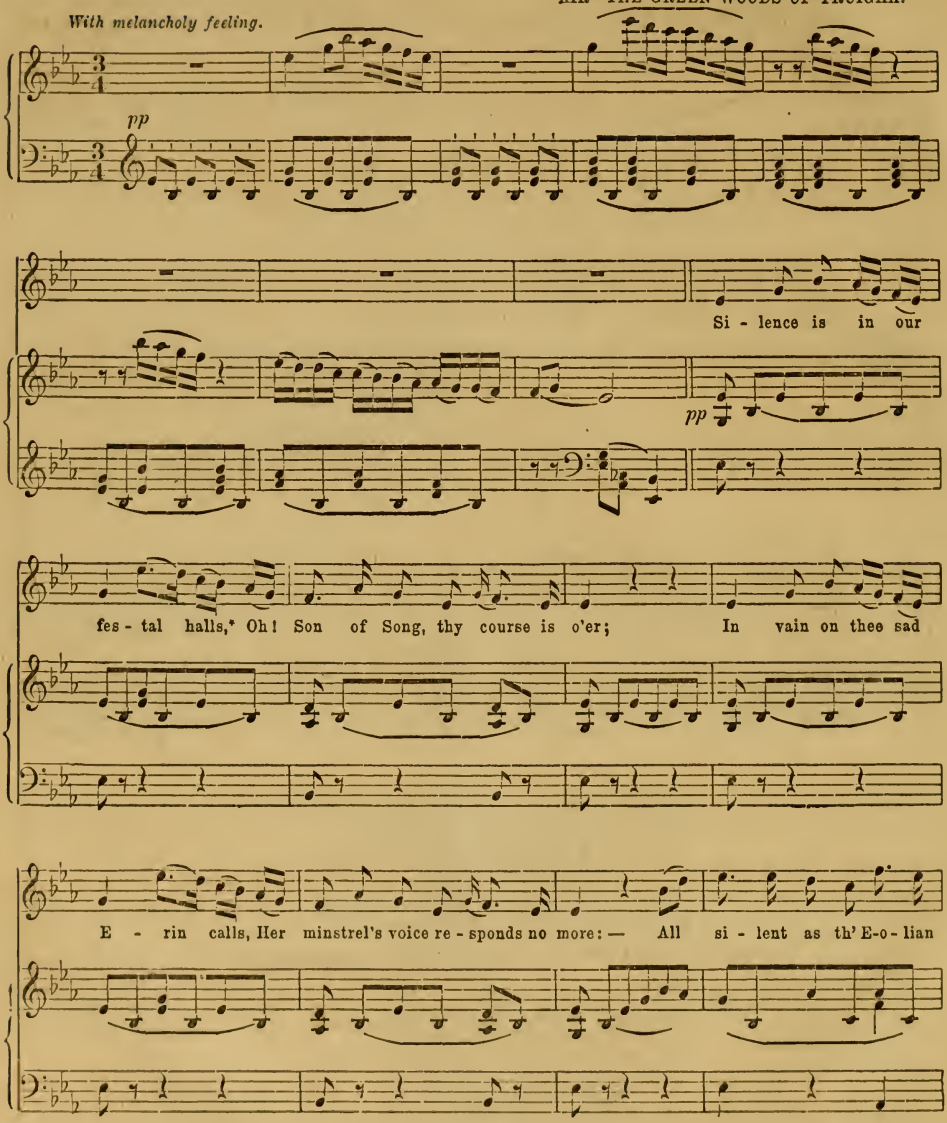
The minstrels have seiz'd their harps of gold,
And they sing such thrilling numbers,—
'T is like the voice of the Brave, of old,
Breaking forth from their place of slumbers!
Spear to buckler rang
As the minstrels sang,
And the Sun-burst o'er them floated wide;
While rememb'ring the yoke
Which their fathers broke,
"On for liberty, for liberty!" the Finians cried.

III.

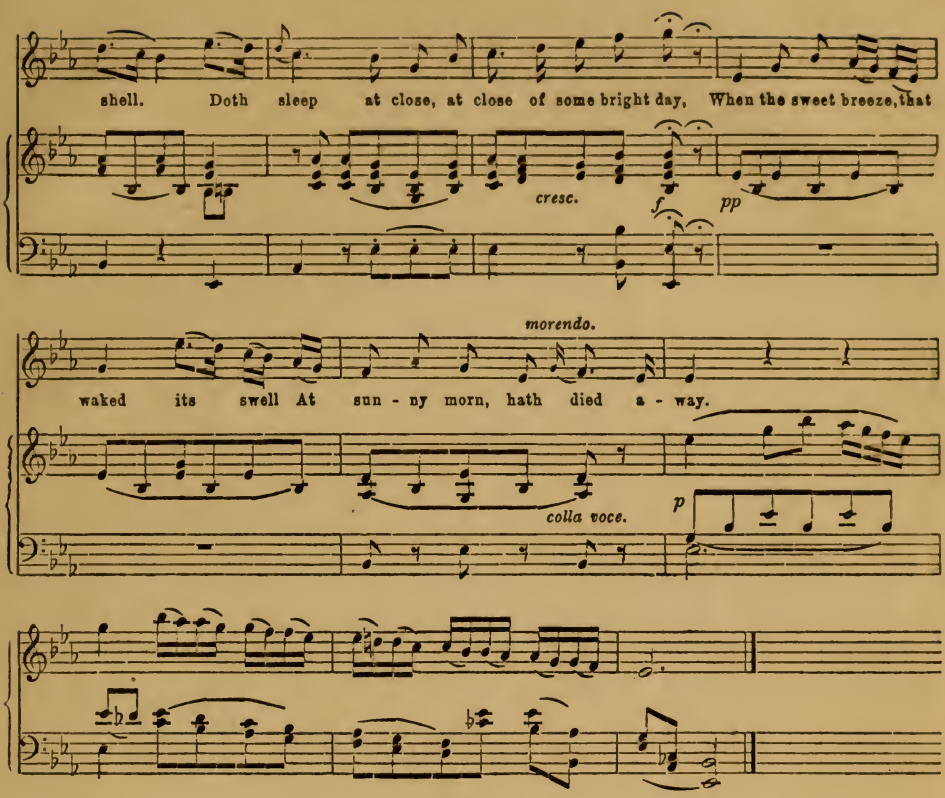
Like clouds of the night the Northmen came,
O'er the valley of Almhin lowering;
While onward mov'd, in the light of its fame,
That banner of Erin, towering.
With the mingling shock
Rung cliff and rock,
While, rank on rank, the invaders die:
And the shout that last
O'er the dying pass'd
Was "Victory! victory!"—the Finian's cry.

SILENCE IS IN OUR FESTAL HALLS.

AIR—THE GREEN WOODS OF TRUIGHA.



* It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to inform the reader that these lines are meant as a tribute of sincere friendship to the memory of an old and valued colleague in this work, Sir John Stevenson.



II.

Yet at our feasts, thy spirit long,
Awak'd by music's spell, shall rise;
For name so link'd with deathless song
Partakes its charm and never dies:
And ev'n within the holy fane,
When music wafts the soul to heaven,
One thought to him, whose earliest strain
Was echo'd there, shall long be given.

III.

But, where is now the cheerful day,
The social night, when, by thy side,
He who now weaves this parting lay
His skilless voice with thine allied;
And sung those songs whose every tone,
When bard and minstrel long have past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalm'd by fame, undying last.

IV.

Yes, Erin, thine alone the fame, —
Or, if thy bard have shar'd the crown,
From thee the borrow'd glory came,
And at thy feet is now laid down.
Enough, if Freedom still inspire
His latest song, and still there be,
As evening closes round his lyre,
One ray upon its chords from thee.

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